

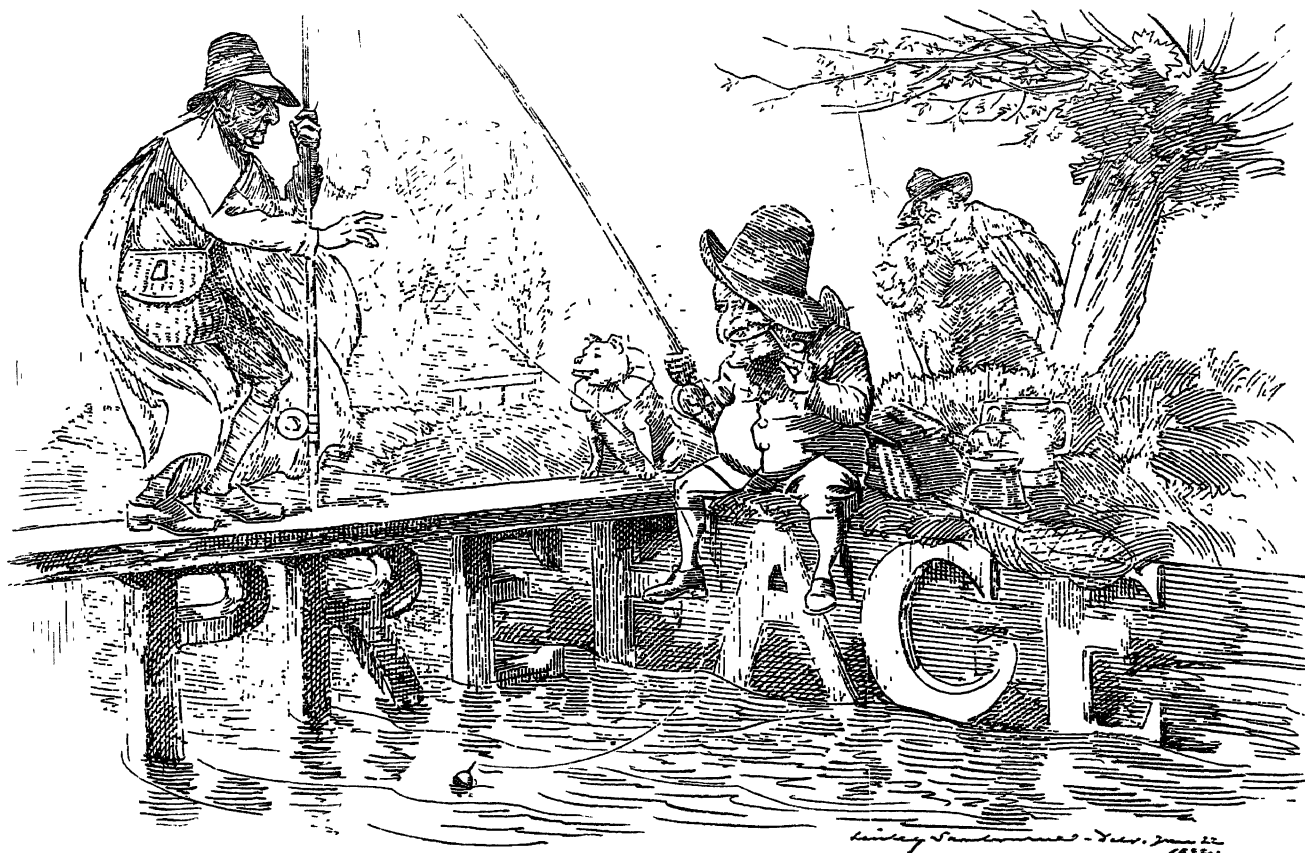
PUNCH



VOL CII

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SCENE—A snug riverside nook hard by a weir. MR. PISCATOR PUNCH discovered enjoying the *Contemplative Man's Recreation* in a solitude à deux (with TOBIAS). To him enter, from opposite sides, two furtive, mysterious, and apparently disguised personages, each bearing rod and line, but looking little to the piscatorial manner born.

First Angler (catching sight of second, aside, with acerbity). Tut! tut! *He* here! Hoped he was at Hawarden!

Second Angler (catching sight of first, aside, peevishly). Confound him! what does *he* want? Had an idea he was at Hatfield!

Mr. Punch (catching sight of both, aside, merrily). Aha! here they are. Can't leave me alone. Fancy I do not recognise them, perhaps, in that ill-fitting Izaak-Waltonish disguise. (*Sings.*)

For Whigs are full of flattery,
And Tories full of pride;
Heigh trolollie lollie loe!
Both fish for Votes, I fish for perch,
All by the river's side.
I'm sure of unopposed return.
My countrymen know Me!
Heigh trolollie lollie loe!

First Angler (aside). Hanged if he does not twig!

Second Angler (aside). Verily he seemeth to smell a rat!

Mr. Punch (aloud). Hail, Brothers of the Angle! Good-morrow to you both, and a pleasant pitch—at courteous angler's correct distance. Whither away, Gentlemen? And are you perchance beknown one to the other?

First Angler (embarrassed). Well, Mr. Pu—PISCATOR, we are not of a party on this occasion; yet meseems I have seen our friend in the voluminous collars somewhere ere now.

Second Angler (awkwardly). And I, on my part, seem to recognise that burly form, that bushy beard——

Mr. Punch (laughing). Oh, turn it up, my noble swells! I know you, as you know each other—and Me! You have both of you tracked me down to my rural retirement, with an eye, respectively, to "tips." This fortuitous concurrence displeaseth you much, but you must make the best of it. Perpend, sham Piscators. What d'ye lack? What, in short, is your little game, Gentlemen?

First and Second Anglers (together). Well, you see, Sir, the Gen——

[*They both pause.*]

Mr. Punch (gravely). I perceive. In view of the imminent General Election, each of you thought he would like a quiet hour alone with MR. PUNCH, with an eye to "pumping" him—each in the interest of his Party. A miscalculation, Gentlemen! MR. PUNCH hath no Party—save Mankind; no Leader—but himself! However, don't look so uncomfortable, the pair of you, but sit down sociably, help yourselves to the shandy-gaff, and have a chat. Let "peace, and patience, and a calm content cohabit in your cheerful hearts" (as they did in Sir HENRY WOTTON'S), while—as he did—we "sit quietly in a

summer's evening, on a bank a-fishing." As CORYDON sang, "Fishers must not wrangle." Aha! his song might be parodied—for your behoof, Brother Anglers!

O the brave (Vote) fisher's life
Is the best of any!
Full of pleasure found in strife,
So beloved of many.

Other joys
Are but toys;
Only this
Stirring is,
For our WILL
Polls will fill.

Power's the only pleasure!

We have sly baits in our horn,
Party paste and worms too;
We can work both night and morn,
Suffer toil and storms too.

None do fear
Arms to bear
In the fray;
Fight away!
Some sit still,
And bait with skill.

Wire-pullers must not wrangle!

First Angler. Ay, marry, Sir, now you talk like an artist! (*Aside*) Only wish WILLIAM were not here! *Then* I might have a chance!

Second Angler (gravely). An art something too artful wholly to hit *my* taste. (*Aside.*) Oh, were SOLLY only away! Can't speak freely and frankly in *his* presence.

Mr. Punch (twiggling). Marry, scholars, 'tis little use "muttherin' there as if ye'd been ill-thrated." My best counsel is at the service of *both* of you, as old PISCATOR's was, whether to VENATOR, AUCEPS, PETER, or CORYDON.

First and Second Anglers (together, eagerly). Well, what think you of my chances at the Gen——?

[*Both stop short, and scowl at each other.*]

Mr. Punch (winking) singeth:—

I'm a gay but "leary" Sage, with my one, two, three,
I'm willing to give counsel or wise warning;
But if it's me you'd pump, with a view to Party "stump,"
You must get up *very* early in the morning!

There is reason, put into verse, and worthy the consideration of a wise man, as honest old IZAAK says.

Second Angler (plaintively). But, Master, have you nothing pertinently practical to mix with this 'frolic discourse, which, in view of the tremendous issues toward, doth now grow tedious and tiresome?

Mr. Punch. Cheer up, honest Scholars, and perpend! I may not mar this bright June day, this sylvan scene, this quiet swim, with platform platitudes, party bickerings, or wire-puller prophecy. I would rather hear MAUDLIN piping her "Milk-Maid's Song," or CORYDON trolling his catch. But if it is sage counsel you want, take it. You are about to enter on a great political fishing match. Fight it out like honest anglers and good-tempered—like those that, as IZAAK hath it, "are lovers of virtue, and dare trust in Providence, and be quiet, and go a-angling." Fish fair, don't foul your opponent's tackle, or needlessly disturb his swim. Don't use fancy or poaching baits, nor overmuch of *any*. Remember the old angling maxim: "Swear not, lest ye catch no fish."

"Oaths do fray
Fish away,"

and vituperation loses Votes. Finally, if you be beaten, take your licking like a man—and an Angler. If further counsel ye want, you will find it to the full of your joint and several needs and capacities in this my

One Hundred and Second Volume!!!



PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1892.



CALENDAR 1892

JANUARY xxxi Days.		FEBRUARY xxix Days.		MARCH xxxi Days.		APRIL xxx Days.		MAY xxxi Days.		JUNE xxx Days.	
1P N Year's D.	17S a Epp	1M Ed Coke	16Tu Burke etc.	17Th St Patrick	14F Suez en op	1P All Pools	10S Thiers b.	17Tu Talleyrd d.	1W Neomede	16Th Corp Christ.	
2S Jany 1st	18F Fran	27Th B Lucina	17Th Italian d	15F Suez en op	15F Lucknow t	2S Br ch 2m	11W Boswell d	27Th Harvey b	27Th St Allon	18S Basterio	
3S C	19W Wa. d	1W Bussac b	18Th Luther d	16F Lucknow t	16F Lucknow t	3S S n Lent	12W Pl Holiday	28Th Zama	28Th St Allon	19S Basterio	
4M N. a. d	20W J. d	27Th J. d	19Th Luther d	17F Lucknow t	17F Lucknow t	4S S n Lent	13W Pl Holiday	29Th Zama	29Th St Allon	20S Basterio	
5W N. a. d	21W J. d	28Th J. d	20Th Luther d	18F Lucknow t	18F Lucknow t	5W N. a. d	14W Pl Holiday	30Th Zama	30Th St Allon	21S Basterio	
6Th N. a. d	22W J. d	29Th J. d	21Th Luther d	19F Lucknow t	19F Lucknow t	6W N. a. d	15W Pl Holiday			22S Basterio	
7Th N. a. d	23W J. d	30Th J. d	22Th Luther d	20F Lucknow t	20F Lucknow t	7W N. a. d	16W Pl Holiday			23S Basterio	
8Th N. a. d	24W J. d		23Th Luther d	21F Lucknow t	21F Lucknow t	8W N. a. d	17W Pl Holiday			24S Basterio	
9Th N. a. d	25W J. d		24Th Luther d	22F Lucknow t	22F Lucknow t	9W N. a. d	18W Pl Holiday			25S Basterio	
10Th N. a. d	26W J. d		25Th Luther d	23F Lucknow t	23F Lucknow t	10W N. a. d	19W Pl Holiday			26S Basterio	
11Th N. a. d	27W J. d		26Th Luther d	24F Lucknow t	24F Lucknow t	11W N. a. d	20W Pl Holiday			27S Basterio	
12Th N. a. d	28W J. d		27Th Luther d	25F Lucknow t	25F Lucknow t	12W N. a. d	21W Pl Holiday			28S Basterio	
13Th N. a. d	29W J. d		28Th Luther d	26F Lucknow t	26F Lucknow t	13W N. a. d	22W Pl Holiday			29S Basterio	
14Th N. a. d	30W J. d		29Th Luther d	27F Lucknow t	27F Lucknow t	14W N. a. d	23W Pl Holiday			30S Basterio	
15Th N. a. d	31W J. d		30Th Luther d	28F Lucknow t	28F Lucknow t	15W N. a. d	24W Pl Holiday			31S Basterio	
16Th N. a. d			31Th Luther d	29F Lucknow t	29F Lucknow t	16W N. a. d	25W Pl Holiday				
17Th N. a. d				30F Lucknow t	30F Lucknow t	17W N. a. d	26W Pl Holiday				
18Th N. a. d				31F Lucknow t	31F Lucknow t	18W N. a. d	27W Pl Holiday				
19Th N. a. d						19W N. a. d	28W Pl Holiday				
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THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH



Linley Sanbourne.

ÆSOP UP TO DATE.

THE FROG AND THE BULL. (Juvenile Betting and the Stock Exchange.)

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES. (Elderly Love-making)



ÆSOP UP TO DATE.

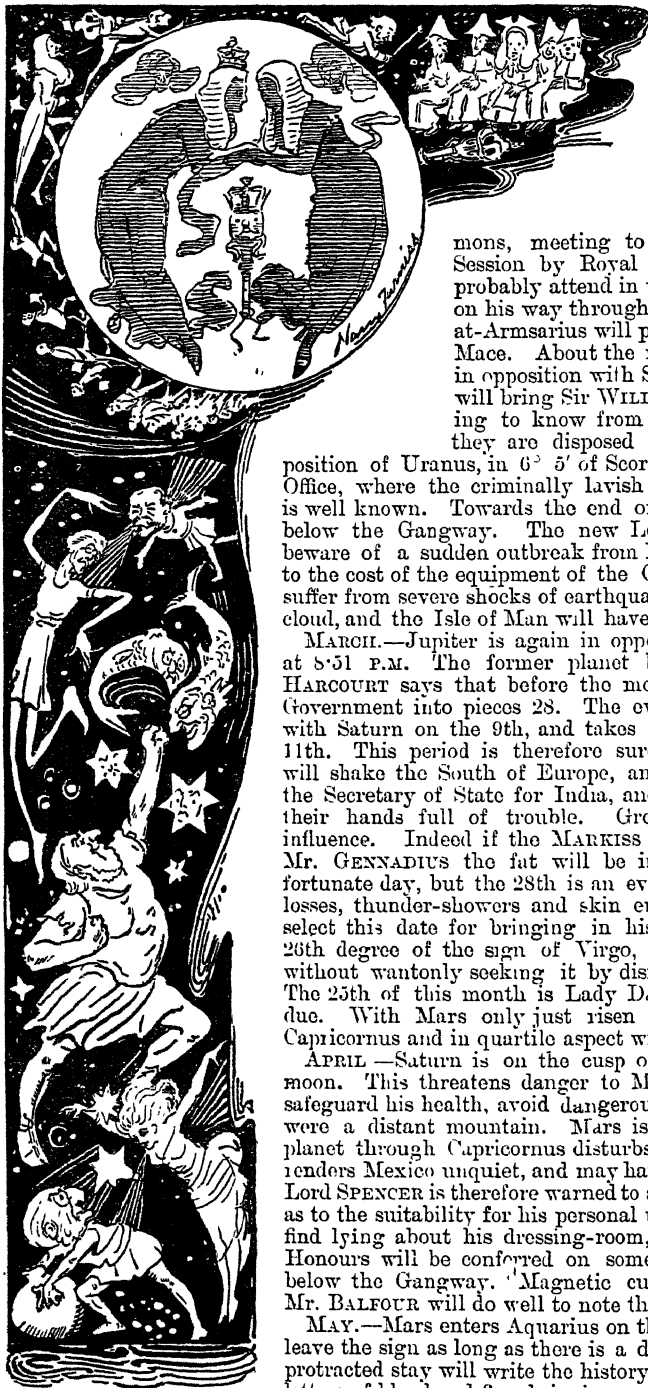
THE SUN AND THE WIND. (Drink and Prohibition.)

THE GOOSE WITH THE GOLDEN EGGS. (Capital and Labour.)

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

THE PARLIAMENTARY ALMANACK FOR THE SESSION OF 1892.

(BY ZADKIEL, M.P.)



FEBRUARY.—A pretty conjunction of Venus with Jupiter will take place in the evening western sky on Saturday the 6th inst.; but, as the days are still short, and the nights dark, the interesting couple will probably escape embarrassing observation. About the same time there will be a conjunction of the House of Lords and the House of Commons,

meeting to witness the opening of the new Session by Royal Commission. The SPEAKER will probably attend in wig and gown, and, as Mars speeds on his way through the sign Sagittarius, the Sergeant-at-Arms will precede the procession, carrying the Mace. About the middle of this month Venus will be in opposition with Saturn, very near the Equator. This will bring Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT to the front, wanting to know from the Government much more than they are disposed to communicate. The stationary

position of Uranus, in $6^{\circ} 5'$ of Scorpio, will bring trouble to the Home Office, where the criminally lavish use of stationery (including pens) is well known. Towards the end of the month there will be trouble below the Gangway. The new Leader of the House is warned to beware of a sudden outbreak from Mr. LABOUCHERE, having reference to the cost of the equipment of the Queen's yacht. South America will suffer from severe shocks of earthquake, the Isle of Skye will be under a cloud, and the Isle of Man will have trouble with its female population.

MARCH.—Jupiter is again in opposition with Saturn on the 6th inst. at 5:51 P.M. The former planet being in Pisces 27° , Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT says that before the month is out he means to knock the Government into pieces. The evil Mars forms the quartile aspect with Saturn on the 9th, and takes a friendly pint with Jupiter on the 11th. This period is therefore sure to be tempestuous. Earthquakes will shake the South of Europe, and the First Lord of the Treasury, the Secretary of State for India, and the First Door Keeper will have their hands full of trouble. Greece will also feel the disturbing influence. Indeed if the MARKISS doesn't keep things straight with Mr. GENNADIUS the fat will be in the fire. The 20th is rather a fortunate day, but the 28th is an evil anniversary threatening quarrels, losses, thunder-showers and skin eruptions. JOKIM is warned not to select this date for bringing in his Budget. With the Moon in the 26th degree of the sign of Virgo, he will have quite enough trouble without wantonly seeking it by disregarding the Voice of the Stars. The 23th of this month is Lady Day, when rents and insurances fall due. With Mars only just risen at the vernal equinox, strong in Capricornus and in quartile aspect with the Sun, they had better be paid.

APRIL.—Saturn is on the cusp of the third house of the last new moon. This threatens danger to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN who is warned to safeguard his health, avoid dangerous places, and regard Mr. G. as if he were a distant mountain. Mars is at it again. Progress of the red planet through Capricornus disturbs Greece, shakes India to the core, renders Mexico unquiet, and may have potent influence on the Red Earl. Lord SPENCER is therefore warned to avoid during this month experiments as to the suitability for his personal use of any stray high collars he may find lying about his dressing-room, or in that of any blood relation. Honours will be conferred on some Members sitting either above or below the Gangway. Magnetic currents very strong about the 26th. Mr. BALFOUR will do well to note this.

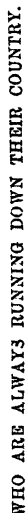
MAY.—Mars enters Aquarius on the 6th of this month, and will not leave the sign as long as there is a drop to drink on the premises. This protracted stay will write the history of the Agricultural Department in letters of blood and fire, bringing sorrow on GEORGIE HAMILTON, WIL-

FRID LAWSON, and the borders of Wales. Jupiter's progress through Aries continues to benefit Old England, and gives Lord HARTINGTON an opportunity of taking ten minutes nap on the Front Opposition Bench, whilst Mr. STANHOPE explains the Army Estimates in Committee of Supply. We shall hear of conflagrations and explosions at sea, with some trouble in the House of Lords. The LORD CHANCELLOR, at whose birth the Moon held the 24th degree of the sign Virgo, would do well to have the Woolsack carefully examined before seating himself thereon. It is not for nothing that the Moon is this month eclipsed in the sign Scorpio.

JUNE.—Mars holds on his way through Aquarius, thereby disturbing Russia, bringing sorrow on Prussia, heaping coals of fire on Piedmont and the borders of Persia. This will bring much occupation for the Foreign Secretary, who is warned to avoid any attempt to walk from Hatfield to Downing Street without his hat. Weddings will be numerous towards the end of the month. There will also, in all probability, be some births and deaths. The Sun and Mercury in Gemini, forming the quartile aspect with Saturn in Virgo, Members of the Opposition are warned (if they can avoid it) not to be born on the 8th, 19th, 24th and 25th of this month. Mars being in a lower meridian at the New Moon of Midsummer Day, fires will be numerous, discord and strife will arise in connection with the landed interest, and an Irish Member—perhaps two—will be suspended. The sign Cancer rules New York, Berne and Lubeck. Sir JOHN LUBBOCK will, accordingly, do well to live quietly and avoid changes.



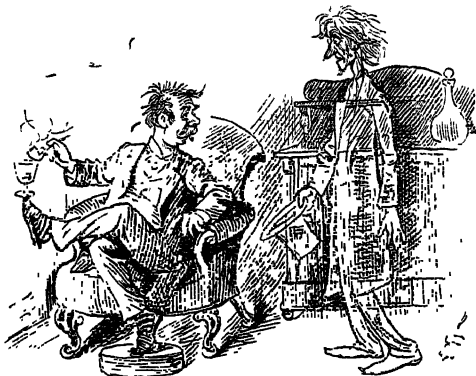
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 8.]



JOHN BULL UP TO DATE.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

THE INDIGENT GHOST.



I SAT one night within my room and to myself I said, As folks do on the stage, "It's twelve, and I should be in bed." A tap came at the door, and as I shouted out, "Come in!" Lo! near me stood an aged man diaphanously thin.

"I am a ghost," he shyly said. I answered, "Ah, no doubt; It's very right at Christmas time that ghosts should be about; Sit down, old man, and have a drink, I'm in no haste to snooze, And, if 'twill serve to pass the time, why gibber, if you choose."

"I used to totally abstain," the aged spectre said, "Till Doctor GRANVILLE's letters upon stimulants I read; He wrote, you know, teetotallers were little more than pulp."

With that he took my whiskey jar and drained it at a gulp.

"You've taken his advice to heart, my phantom friend," I cried, "Now don't you think that after that you'd gibber if you tried?" "Don't scoff, young man," he sadly said, "for know you speak to one Who never gets employment now, whose gibbering days are done."

"Well, well," I said, "don't gibber, if you find yourself too weak. I'll try and call a shudder up, if only you will squeak."



He shook his head. "T would be no use," quoth he, "for you forget, That ghosts play second fiddle now to Johnnies in Thibet."

"Mahatmas?" "Yes, and hang them, Sir, a pretty moss they've made,

They've ta'en the bread from honest ghosts and ruined all the trade; We don't find teacups under turf and flop flowers on your head, We don't 'precipitate' a note and swear it's from the dead.

"We scorn such hanky - panky tricks, let those admire who list, I'd sooner sweep a crossing, Sir, than turn Theosophist; I'm driven into the workhouse now since not a soul employs, And earn the paltry parish pay by scaring pauper boys.

"Goodbye," he said, "and since you've been so very kind and nice, If you'd like me to haunt a friend, why you shall name the price: Good night! That little drop I took has given me pluck. Since it's The witching hour, I'll go and fright the Beadle into fits."

DROP BY DROP.

Nine Stages of a Love Story.

FIRST place, I dropped my eye on her,
And she dropped hers, so blushfully!
Then I "dropped in,"—her sire sold fur,—
Then "dropped a line," most gushfully.
I dropped a deal of ready cash
On her and her relations,
Then dropped some hints—that course proved rash—
About her "expectations."
She dropped on me, daring to ask
Such questions. Here I stopped her.
Her—bankrupt—sire then dropped the mask,
And I—well then, I dropped her!

SIMPLE STORIES.

"Be always kind to animals wherever you may be!"

No. I.—LILY AND THE LOBSTER.

LIKE many of the little girls at Dimplebeach, LILY was very fond, on bright, warm sunny mornings, of paddling in the sea.

She would often take off her shoes and stockings, reef up her skirts, and wander for a very considerable distance along the sandy shore. She picked up in this way many varieties of pretty and curious seaweed, and not a few rare shells and pebbles. Not being afraid of getting wet, she was enabled to clamber over the rocks, to view the sea-anemone in its own private aquarium, and make friends with the benign barnacle, the light-hearted limpet, and the cynical star-fish.

One morning LILY bethought her that she would walk alone by water as far as the little village of Pebbleton. She took off her shoes and stockings, pinned up her petticoats, and waded through the shallow water, thinking what a brave girl she was. She had not gone very far when she saw, on the shore, the seaweed violently agitated, and the sand much disturbed. In going to see what it was, she discovered a fine old Lobster, hopelessly entangled in seaweed, and nearly smothered in dry sand. She did not hesitate for an instant.

She recollected the words of the Great Bard, who sang,—

"Be lenient with lobsters, and ne'er be cross with crabs,
And be not disrespectful to cuttle-fish or dabs."

With great tenderness she disentangled the Lobster from the weeds, she blew the sand out of its eyes, and polished it up with her pocket-handkerchief. She then carried it with great care to the sea, and launched it.

It quickly sped away into the deep water, and, though the callous crustacean showed no sign of gratitude for all her thought and attention, the little girl felt pleased at having done a good action.

She went on slowly wading towards Pebbleton.

Suddenly she felt a sharp pain in her great toe. Her first thought was, she was going to have the gout, like her Papa. The agony was so great, that she retreated towards the shore. She found that she was pursued by an enormous Lobster, who had severely bitten one toe, and seemed in the mind to have a turn at the remaining nine.

She was terribly frightened, but she limped along as quickly as she could, the Lobster rattling his claws and hissing after her. He pursued her till she reached the dry sand, sat down, dried her feet, and put on her shoes and stockings. Then he wagged his big claw at her, gave her a knowing wink, trotted off, and plunged into the sea. She thought she recognised his face—and she was not mistaken.

It was her old friend, whom she had rescued, who, by pinching her toe, had stopped her just on the very brink of a pool of water, twenty feet deep.

Had it not been for the Lobster, LILY would have been drowned!



AND PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1892.

MR. PUNCH'S PREDICTIONS FOR 1892.

JANUARY.

THE year commences on a Friday, which implies that there will be much misfortune. Immediately taxes will become due, which will cause much heart-burning and disappointment. A well-known statesman will make a statement that will cause apprehension in the capital of one of the great Powers. A few stock-brokers will be very active, but not in legitimate business. Many persons will visit Paris and spend some time on the boulevards. The wearer of a Crown in the North of Europe will have to beware of cold. On the 11th there will be much movement in the Law Courts, and the Judges will appear in state and walk on foot to the apartments they usually occupy. Counsel and solicitors will hold many consultations, and a Chancery suit will be commenced, leading to great subsequent disaster. After lingering for more than a week, on the 9th, Fire Insurance expires, amidst universal regret. Their financial condition will not permit of a term their own property. The weather will be cold, and snow may be expected even if it does not actually appear.

FOR FEBRUARY.

THE month will commence with a game soon to end, for partridge-shooting ceases on the 1st. On the 3rd a well-known statesman will keep his birthday, chiefly because he was born on this date sixty-two years ago. He will be visited several times by one of the Judges who presided at the Parnell Commission, who on the last occasion will remark that he represents "Many Happy Returns of the Day." Parliament will meet, and drink—in spite of the attempts of some misguided men to abolish the bars in the Lobbies. On the 13th of the month Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL will keep his birthday, avoiding St. Valentine's Day, in courteous consideration of the resources of the Post Office. We may expect some strange news from the Continent, and events in Russia will urge on the Stock Exchange a preference for bears rather than for bulls. Many Bills will be introduced at Westminster, but only as a temporary arrangement, as they will be thrown out before the close of the Session. The

weather will be changeable, the state of the atmosphere varying from comparative warmth to superlative cold. A modern Dramatist will write a play with a purpose, which purpose will be divulged by the speedy shutting up of the theatre in which the play is produced. The condition of Ireland will attract some attention, and several harsh things will be said about the Chief Secretary.

The news from Spain will cause some uneasiness in Portugal, and even cause apprehension in Sweden, were it not for the cold, calm judgment of Norway. Many complaints will be made about the Police, but without attracting the attention of the Authorities.

FOR MARCH.

ON the 2nd Lent will commence, Ash Wednesday falling this year (strange to say) on a day following a Tuesday. On the 26th, the Duke of CAMBRIDGE will hold a review of his past career—the occasion being his own birthday. Business amongst burglars being slack, the police to arrest something, will take up the time of the public by making frivolous complaints. In Parliament many questions will be asked and answered, and the world will be no wiser. A well-known statesman will make a speech that will cause uneasiness abroad, and be productive of sleep at home. The GERMAN EMPEROR will make his tourist arrangements for the summer. He will see what can be done about a trip to the United States, and will deeply regret that he has not the assistance of the late Mr. BARNUM, whose help would of course have been invaluable to him in the arrangement of details. He will sound the President of the French Republic as to the assurance of a hearty welcome in the event of his paying a visit to Paris, and will re-

ceive a reply ending with "Car—not." He will then consider the advisability of a progress through the Channel Islands, so as to use up a number of ready-made speeches written in French. On the 17th of the month, the Irish will celebrate their fête day by bemoaning their fate. This will lead to several discussions on the question of Home Rule in various influential quarters. Altogether the month will be so featureless, that it can scarcely be described as the March of Events.



A LAST RESOURCE.

A HAPPY AND INDEPENDENT BACHELOR FINDS HIMSELF SUDDENLY DISAPPOINTED OF HIS CHRISTMAS PARTY IN THE COUNTRY; HE HAS ORDERED NOTHING AT HOME, HAS GIVEN HIS COOK AND MAN-SERVANT LEAVE TO INVITE THEIR FRIENDS; HIS INTIMATE COMPANIONS ARE OUT OF TOWN, AND, ON ARRIVING AT HIS CLUB, HE IS INFORMED BY THE HALL PORTER THAT "THERE IS NO DINNER TO-NIGHT, AS THE SERVANTS ARE HAVING A PARTY." ONLY ONE RESOURCE, A HOTEL, OR DINNER AT A RESTAURANT, ALL ALONE!

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

THE PARLIAMENTARY ALMANACK FOR THE SESSION OF 1892.

By ZADKIEL, M.P. (Continued from Page 4.)



JULY. — Mars is now stationary in Aquarius, $17^{\circ} 14'$, to the grief of Russia, the perplexity of Prussia, and the petulance of Pomerania. Famine is only too likely to stalk through the Isle of Dogs, and there will be trouble at the Admiralty.

Saturn is creeping up to the quartile of the place of the solar eclipse of June 17, 1890, filling the bitter cup of the Chief Secretary to the brim. Members desiring to take their seats will please come to the table. Uranus stationary in $1^{\circ} 59'$ of Scorpio is of fresh evil omen for the Lord CHANCELLOR. He is warned to avoid travelling by water or riding on the garden-seat of an omnibus. Towards the end of the month (the 9th instant being the day of the solar conjunction with Venus) the House of Commons will be counted out. The 17th is a propitious day for Members representing agricultural constituencies. Unfortunately, there will be no sitting of the House on this day. An accident to an ironclad moored off the Terrace. Duchesses and others are warned not to take tea on the Terrace on the afternoon of this day, for Mercury in his ruling sign (Leo) meets with the opposition of Mars. Mars, as the Leader of the Opposition in the Solar System, takes a fraternal interest in Mr. G.

AUGUST.—Mars still having a high old time in the high old 'evens. He is now very near the Earth, and with his mailed hand urges on the Irish Members to deeds of ruthless insubordination. About this time the SPEAKER may be expected to observe, "Order! Order!" Saturn re-enters the sign Libra at 31 minutes past 9 on the evening of the 31st. Consequently we shall hear of trouble in Kent, Macedonia, and Staffordshire. Questions on these subjects will be addressed to the Baron DE BOOK-WORMS, and, the Moon holding the third degree of the sign Scorpio or the last degree of Virgo, Mr. JULIUS ANNIBAL PICTON will move the adjournment of the House, in order to discuss, as a matter of urgent public importance, the unsatisfactory replies of the noble Baron. The 4th is a very evil day for Her Majesty's Ministers, threatening danger by fire or colic, according to their nativities. Let those who were born in this month beware of danger by water, never going out without an umbrella, or attempting to cross the Thames by fording it. Morocco will experience some vibration, and Hon. Members whose rates were due on the 1st of March, will do well to see they are paid. The Moon being held in the 25th degree of Virgo, ladies following the course of debate from the Gallery of the House of Commons, are warned to beware of disappointment in love or matrimony.

The position of the Moon at this time is also favourable to saltatory exercise on the part of the cow. Mr. JESSE COLLINGS is warned to hold out three acres beneath the orb, so as to break the fall of the cow. As the Sun forms the trine aspect with Jupiter shortly before the New Moon, Parliament will be prorogued this month, if, Jupiter being in the fourth house, the dissolution has not already taken place.



ODE TO A DINNER-GONG.

"THE tocsin of the soul—the dinner-bell."
So said, admiringly, the late Lord BYRON,
But he had never heard *your* noisy knell,
O blatant bellowing thing of brass or iron,
Or surely he had metrically cursed
Your nerve-distracting Corybantic
clangour.

Would his fine indignation could have
versed
My utter hate, my agonising anger.
Alas! is gusto then so great a sin,
Is feeding Man so terrible a sinner
That such a worse than *Duncan*-raising din
Must summon him to—Dinner?

BANE AND ANTIDOTE.

OUR latest New Humorist lately was moved
To say that the world can't exist without
merriment.
His dogma, of course, yet remains to be
proved,
But oh! how *he'd* help us to try the
experiment.

AND PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1892.

A DINNER KNELL.



It pains me deeply to reveal
My infamy; I do not stretch
The truth when I confess I feel
A guilty wretch.

I envy him whose only sin [bour,
Has been to rob his next-door neigh-
He has his absolution in
Three months' hard labour.

And happy he who forged a cheque,
Committed arson, stole a bill,
Played football on his spouse's neck,
Or broke a till.

I cannot claim that anyone [gurgle,
Through me has gasped his deathly
I cannot even say I've done
One honest burgle.

These may be bad, the reckless art
Of hospitality is worse; [heart,
Though want of thought, not want of
Has been my curse.

For sad experience has taught
That as a most abandoned sinner
My wife will treat me, now I've brought
A friend to dinner!

[And she did.

MR. PUNCH'S HANDBOOK OF DEFINITIONS.

(For the Use of Young Writers.)

A FASHIONABLE BEAUTY.

(a.) A PRETTY moth that flutters by night, and is singled in Society scandals.

(b.) A modern HELEN, who frequently prefers the WORTH of Paris, to the reputation of her husband. Her face launches a



thousand photographers, and burns the topless towers of every battered old *roué's* heart.

(c.) An exotic tree which journalists shake to obtain the paragraph-fruit from its branches. It flourishes for a season, and is then cut down to provide fuel for detraction engines.

A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

(a.) A BEING whose top-hat always shines, whose frock-coat invariably fits, whose boots never lack polish, and whose trousers are born turned up. He knows intuitively the exact seasons when a suit of dittoes and a round hat worn in St. James's Street mark the man of fashion.

(b.) One who spends the greater part of the year in the country. His income is independent, his language is free, but he himself is ruled by his valet.

(c.) A hero to his lady novelist. A non-reading, non-marrying, cynical, knowing, seductive, indolent, moustachioed and frequently military animal, much addicted to the midnight use of Clubs. Is generally obscured by ungrammatical language and costly tobacco-smoke. He leaves the love-letters of ballet-dancers and duchesses lying open on his carpet, sticks photographs of the former into frames, and invitations from the latter into looking-glasses.



THE ASTROLOGER'S BRAY.

VOICE of the Stars? Oh, empty annual bore,
It is, indeed, a "Voice and nothing more."

The wise world heeds not your prophetic pother
Which goes in at one year and out at t'other!

ODE TO SOAP.

I've written verses to her eyes,
Her snowy-white, serenely high brow,
The charm that in her features lies,
A dozen sonnets to her eyebrow.
Last week she ventured to elope,
Alas! with quite another fellow,
So I will sing a song to Soap—
Soap, honest, pure, transparent, yellow!



When I arise at early morn,
(Or even when at late), who keener
Than you in helping to adorn
My person, or to make me—cleaner?
When black (not comely), I confess
Yourself at once I always fly to,
I use you, who excel. Ah! yes,
You take the cake, and so do I too!

Called to the Bar. Of course I am—
The Bar of Soap. In all one's troubles,
What more successful way to dam
The flood of grief than blowing bubbles?
And yet, a thousand years ago,
When men wore woad, and huts were
wattled,
Had they the happiness to know
The magic mysteries of mottled?

I do not know, I cannot tell,
I don't indulge in rash assertions;
But this I know, and know full well,
I owe my skin to your exertions.
And if I should have done a deed
Of gore particularly flagrant,
You still befriend me in my need, [rant.
You take my hands, and leave them frag-

O Soap, preserver of mankind,
True godliness's cleanly neighbour,
The Duke through you grows more refined,
The housemaid's face reflects your labour.
Let mundane systems have their day,
Let men depart to shades infernal,
The future brings us no dismay,
Since Soap (like Hope) will spring eternal.

"THRIFT, THRIFT, HORATIO!"

(By a contemplative Man at a Crematorium.)

THERE's one thing in these mortuary burnings,
A man pays his "last debt" with his own

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

NEVER HAVE A CADDIE WITH A SQUINT!

A LAY OF THE LINKS.

THEY told me he was skilful, and assiduous, and true,
They told me he had "carried" for the bravest and the best.
His hair was soldier-scarlet, and his eyes were saucer blue,
And one seemed looking eastward, whilst the other fronted west.
His strabismus was a startler, and it

shook my nerve at once;
It affected me with dizziness, like
gazing from a height.

I straddled like a duffer, and I wavered
like a duce,

And my right hand felt a left one,
and my left felt far from right.

As I watched him place my ball with
his visual axes crossed,

The very sunshine glimmered, with a
queer confusing glint,

I felt like a sick lubber on Atlantic surges
tossed.—

Oh! never have a Caddie with a
squint!

I'm an "irritable duffer"—so my enemies
declare,—

That is I'm very sensitive, and play a
modest game.

A very little puts me off my stroke, and,
standing there,

With his boot-heels at right angles,
and his optics much the same,

He maddened me—no less, and I felt that
all success

Against bumptious young McBUNGO—was impossible that day.
I'd have parted with a fiver to have beaten him. His dress

Was so very very swaggy, and his scarlet cap so gay.

He eyed my cross-eyed Caddie with a supercilious smirk,
I tried to set my features, and my nerves, like any flint;

But my "knicker'd" knees were knocking as I wildly set to work.
Oh! never have a Caddie with a squint!

I tried to look away from the spoiler of my play,
But for fiendish fascination he was like a squinting snake;

All the muffings man can muffle I
contrived to muffle that day;
My eyes were all askew and
my nerves were all ashake.

I seemed to squint myself, and
not only with my eyes,
My knees, my hands, my el-
bows with obliquity were
rife.

McBUNGO's sleeksham sympathy
and sinister surprise
Made almost insupportable the
burden of my life.

He was so beastly friendly, and
he was so blazing fair,
So fulsomely effusive with sug-
gestion, tip, and hint!

And all the while that Caddie
stood serenely cock-eyed
there.

Oh! never have a Caddie
with a squint!

Miss BINKS was looking on! On
that maiden I was gone.
Just as she was gone on Golf,
in perfervid Scottish style.

On my merits, with McBUNGO, I should just about have won,
But my shots to-day were such as made even EFFIE smile;
Oh, the lumps of turf I lifted! Oh, the easy balls I missed!

Oh, the bunkers I got bogged in! And at last a gentle scorn
Curled the lips I would have given my pet "Putter" to have
kissed.

Such a bungler as myself her loved Links had never borne;

And all the while McBUNGO—the young crocodile!—bemoaned
What he called my "beastly luck," though his joy was plain as
print,
Whilst that squint grew worse and worse at each shot of mine
which failed.

Oh! never have a Caddie with a squint!

In "playing through the green" with my "brassoy" I was seen
At most dismal disadvantage on that miserable day;

He pointed through the rushes with cock-
eyed, sardonic spleen,—

I followed his squint guidance, and I
struck a yard away;

But oh! 'twas worst of all, when I tried
to hole the ball.

Oh, the Ogre! How he squinted at
that crisis of the game!

His hideous strabismus held me helpless,
a blind thrall,

Shattered my nerves completely, put
my skill to open shame.

That squint would, I am sure, have upset
the Solar System—

Oho! the impish impudence, the grue-
some goggle-glance!

The low, malicious chuckle, as he softly
muttered, "Missed 'im!"

No, never have a Caddie with
a squint!

Yet all the same McBUNGO did not get
that rich Miss BINKS,

Who was so sweet in every way, es-
pecially on Golf.

He fancied he had cut me out that day
upon those Links,

But although he won the game—at Golf, his love-game came not
He and that demon Caddie tried between them very hard [off.

To shame me in the eyes of that dear enthusiast,

But—well, my clubs she carries, whilst McBUNGO, evil-starred,

Was caught by a Scotch vixen with an obvious optic cast!

That's Nemesis, I say! And
she will not let him play

At the game he so adores.
True she's wealthy as the
Mint.

At Golf, with EFFIE, I have
passed many a happy day,
But—we never have a
Caddie with a squint!

A Caddie
who's a
duffer, or
a Caddie
who gets
drunk;

A Caddie who regards all
other Caddies as his foes;

A Caddie who will snigger when
you fumble, fail or funk;

A Caddie who will whistle,
or seems ever on the doze;

A Caddie who's too tiny; or too
big and broad of bulk;

A Caddie who gets playing
with your clubs upon the
sly,

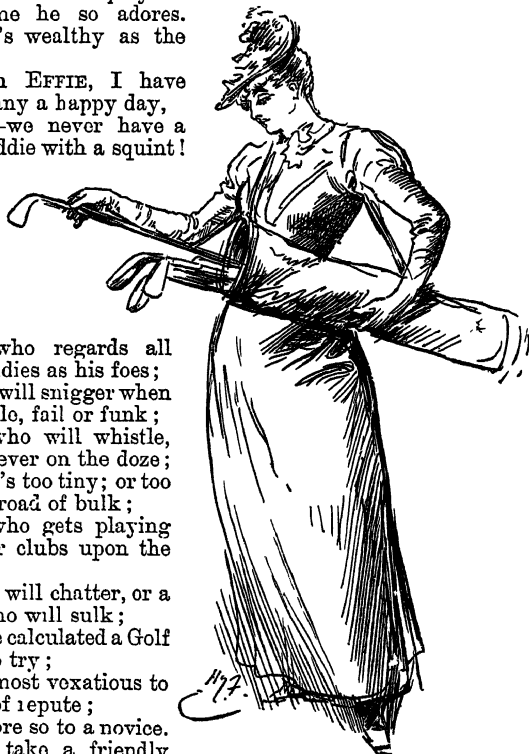
A Caddie who will chatter, or a
Caddie who will sulk;

All these are calculated a Golf
devotee to try;

All these are most vexatious to
a Golfer of repute;

And still more so to a novice.
But just take a friendly
hint!

Take a Caddie who's a duffer, or a drunkard, or a brute,
But never try a Caddie with a squint!!!



A LADY'S LINES ON LEAP YEAR.

WHEN NEAVES' Ape with the pliable thumb and big brain,
Who the gilt of the gab had just managed to gain,
As a lord of creation established his reign,

Which nobody can deny.
He established no doubt, female progress to stop,
The "right" of the sex the great question to "pop"
(As well as to vote, and to smoke, and talk shop),
Which nobody can deny.

Our artful old Ape, in transition to Man,
To keep down poor Woman you hit on a plan
Which they once in four years may reverse—if they can,
Which nobody can deny.

Our vertebræ (moral) you first took away,
And then once in four years you allotted a day
For the polypus sex at top-sawyer to play.
Which nobody can deny.

O Great Master Monkey, the progress of years
At last fills your lordship with Simian fears;
The Woman's Rights Question assails your long ears,
Which nobody can deny.

But when the great Pop-Right is ours, recollect
We'll grant you—what more can your Ape-ship expect?—
The right,—once in four years you know—to reject!
Which nobody can deny!

SIMPLE STORIES.

"Be always kind to animals wherever you may be!"

No. II.—VIOLET AND THE PORPOISE.

VIOLET was a bright, merry little girl who was always full of fun. She was rather too apt to be thoughtless. Her Father was very witty and jocose, and she would often try to imitate him. She seemed to forget what was a virtue among grown-ups was unbecoming in a child, and would sometimes say something to cause a laugh without reflecting how much pain it gave to others. For the sake of a joke—to make a mere play upon words, or a pun as it is called, she would not infrequently make some silly remark which would subsequently cause her the keenest regret.

In vain did her kind Mamma impress upon her that puns would entail punishment, and it seemed equally futile for her to be told that punning was the special prerogative of Papas.

It was not only to her kind parents and friends that she would behave in this manner. Poor in-offensive dumb animals she would treat in a similar fashion. She would tell the Cow that she was a "cowrious kind of animal": she would say, "I bullieve you, my boy," to the Bull, and would inform the Pig that it was very "pig-culiar." One day her Father found her telling a large Cochon that, if it did not move on, it would be "a-cotchin' it," and heard her subsequently remark, with regard to a tamarisk hedge, "It-am-a-risky kind of fence." This was too much for her long-suffering parent. He

found he was being beaten on his own ground, his position as family joker was being imperilled, and his merry jests were beginning to fall rather flat. He at once packed off this short-petticoated punster to a strong-minded, serious, matter-of-fact governess by the seaside, who looked upon punning, joking, and whistling on the Sabbath as all very much in the same light. The governess had instructions she might take what measures she pleased, but the little girl was to be cured.

One day there was a terrific storm on the coast. When it abated,

it was reported that a very large Porpoise had been washed ashore. Everyone went down to see it, and among them VIOLET and her governess. The little lass was in high spirits, for she had been indoors in disgrace for the last two days. Vi was not a bit afraid. She danced up to the Porpoise, who was puffing and blowing and flapping his tail on the sand. The impudent little puss boldly approached the monster of the deep, and giving him a good ringing slap, said, "Poor old thing! Did it come ashore on *porpoise*?"

In a moment the Porpoise lashed out its tail in anger, caught the child on the side of the face, and knocked her into the sea! With great difficulty she was rescued! It taught her a lesson she never forgot. She returned home quite cured. She never makes silly puns upon poor dumb animals now, and they have grown to respect her very much. If ever she feels inclined to return to her old foolish habit, one glance at the silver porpoise-charm—which her dear Father has given her—is sufficient to remind her of her folly, and prevent her transgressing.

LAY OF A LONDON BOOK-WORM.

HAIL, best-loved season of a best-loved town!—

The glowing fire,

Warm winter curtains, ancient dressing-gown,
And seasoned briar.

Spas, mountains,
countryside, a glad
farewell:

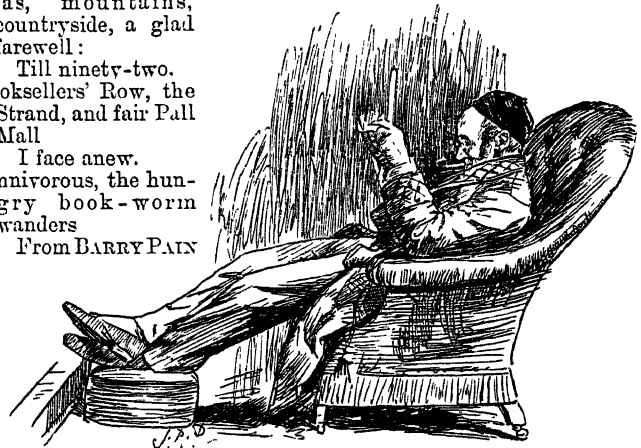
Till ninety-two.

Booksellers' Row, the
Strand, and fair Pall
Mall

I face anew.

Omnivorous, the hun-
gry book-worm
wanders

From BARRY PAIN



To SCHOPENHAUER (p.p. T. BAILEY SAUNDERS),

Nor doth disdain,

En passant, the attempts of—names won't scan—

A playwright trio,

To pose as artist, not as artisan,

Con molto brio.

But why waste words? Don slippers, light the lamp,

And close the shutters;

Book-worms advance! Prepare your winter camp;

Draw paper-cutters!

CÆLEBS.

MR. PUNCH'S HANDBOOK OF DEFINITIONS.

(For the Use of Young Writers.)

A PHOTOGRAPH.

(a.) *THOUGH* a man who always says "No" cannot be considered a good fellow, yet a photograph may be described as a proof of *camaraderie*, based on nothing but negatives.

(b.) The flattery of a human face by a celestial body.

(c.) Purchasable immortality, warranted to fade, in several sizes.

(d.) The final stage in a struggle with a cheerful expression.

(e.) An image which, in proportion as it offends one's vanity, may be counted upon to delight one's friends.



THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH



ÆSOP UP TO DATE.

THE COCK AND THE JEWELS. (The Philistine and High Art.) THE MAID AND THE MILK-PAIL. (The Agricultural Vote and Party Promises.)

AND PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1892.

TOM NODDY'S CHRISTMAS NIGHTMARE, AFTER COLD MINCE-PIES FOR SUPPER.

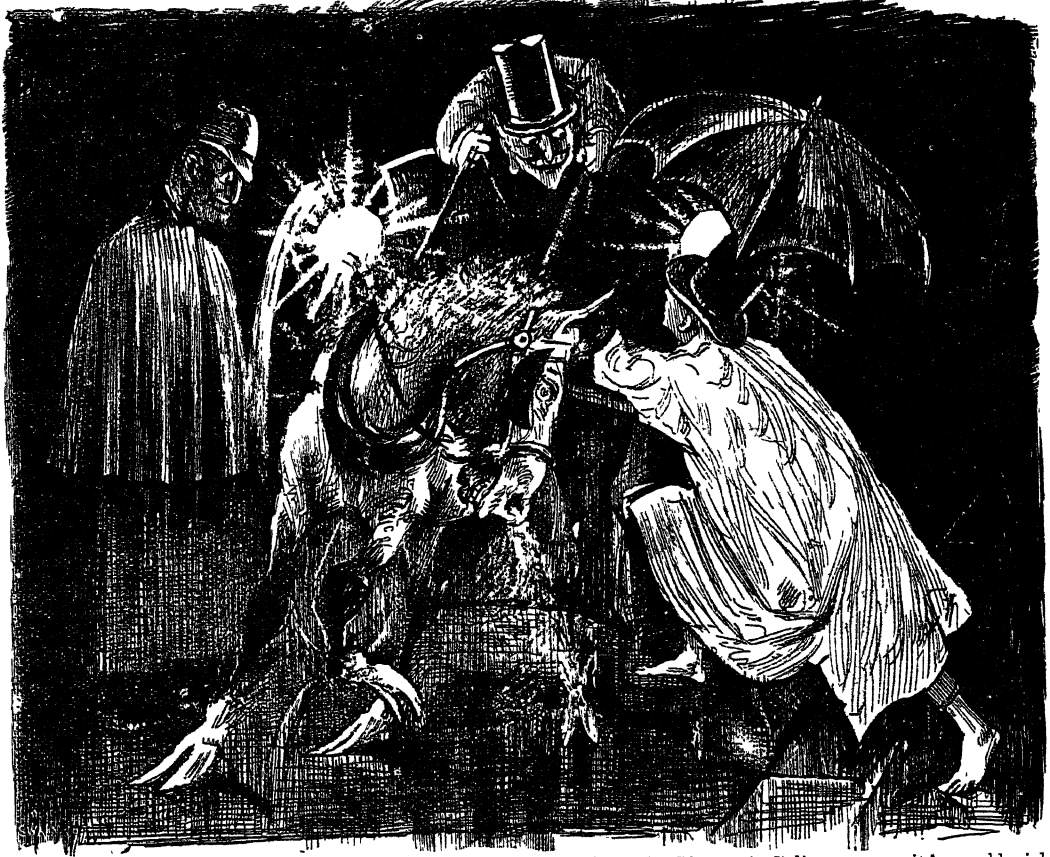


1. I suddenly wake up and remember to-night's Mrs. BONAMY's Smal and Early, and that VERA GILPIN will be there. Think I'll go.

2. Needn't put on evening dress. There's no stiffness about the BONAMYs. Go just as I am. Fine night, not very late. May as well walk there and smoke a cigar. Awful nuisance if they're all got up to the nines!



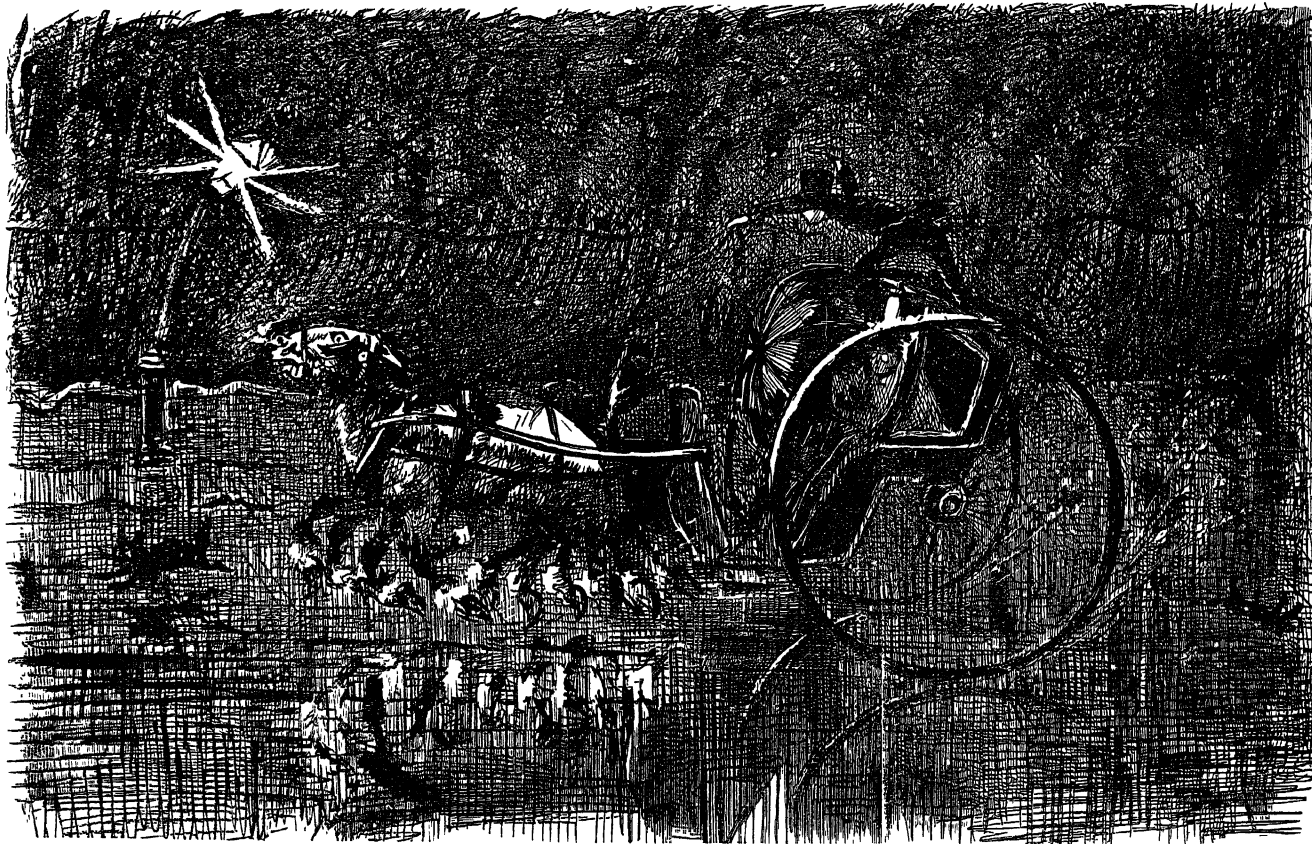
3. Comes on to rain. Stoopid not to have put on my goloshes. So muddy, too!



4. Gets darker and darker. Can't see my way a bit. Happy Thought, Hansom! Policeman says it's a cold night, and seems to think I ought to have put on a cape, or a comforter, or something. Thoughtful of him. Do feel rather chilly; got my Jagers on, fortunately.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

TOM NODDY'S CHRISTMAS NIGHTMARE, AFTER COLD MINCE-PIES FOR SUPPER.



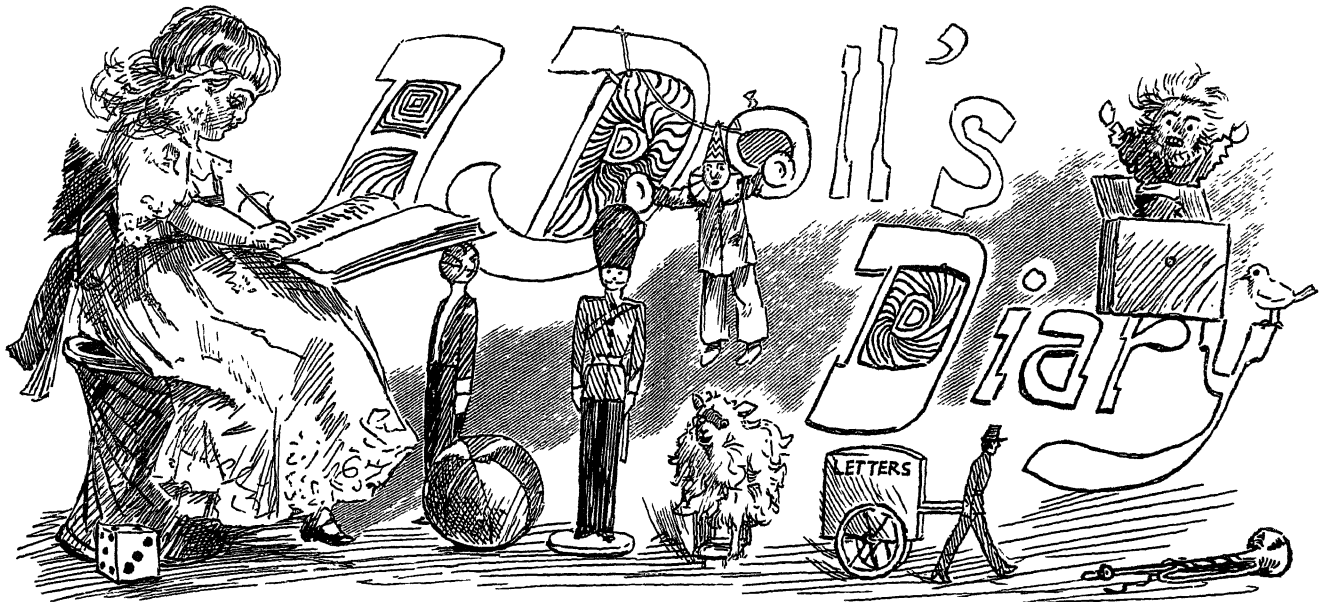
5. Gets lighter again. Beastly night, though. Capital horse. Wonder whether I ought to have put on dress clothes, after all? Too late now,—but one is always safe in evening dress, whatever happens.



6. Confound it! Left all my money at home, in my waistcoat pocket. That's the worst of not dressing! Cabman insolent. Row!



7. Large party: Ited baize! Royalty! Wish I'd dressed! "Ere's a swell as can't pay his cab and ain't got no dress clothes!"



January 1.—Just had a brilliant idea—quite original. I don't believe even any human person ever *thought* of such a thing, but then,—besides being extremely beautiful and expensive, with refined wax features and golden hair—I am a very clever doll indeed. Frivolous, no doubt; heartless, so they tell me—but the very reverse of a *fool*. I flatter myself that if *anybody* understands the nature of toys, especially *male* toys—but I am forgetting my idea—which is this. I am going this year to write down—the little girl I belong to has no idea I can write, but I *can*—and better than *she* does, too!—to write down every event of importance that happens, *with the dates*. There! I fancy that is original enough. It will be a valuable dollian document when it is done, and *most* interesting to look back upon. Now I must wait for something to happen.

January 6.—Went to Small Dance given by the Only Other Wax Doll (a dreadful old frump!) on the Nursery Hearthrug. Room rather nicely illuminated by coloured fire from grate, and a pyramid nightlight, but floor poor. Didn't think much of the music—a fur monkey at the Digitorium, and a woolly lamb who brought his own bellows, make *rather a feeble orchestra*. Still, on the whole, enjoyed myself. Much admired. Several young Ninepins, who are considered stuck-up, and keep a good deal to their own set, begged to be introduced. Sat out one dance with a Dice-box, who rattled away most amusingly. I understand he is quite an authority on games, and anything that falls from his mouth is received with respect. He is a great sporting character, too, and arranges all the meetings on the Nursery Race-course, besides being much interested in

with spite and envy. Spent a very pleasant evening, not getting back to my drawer till daylight. Too tired to write more.

Mem.—Not to sit out behind the coal-scuttle another time!

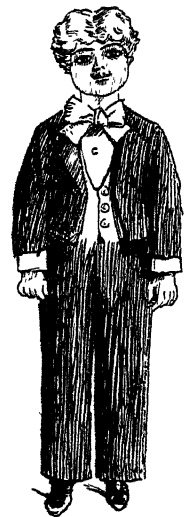
February 14.—Amount of attention I receive really quite embarrassing. The Ninepins are too *absurdly* devoted. One of them (the nicest of all) told me to-day he had never been so completely bowled over in his whole existence! I manage to play them off against each other, however. The India-rubber Ball, too, is at my feet—and, naturally, I spurn him, but he is so short-winded that nothing will induce him to rise. Though naturally of an elastic temperament, he has been a good deal cast down of late. I smile on him occasionally—just to keep the Ball rolling; but it is becoming a frightful bore.

March.—Have been presented with a charming pony-carriage, with two piebald ponies that go by clock-work. I wish, though, I was not expected to share it with a *live kitten*! The kitten has no idea of repose, and spoils the effect of the turn-out. Try not to seem aware of it—even when it claws my frock. Rather interested in a young Skipjack, whom I see occasionally; he is quite good-looking, in a common sort of way. I talk to him now and then—it is something to do; and he is a new type, so different from the Ninepins!

April 1.—Have just heard the Skipjack is engaged to a plaster Dairy-maid. A little annoyed, because he really seemed—Have been to see his *fiancée*, a common-place creature, with red cheeks, and a thick waist. Congratulate the Skipjack, with just a *hint* that he might have looked higher. Afraid that he misunderstood me, for he absolutely jumped.

April 7.—The Skipjack tells me he has *broken off* his engagement; he seems to think I shall guess the reason—but I don't, of course. Then he actually has the impertinence to (I can scarcely pen the words for indignation) to *propose*—to Me! I inform him, in the most *unmistakable* terms, that he has presumed on my good-nature, and that there are social barriers between us, which no Skipjack can ever surmount. He leaves me abruptly, after declaring that I have broken the spring of his existence.

April 8.—Much shocked and annoyed. The Skipjack found quite stiff and colourless this morning, in the water-jug! Must have jumped in last night. So very rash and silly of him! Am sure I gave him no encouragement—or *next* to none. Hear that the Dairy-maid has gone off her head. Of course it will be put down to *grief*; but we all know how easily plaster heads get



Backgammon. I *do* like a Toy to have *manly* tastes!

The Captain of a Wooden Marching Regiment quartered in the neighbourhood, was there in full uniform, but not dancing. Told me they *didn't* in his regiment. As his legs are made in one piece and glued on to a yellow stand, inclined to think this was not mere military swagger. He seemed considerably struck with me. Made an impression, too, on a rather elderly India-rubber Ball. Snubbed him, as one of the Ninepins told me he was considered "a bit of a bounder."

Some of the Composition Dolls, I could see, were perfectly *stiff*

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

cracked. Feel really distressed about it all, for the blame is sure to fall on *me*. Those Composition Dolls will make a fine scandal out of it!

May.—The Ninepins are getting very difficult to manage; have to put them down, as delicately as possible; but I am afraid, poor fellows, they are dreadfully upset. The Wooden Captain has challenged the Dice-box to a duel—I fear, on *my* account. However, as the officer's sword will not unglue, I *hope* nothing will come of it. All this *most* worrying, though, and gives me little *real* satisfaction. I find myself sighing for more *difficult* conquests.

June.—Went to afternoon tea with the biggest Dutch Doll. Rather a come-down, but now that there is this coolness between the Composition set and myself, I must go *somewhere*. I feel so bored at times! Can see the ridiculous Dutch thing is trying to *out-dress* me! She had a frock on that *must* have cost at least fifty beads, and I don't believe it will *ever* be paid for! Only made her look the bigger *guy*, though! Tea-party a stupid affair. Make-believe tea in powder cups. Met the latest arrival, a really nice-looking Gentleman Doll, introduced as "Mr. JOSEPH." Very innocent face, without any moustache, and the sweetest blue eyes (except mine) I think I *ever* saw! Seemed rather shy, but pleasant. Asked him to call.

June 18.—Mr. JOSEPH has not called *yet*. Very strange! Suspect those horrid Composition Dolls have been setting him against me. Met him by the back-board and scolded him. He seemed confused. By a little management, I got it all out of him. I was right. He has been told about the Skipjack. He has strict principles, and gave me to understand that he would prefer to decline my acquaintance—which was *like his impudence*! This is exciting, though. I intend to overcome these scruples; I mean him to be madly in love with me—then I shall scornfully reject him, which will serve him just *right*!

July.—My tactics have succeeded *at last*! To-day JOSEPH called, *sensibly* to beg me to go and see the unhappy Ball, who, it seems, is terribly collapsed, reduced to a mere *bowl*, and so exhausted that he cannot hold out much longer. However, in the course of the interview, I soon made him oblivious of the Ball. He fell at my feet. "Beautiful GLORIANA," he cried, "with all your many and glaring faults, I love you!" Then I carried out the *rest* of my programme—it was a painful scene, and I will only record that when he left me, he was completely *un-dolled*! I feel almost sorry for him—he had rather a nice face!

July 4.—I don't seem able to settle to anything. After all, I think I will go and see the poor Ball. It would comfort him, and I might see *him* there. I will order the pony carriage.

* * * * *

August.—What has happened to me? Where have I been all this time? Let me collect myself, and see how much I remember. My last clear recollection is of being in *my* carriage on my way to receive the departing Ball's last sigh . . . Something has started

the clockwork. My ponies are bolting, and I haven't the *slightest* control over them! We are rushing along the smooth plain of the chest of drawers, and rapidly nearing the edge. I try to scream for help, but all I can utter is, "Papa!" and "Mamma!" All at once I see *him* standing, calm and collected, on the very brink of the precipice. Is he strong enough to stop the ponies in their mad clockwork career, and save me, *even yet*? *Now* I will love him if he does! An instant of sickening suspense . . . we are *over*!—falling down, down, down . . . A crash, a whirr of clockwork, a rush of bran to my head—and I know no more. What follows is a dream—a horrible, confused nightmare—of lying among a heap of

limp bodies—some armless, some legless, others (ah! the horror of it) *headless*! I grope blindly for my own limbs—they are intact; then I feel the place where I naturally expect to find my head—it is *gone*! . . . The shock is too much—I faint once more. And that is all.

Thank goodness, it was only a dream—for here I am, in the same old nursery again! Not *all* a dream, either—or my pony-carriage would scarcely present such a damaged appearance. The *accident* was real. Then what—*what* has become of JOSEPH? I must find him—I must make him understand that I repent—that, for the future, I intend to be a changed doll!

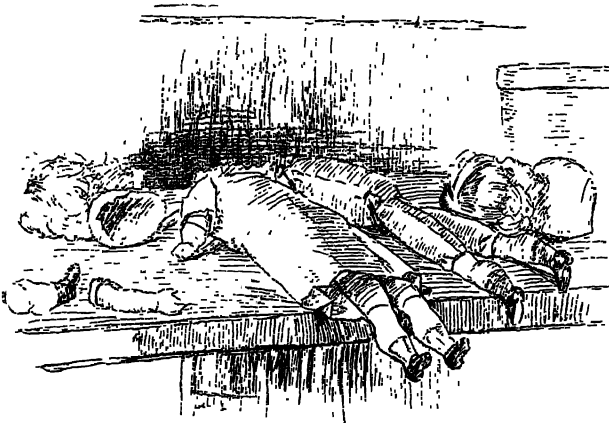
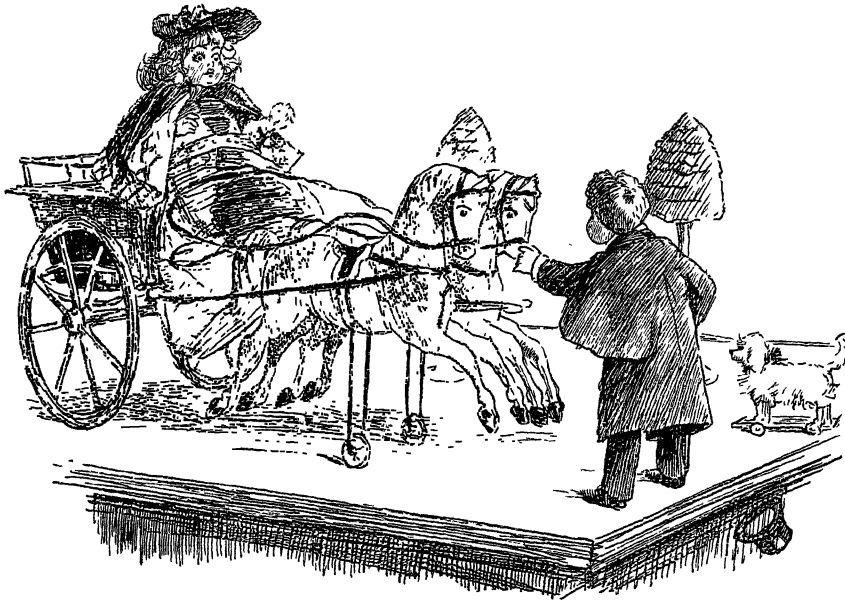
September.—Still searching for JOSEPH. No trace of him. I seem to be a changed doll in more ways than one. My former set knows me not. The Ninepins do not stagger when I smile at them now; the Dice-box gapes open-mouthed at my greeting. I call upon the Composition Dolls—they are very polite; but it is quite clear that they don't remember me in the least! Alas! how soon one is forgotten in the world of Toys! Have no heart to recall myself to them. I go, for the first time since my accident, to a convenient brass knob, in which I would once gaze at my reflected features by the hour. How indescribable are my sensations at the

discovery that I have a *totally new head*—a china one! I, who used to look down on china dolls! It is a very decent head, in its way; quite neat and inoffensive, with smooth, shiny hair, which won't come down like the golden locks I *once* had. I am glad—yes, *glad* now—that JOSEPH has gone, and the home he used to occupy is deserted, and shut up. If he were here, *he* would not know me either. Now I can live single all my remaining days, in memory of him, and devote myself to doing good!

October.—Have entered on my new career. Am organising a Mission for Lost Toys, and a Clothing Club for Rag Dolls. To-day, while "slumming" in the lumber-closet, found my old acquaintance, the Dutch Doll in a *shocking* state of

destitution—nothing on her but a piece of *tattered tissue-paper*! To think that my evil example and her own *senseless extravagance* have brought her to *this*! Gave her one of my old tea-gowns and a Sunday domino, but did not reveal myself. Feeling very sad and lonely: think I shall have to keep a cockroach—I must have *something* to love me!

October 15.—Someone has taken poor dear JOSEPH's old house. I see a new doll, with a small but worldly black moustache and a



AND PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1892.

very bad countenance, watching me as I pass the windows. Shall call and leave a scripture brick. It may do him good.

October 16.—Have called . . . Never heard worse language from the lips of *any* doll! Came across my old admirer, the Ball, who is better, though still what I have heard the nursery governess describe as an "oblate spheroid." Of course he did not recognise me.

December.—Have seen a good deal of the Doll with the worldly moustache lately. From certain symptoms, do not despair of reforming him—ultimately. He seems softening. Yesterday he told me he did not think he should live long. Yet he has a splendid constitution—the best porcelain. He is dreadfully

cynical, seems so reckless about everything. If I could only reclaim him—for JOSEPH'S sake!

This afternoon I saw the yellow stand which the Wooden Captain used to occupy—what memories it recalled, ah me! Can he have disgraced himself and been

"broke"? And am I responsible?

Christmas Eve.

—Am sitting in my corner, my cockroach curled comfortably at my feet, when the Walking Postman comes up with a letter—for me! It is

from the Wicked Doll! He is very ill, *dying*, he thinks, and wishes to see me. How well I remember that *other* message which JOSEPH—but JOSEPH is taken, and the Ball still bounds! Well, I will go. It will be something to tell my Diary.

* * * * *
Christmas Day.—Something *indeed*! How shall I begin my wondrous *incredible* tale? I reached the Doll's House, which looked gloomier and more deserted than ever, with the sullen glow of the dying fire reflected redly in its windows. The green door stood open—I went in. "Ha, ha! *trapped*!" cried a sneering voice behind me. It was the Wicked Doll! his letter was a *ruse*—he was as well as I was—and I—I was shut up there in that lonely house, entirely at his mercy! . . . It was a frightful position for any doll to be placed in; and yet, looking back on it now, I don't think I minded it so *very* much.

"Listen!" he said, in response to my agonised entreaties. "Long, long ago, when I was young and innocent, a beautiful, but heartless being bewitched me, kid and bran! I told my love—she

mocked at me. Since then I have sworn, though she has escaped me, to avenge myself by sacrificing the life of the first doll I could entice into my power. *You* are that doll. *You* must die!" . . . "I am quite prepared," I told him—"do your worst!" which seemed to confuse him very much. "I will," he said, "presently—presently; there is no hurry. *You* see," he explained, in a tone almost of apology, "in endeavouring to save her life (it was my last good action) I got my head smashed, and received the substitute I now wear, which, as you will observe, is that of an unmitigated villain. And it's no use having a head like that if you don't live *up* to it—is it, now? So—as I think I observed before—prepare for the worst!" "Don't talk about it any more—*do* it!" I said, and I breathed JOSEPH'S name softly. But the Wicked Doll did nothing at all. I began to feel safer—it

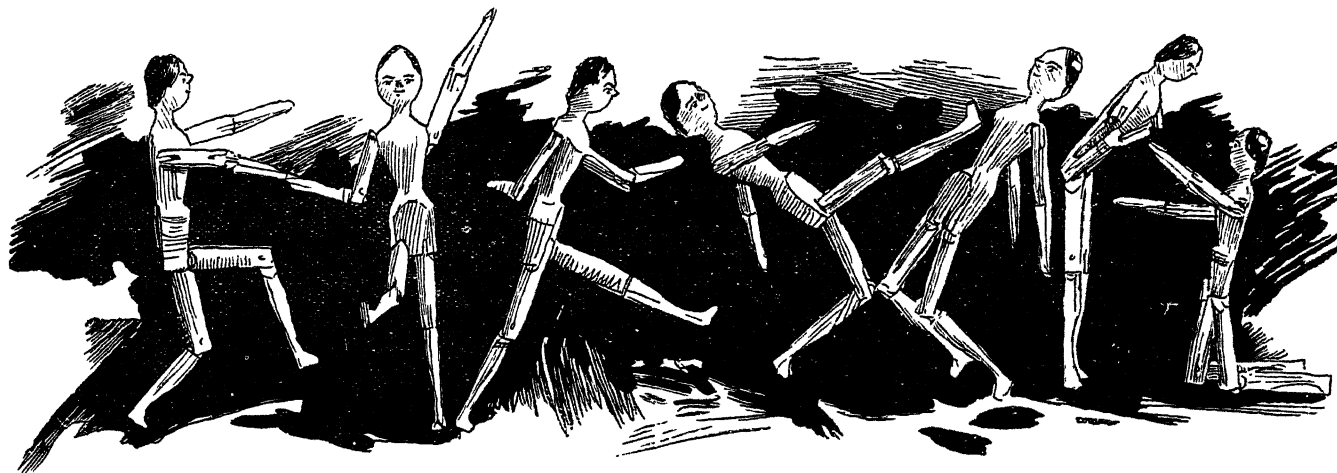
was so obvious that he hadn't the faintest notion *what* to do.

"She treated me abominably," he said, feebly; "*any* doll would have been annoyed at the heartless way in which GLORIANA

I could contain my feelings no longer.

"JOSEPH!" I gasped (I had lost all fear of him), "you ridiculous old goose, don't you *know* me? I am GLORIANA, and I have found you at last!" And, with that, I flung myself into his arms, and told him everything. I think he was more relieved than anything. "So *you* are GLORIANA!" he said. "It's dreadfully bewildering; but, to tell you the honest truth, I can't keep up this villainy business any longer. I haven't been brought up to it, and I don't understand how it's done. So I tell you what we'll do. If you'll leave off living up to *your* new head, I won't try to live up to *mine*!" And so we settled it.

Postscript. December 31.—We are to be married to-morrow. The Dutch Doll is to be my bridesmaid, and the Wooden Captain (who was only away on sick leave, after all) is coming up to be best man. I have seen the poor old Ball, and told him there will always be a corner for him in our new home. I am very *very* happy. To think that JOSEPH should still care for his poor GLORIANA, altered and homely as her once lovely features have now become. But JOSEPH (who is leaning over my shoulder and reading every word I write) stops me here to assure me that I am lovelier than ever in *his* eyes. And really—I don't know—perhaps *I* am. And in *other* persons' eyes too, if it comes to that. I certainly don't intend to give up society just because I happen to be *married*!



THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

AN OLD-WORLD CHRISTMAS.

To myself I said, methinks I have heard of
Christmas jinks

In old days ;
And, though folks may count me fool, I will
aim at keeping Yule

In those ways.
So my beef was firm and red, and I put
round the Boar's head

Rosemary ;
I'd a Peacock quite correct, with his bright
tail-feathers decked,

In a pie.
I'd a Turkey, and a round of rich Brawn
my table crowned,

As was meet ;
I'd Mince-pies before there came the Plum-
pudding, and aflame

Brandy neat.
Then a mighty bowl was full of what they
called Lamb's Wool,

Ale and spice ;
Roasted apples, ginger too, and, to give the
drink its due,

Rather nice.
I had Sack of Sherry made, rather heady,
I'm afraid ;

Often then



ER-

I would fill the beaker up, for they drained
full many a cup,

Those old men.
And the merry songs I trolled, as folks did
in days of old ;

And they said
That I laid me down to snore 'mid the
rushes on the floor,

Not in bed.
As they taught in olden rhyme, I have kept
the Christmas time,

Ate my fill ;
And, such scorn is at me hurled, that I
wouldn't for the world

Own I'm ill.
I'm abominably dry, and no breakfast
could I try—

For my life :
And I have to stand the jeers of my friends,
and worse, the sneers

Of my wife.
The historian may praise Christmas feasts
in ancient days,
For a real old Christmas revel, I can tell
you, plays the devil

With your liver.

A SCOTS BALL-ROOM BALLAD.

(By The MacPry.)

WHY sit ye on the stair, Ladie,
Why sit ye on the stair ?
It's merry dancing in the hall,
And partners still are there.

Ye arena in a cosy neuk,
But in the lamp's full glare ;
No gentle whisperin' words are spoke—
Why sit ye on the stair ?



The runkled
carle that's
by your side
No tale of luvie
can tell ;
He fain wad win
ye for his
bride
By talkin' o'
himself.

Your voice is
clear, your
laugh is
cheer,
But oh, your
eyes are sad ;

You answer what the gaffer says,
You're lookin' for the lad.
(They winna stint their prattlin' talk—
Oh, but her eyes are sad !—
'Tis vain to cherche the fammy here,
I'll gang and speer the lad.)

Why prop ye up the wa', Laddie,
Why prop ye up the wa' ?
Your lissome shoes are stickit oot,
Ye'll gar the dancers fa'.

Or feckless couples tearin' past,
Wi' elbows at an angle,
Will pin ye to the wainscoat fast
As wild boar in a jungle.

The floor's as smooth as summer grass,
Sma' feet, like crickets, caper,
And whirlin' kirtles, as they pass,
Saur waste the swealing taper.

The lassies' gowns are creased and rent ;
The lads are oot o' knowledge ;

They are as hot wi' twirlin' roon
As blacksmith frae the village.
The fiddles pour their love-sick pray'rs,
The flutie-man is whis'lin',
Just like when ancient madam scares
A thrummock-touzle hissin'.

There's young folks movin' like a fair,
There's auld folks quaffin' sherry.
An' you sae weary, fu' o' care,
When all the world is merry ?

Gin ye maun feed your dowie grudge,
At least fill up your programme,
And come victorious from the crush
Like BONAPARTE from Wagram.

Nay, dinna off the lassie score ;
Her heart sings, "Waly, waly !"
She's talkin' with that awfu' bore,
The Laird o' LANTHORN JAWLEY.

Quit, quit, for shame ! This winna do.
Rouse up and play the man, Sir !
For they should dance who have the chance,
And they should sup who can, Sir.

Ah, see, she smiles ! Could any word
More eloquently call ye ?
Now go and soothe your bonnie burd,
And banish LANTHORN JAWLEY.

So prop nae mair the wa', Laddie,
So prop nae mair the wa'—
(Ye dinna ken that on your coat
Yon candle-droppin's fa' ?)

THE LOST—(AT LAST!)—CHORD.

SEATED one day in my study
I was anxious and ill at ease,
And I tapped at the window wildly
And rattled a bunch of keys ;
Unless I could manage to scare him
All hope of repose was flooded,
For borne like a wail on an Easterly gale
I heard that dread "Lost Chord !"

I made unambiguous signals
That I wanted the tune to cease,
For I had my work to finish,
And he was a foe to peace ;
But the Grinder only answered.
With a fixed demoniac grin,

And steadily turned the handle,
And poured his distracting din.
I know not of what he was dreaming,
As softly I stole aside,
And thoughtfully lifted a scuttle of coals,
And opened the window wide ;



Though I judge from his satisfied simper
That his dreams were of anything, but
Of a blackened mound, and a muffled sound,
And a window suddenly shut.

It may be they'll take the pieces
To his far Italian home,
And carve from his bones mosaical stones
To pave St. Peter's at Rome ;
Or if they don't—it's the same to me,
But this I'm prepared to maintain,
That the "Chord" he started to play is lost,
And will never be found again.

AND PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1892.

TOM NODDY'S CHRISTMAS NIGHTMARE, AFTER COLD MINCE-PIES FOR SUPPER.



8. No idea the BOXAMYS lived in such style. Wish to goodness I'd only dressed. Must explain to Mrs. B. She's a woman of the world. She'll understand.



9. Splendid Party—Royalty—Ambassadors—Bishops—all the Lions of the Season. No time to explain to Mrs. B. Besides she never notices a man's dress. Told me so herself.



10. Ask a Young Masher if he thinks it matters much, about dress. He says not, so long as one looks like a Gentleman. Says he's a Gentleman of Blue-blood, himself. *Azure*, on a Field *Or*.



11. Ask him to tell me as a Gentleman if I look like a Gentleman. Says he's not quite sure, so there's a row. He bleeds *Gules*, on a Field *Argent*, as I thought he would. I don't bleed anything worth swaggering about.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

TOM NODDY'S CHRISTMAS NIGHTMARE, AFTER COLD MINCE-PIES FOR SUPPER.



12. When the row's over I'm presented to H.R.H. Princess FREDEGUNDA ZU DONVERHAUSEN VON BLITZENSTEIN. The Band strikes up 'Dream Faces,' and H.R.H. invites me to waltz. Wish I'd got on my ne- Mauve Pyjamas with the silver fringe, instead of these beastly Jagers!



13. There's no stiffness about Royalty, anyhow. She gets bigger and bigger, and tells me that I am "Ze Iteal of her kirlish dreams." This is all very well, but I'm engaged to marry VERA GILPIN—and VERA GILPIN has just arrived!



14. Besides we're making a sensation, and everybody stares, which I hate—and VERA GILPIN has got tears in her lovely eyes! So I manage to give H.R.H. the slip, and crawl under the piano—and there, confound it, I meet that beastly Cabman, who actually dares to say that I—
(And with a start, he awakes.)

AND PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1892.



A PAGE FROM THE DIARY OF A DAUGHTER OF THIRTEEN.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

SIMPLE STORIES.

"Be always kind to animals wherever you may be!"

No. III.—HARRY AND THE HORNETS.

ON a bank at the end of the field adjoining the garden of the house where HARRY's Papa lived was a hornet's nest.

The children had all been especially forbidden to go into the field.

HARRY, however, thought he knew how to take care of himself, and one morning, when his parents had driven over to Dobbinton, determined he would pay a visit to the forbidden spot.

He could just see the nest, one or two hornets were crawling in and out, and a few buzzing about in the neighbourhood. They were enormous hornets. He inserted the point of a switch in the nest, and rattled it about.

In a moment there was a roar, and the air was thick with a cloud of hornets. HARRY turned and fled through the garden-gate, and did not know where to go.

All at once he saw Uncle BULGER's gigantic portable india-rubber bath, which had been put out in the garden to dry. To rush towards it, and turn it over him like a dish-cover, was the work of a second. The hornets settled on the top in hundreds, and stung furiously and vindictively. Their stings, however, had enormous barbs, and, once inserted in the india-rubber, it was impossible to withdraw them.

The insects became wild with fury; at last they all fluttered their wings in unison, and flew away with Uncle BULGER's bath

right across the country, and HARRY laughed loudly to think how clever a boy he had been.

His face fell, however, when he saw his Papa beckon him from the window. "My son," said this gentleman, who never lost his temper, "have you been stung?"

"No, Papa," replied HARRY, hanging his head.

"Well, then, my dear boy," answered the father, with a bland smile, and producing something which looked uncommonly like a birch rod, "the duty the hornets neglected, I will do my best to perform." And he did!



Jules (from France). "MILLE PARDONS, MONSIEUR, MAIS VOUS SERIEZ BIEN AIMABLE DE M'INDIQUER LA ROUTE POUR PEEKKADILLI?"
Brown (from the Country, suddenly called upon to speak French). "OH—AH—FASHY DER DEER, MOSSOU, KER MWAW OSEE SWEZE ETRANGLAY!"

taught to many grandmothers by their grandchildren. The reason of this unusual attention to the more elderly of the weaker sex will be found in the fact that the 6th is "Old Lady Day." On the 18th 'ARRY and 'ARRIET will hold high festival, in honour of Easter Monday. By the peculiar arrangement of the stars, it would seem that Kiss-in-the-Ring will be played at Sydenham, and a Ministerial crisis will take place in Turkey. Universal regret will be felt at the expiry of Life Insurance on the 9th. The weather will be changeable. Rain may be expected during the month at Margate, Gravesend, Birmingham, Brighton, and some parts of Persia. The St. James's Park blossoms will appear, without leaves on the trees, to the great annoyance of the keepers.

THE OUTCAST.

(With Nominal Apologies to Mr. Robert Buchanan.)

I'M a meek-mannered man with a meek-mannered wife,
And three daughters, whose happiness counts as my own.

I've a hatred of jars and of all kinds of strife,
And leave family quarrels severely alone.
Yet I do not mind saying that just now I'm rather
Embarrassed at times in the rôle of a father.

For my daughters have met, as they say, with their fate,
Which in English just means that they've all got engaged,
And their lovers come spooning from early to late,
Whilst the girls get short-tempered and even enraged
If, as sometimes it happens, they cannot discover
A separate room for each girl and her lover.

When but one was engaged it was all very well,
And the drawing-room did for MATHILDA and NED.

Then ADOLPHUS proposed to my next daughter, NELL,
Well—the dining-room suited them nicely, they said.

But the worst was to come when diminutive GERTIE
Came to tell me she wished to be married to BERTIE.

For they've taken the breakfast-room—all that was left
Of the house that I dared to consider as mine.

So my wife and myself have to live on, bereft [firmly decline
Of our rooms, since we gently, but
Our family tent of existence to pitch in
The only resort still remaining—the kitchen.

Well, the girls, I suppose, deem it nothing but bliss,
It's the parents who find it so dear at the price.
Then attend, all ye fathers, and listen to this,
As I give you at parting a word of advice:
In engagements remember this rule—use no other—
You should see one through first, e'er you sanction another.



MR. PUNCH'S PREDICTIONS FOR 1892.

FOR APRIL.

THE birthday of Prince Von BISMARCK, on the 1st, will be celebrated by the fools of the period. His Imperial Master will send the Ex-Chancellor a speech and a portrait—which will be valued by their recipient as of equal value. On the 6th there will be a great demonstration of ancient females. Many venerable dames will travel to the Bank, others will patronise the National Gallery, and the South Kensington Museum, and others, again, will go to the Crystal Palace. Expectant grand-nephews will visit their grand aunts, and the suction of eggs will be practically

AND PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1892.

ON CHRISTMAS EVE.



WHAT! Christmas again! I had almost forgotten That the time had come round for this pageant once more, And I hardly know why, but I find "something rotten In the state"—of affairs, as did *Hamlet* of yore. For I dread all this season of frolicsome folly, When we keep "Merry Christmases" ever in stock, When the Curates are happy with putting up holly

And mistletoe, too, with the fair of their flock.

Ah! that mention of mistletoe sets me a-thinking Of a girl, whom I knew for a minute or so. I was young at the time, and there's no use in blinking The fact that it happened a long time ago. She reminded me strangely of sweet *Dolly Varden*, She was dressed for the part, and I thought her as fair; And I recollect well how we strolled in the garden To look at a flower, which, of course, wasn't there.

She was, oh! so afraid that her friends would have missed her, And she really *did* think I should "take her in now," Which I did on the spot right away—for I kissed her, Just beneath a large tree with an arch shapen bough. Then she flared up directly.—how *dared* I to do it? But I listened to all her blind fury with glee, As I laughingly showed her—for I alone knew it—An immense piece of mistletoe up in the tree.

I have ne'er seen her since. And so here I sit sighing, Whilst the snow's lying thick on the pavement outside. Yet, stay—it's the poets, perhaps, do the lying; They could do a good deal in that line if they tried. I am right. It's quite fine. There's the sun through the trees. On Reflection, I quite think the right thing to do Is to join heart and soul in the joys of the season, So I'm in for a Right Merry Christmas,—aren't you?

MR. PUNCH'S HANDBOOK OF DEFINITIONS.

(For the Use of Young Writers.)

A DOWAGER.

(a.) A DRAGON with a brood of daughters. She must be appeased by the sacrifice of an eldest son, or by the offer of the first-fruits (and meats) of the supper table.

(b.) A being of uncertain temper and a certain age. Though she has a will of her own, she often depends upon the will of her husband, and is much given to deplore both the fixity of her own income and the laxity of other people's morals.

(c.) A Society line-of-battle ship, rendered obsolete by the loss of her consort. Though she often provokes engagements, she is never known to strike her flag. She will blockade a defenceless bachelor in order to cut off his supplies and make them her daughter's, and will bombard a Royal Palace in order to capture an invitation.

(d.) A star of unknown magnitude revolving round the sons of other stars.

A BANKRUPT.

(a.) A TRUE man who observes all human properties with a view to making them his own. Yet, while he acquires the possessions, he alienates the affection of his creditors, and is often stripped of all that he ought never to have had, in order that the lender of a pound may be made happy by the bestowal of a penny.



(b.) A musician, who always plays with notes, and finds in composition a never-failing consolation.

(c.) A paradox, who, though he always outruns the constable, is often caught by the police, and finds himself face to face with liabilities which he is never able to meet.

Owing to not having time to turn round, he sometimes omits to act on the square, and always qualifies by total failure for the successful passing of his examination.

SONG FOR SHROVE TUESDAY.

LIFE's like a pancake, very thin flat matter,
Tast-less (without Love's sugar and Hate's lemon)
At health's firm bastion not in vain its "batter,"
With Indigestion an attendant demon.
Kept o'er the fire, continually crossed,
By fumes of darkness, and with trouble "tossed."

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

SIMPLE STORIES.

"Be always kind to animals wherever you may be!"

No. IV.—PETER AND THE PIG.

A KIND but injudicious Uncle had sent PETER a very large pork-pie. PETER's Mamma had invited a number of his young friends to share it with him on his birthday. She meant that they should have a little feast, and all be very happy and merry together. This excellent idea, however, did not meet with PETER's approval.

He was a selfish boy, and had no notion of his pork-pie being converted into a limited liability company. So when his Mamma was busy with preparations for the feast, and his sister was taking her music-lesson, he tied up the pork-pie in a blue pocket-handkerchief, and stole quietly out of the house, determined to have a private pic-nic.

He walked away rapidly till he found himself in the Waffle Woods, and when he knew he was quite out of sight and hearing, he sat himself down beneath an oak tree; he undid the blue handkerchief, and brought out his pork-pie. "Now," said the greedy boy, as he cut himself an enormous slice, "I shall enjoy myself very much."

He continued to eat, but he found he did not enjoy it. He however, tried his hardest to fancy he was having a very good time. At his fourth slice he heard a rustling in the bushes. He started and trembled, because he knew he was doing wrong. He was horrified to find the intruder was none other than Snaboo, his father's big black pig, also having a pic-nic by itself on acorns.

PETER was indeed frightened, because he remembered that he had frequently goaded and teased Snaboo in its sty. Not a moment was to be lost. The Pig had seen the boy, and PETER had scarcely gained a safe position up the tree, before Snaboo was grunting furiously at its foot, and vindictively trampling the

pork-pie to pieces. There the Pig remained, and snorted, and grunted, and stamped. It was getting long past dinner-time, and PETER was afraid he should have to stop all night in the tree. At last, thinking the Pig was getting quiet, he looked cautiously out.

He looked out too far. He slipped; he fell! He fell astride on the Pig's broad back, with his arms round its neck.

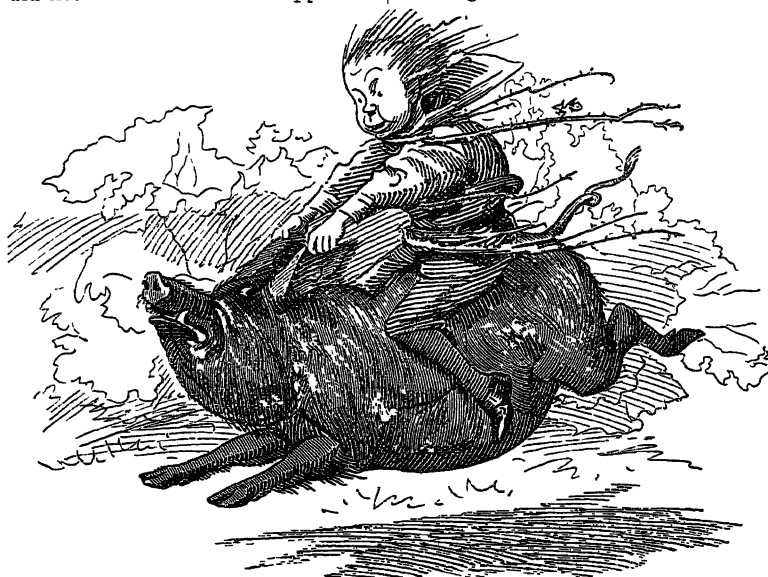
The boy was an excellent rider, and his presence of mind on this occasion saved him. Laying hold of the Pig by the ears, and sticking his knees well into its fat sides, he jerked its head up.

Snaboo gave a fiendish squeal, and started at a terrific pace the shortest cut to the Farm. PETER had nothing to do but to hold on. He was bruised by branches, torn by briars, and bespattered with mud. He arrived at the Farm looking like a scarecrow, and found all his nicely-dressed little friends waiting for the birthday feast.

PETER, however, could not join in the festivity. Bumped, bruised and bleeding; torn, tattered and tired; cross, chilled and crestfallen; sick, sad and sorry, he had to go to bed at once. And there he mused over the disadvantages of gluttony and the fleeting nature of all earthly joys.

Ever afterwards he treated pigs with the most profound

respect, and he never saw a pork-pie without immediately longing to give it away.



LINES BY A LOVER OF FASHION.

METAPHYSICIANS never will inveigle

My mind to study all their hollow "humming";

But in one thing I do agree with HEGEL

That "everything's becoming."

That is, of course, everything that's in fashion.

(N.B.—This puts my spouse in *such* a passion!)

MR. PUNCH'S HANDBOOK OF DEFINITIONS.

(For the Use of Young Writers.)

MOTHERS-IN-LAW.

(a.) They are such stuff as grandmothers are made of, Though the raw material is (conventionally) disagreeable, the manufactured article is universally considered delightful. It is curious that the same woman who is supposed to overwhelm a second generation with advice and anger, should load the third with indulgence and gifts.

(b.) Stock for the professional comic man's literary soup-kitchen. As thin humour *à la mauvaise femme*, they are ladled out piping hot in recitations, in farces, and in the comic columns of country newspapers.

(c.) Women who reprove in their daughters those domestic faults which they have never attempted to control in their own conduct. On the whole, they are kindly critics of the failings and merits of their sons-in-law, but they rarely associate on friendly terms with those other mothers-in-law

with whom they may happen to be connected by marriage. They often bestow jewels and warnings upon their daughters-in-law.



A BUTLER.

(a.) A mean between a cook and a master. In the basement, and part of the ground floor, he reigns under the title of "Mr."; but, as he rises on the staircase, he drops in dignity, until he enters the drawing-room with a bare surname.

(b.) A glass of fashion to the pantry department, and a mould of form to the lady who moulds the creams and jellies. He is naturally much addicted to the intimate companionship of other glasses, which sometimes cast reflections upon his character.

(c.) A privileged person, who constantly sees what his host often desires, in vain, to see—the backs of all the guests at a dinner-party. He holds himself solemnly and silently aloof from all dinner-table conversations; and the joke of a guest, which throws a hostess into convulsions, fails to raise a smile upon his marble face. Though he is not invariably amiable, he frequently helps every guest at table, and, in this sense (amongst others) he is not only an aider, but a better than the host.





ÆSOP UP TO DATE.

THE LION IN LOVE (?) (The Peace at any Price Party.)

THE DOGS IN THE MANGER. (Tourists and Access to Mountains)

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

FOR JULY.

THIS will be a great month for America. Nothing much elsewhere. It may be assumed that if the London County Council has hitherto behaved with propriety (a large assumption), now will be the time for the members to distinguish themselves, individually and collectively, as idiots. They will be guilty of some gross piece of folly that will be received with derision by the world at large, and with joy by the writers of comic copy.

FOR AUGUST.

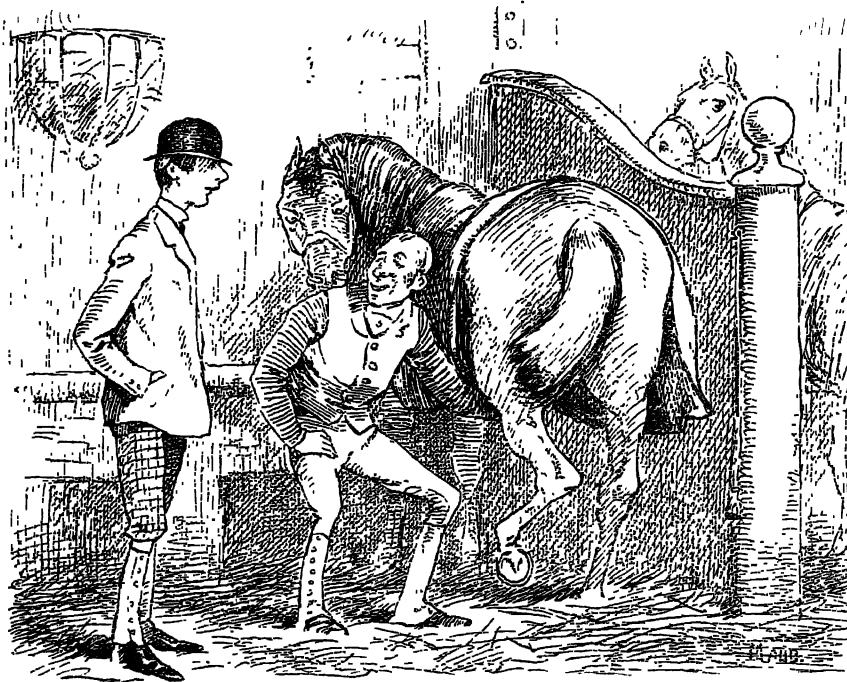
ON the 1st, the statutory Bank Holiday will be observed by the overcrowding of excursion-trains and the enlivening of quiet watering-places. Rejoicings at Margate. After months of wrangling over the smallest and least important measure, a year's legislation will be hurried through both Houses in half-a-dozen days. Goose-shooting commences. Hampers due early at Mr. Punch's Office, 85, Fleet Street. During the month a bad time may be expected in the City. The Outside Advertising Broker will advise in vain. In spite of frequent suggestions to take up Turkish Bosh and other securities of equal value, the public will stand aside.

SEPTEMBER.

CARTRIDGES and Partridges. On the 1st, partridge buying and selling will commence, the shooting having begun some days previously. On the 10th, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER will keep his sixty-first birthday, and will reflect seriously upon the advisability of extinguishing the Income-Tax. People who were personally acquainted with King RICHARD THE THIRD will remember that the 22nd of this month was (in 1485) the date of his death. There will be an invasion of Switzerland by the great tribes of BROWN, JONES and ROBINSON, and the clan of McSMITH will flow into Italy. Letters of complaint, about foreign hotels and foreign travel generally, will appear in the *Times*.

OCTOBER.

EVERY one being more or less out of town until the end of the month, Fate will be busier abroad than at home. The GERMAN



ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

In the Stable. Quite quiet Horse being admired by Professional Groom and Amateur Equestrian. "HE WOULDN'T HURT A BIBY—HE'S A 'OS AS YOU CAN TRUST."

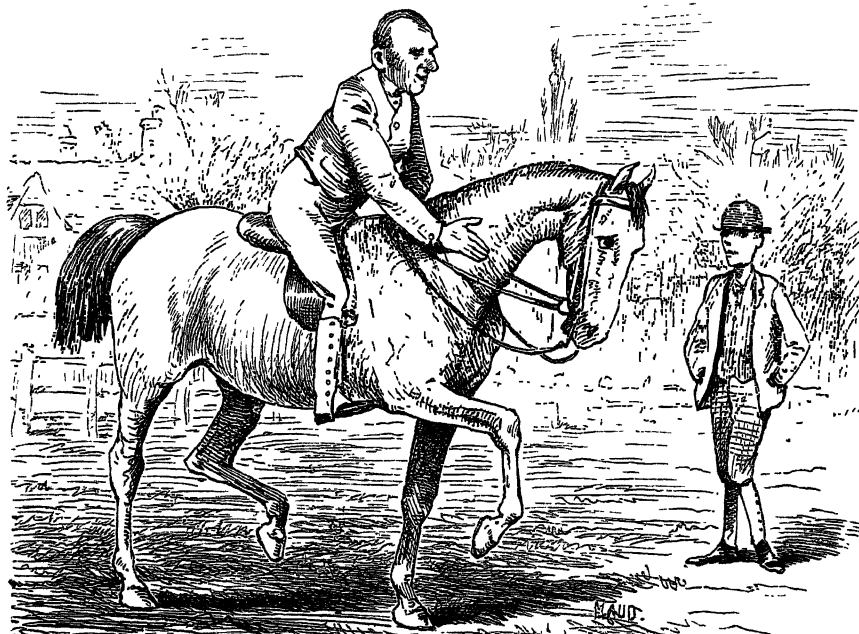
MR. PUNCH'S PREDICTIONS FOR 1892.

FOR MAY.

ON the 1st the birthday of the Duke of CONNAUGHT will cause great satisfaction, the event being celebrated by the Sun, who will rise on this special occasion at 4:34 A.M., and set at 7:23 P.M. The 93rd anniversary of the Storming of Seringapam will be celebrated on the 4th by the survivors of that memorable victory. A list of the names of those present at the Academy Banquet will be given in the daily papers on the following morning. This will be a bad time for City men to put up their names at the West-End Clubs, as the operation is sure to end in disaster. South Africa will again attract attention, and the *Daily Graphic* will obtain letters from that interesting spot with a less expenditure than £2,000. Excitement may be expected in France, and several political prisoners will be sent to Siberia. The Volunteers will once more show a falling off in numbers, and questions will be asked in Parliament, without eliciting a satisfactory answer. Sporting men will take an interest in the Derby, and there will be a slight disturbance in South America. The weather of the month will be changeable. The Sun, however, will be seen several times during the thirty-one days by resident Londoners.

FOR JUNE.

ON the 18th, the 77th anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo will produce a paragraph in the morning papers. In the House there will be several Divisions, which will lead to small results. The so-called "working-men" will require an eight hours' day of labour, but will be opposed by four-fifths of their fellows. The City will be unsettled, foreign stock being depressed, and grey shirtings absolutely dull. The weather will be changeable, and once more become a topic of conversation. During the month rain will be threatening, or actually fall in the Isle of Skye.



ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

Out of Stable. Professional Groom, accustomed to his rides, is giving a show—perfect. "HE'S ALL RIGHT WHEN YOU KNOW HIM—"



ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

Amateur (making his acquaintance). "BUT—YOU 'VE GOT TO KNOW HIM FIRST."

EMPEROR, who will have spent the summer in upsetting all the arrangements of his Royal Brethren by paying them unsolicited visits, will turn his attention to domestic affairs. He will interfere with the couriers, the housemaids, the piano-makers, the brewers, the toy-manufacturers, and the chemists. Having settled these small matters, he will take funerals in hand, and revolutionise the undertaking trade. After this he will alter all the railways, and fortify Berlin. By this time the date will have been reached for his visits to Australia, Siberia, Thibet, and Timbuctoo. There will be storms at sea, and great trouble on land will be caused by the opening, on the 24th, of the Michaelmas Law Sittings.

FOR NOVEMBER.

On the 3rd, the MIKADO of JAPAN will attain his thirtieth year, but in London the birthday will be observed with appropriate distinctions on the 5th. 9th, Good day for going out quietly and seeing the sights. A few persons will dine in the City. The General Election will certainly be held in this month, unless some other date is selected for an appeal to the Constituencies. Coals will rise in value, and much uneasiness will be felt as to the future of gas and the electric light. During the month, London will gradually receive back the number of holiday-taking absentees, who will receive a hearty welcome by the County Council, who will carefully take up the roads on the Embankment, the Strand, Fleet Street, Holborn, and other popular thoroughfares.

FOR DECEMBER.

THE year will end in comparatively cold weather. Compared with August, the thermometer will be found several degrees lower, although possibly higher than the readings of July. On the 17th, the Law Terms of the year will end amidst great rejoicings. After this there will be no date worthy of notice until the 25th, when all the world over there will be family greetings of a more or less cordial character. 26th. Good day to go out of Town early, and remain in some part of the country where you are quite unknown, and where no Christmas-boxes can be expected of you, returning in time for first Pantomime Night at Drury Lane.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

(By an Old-fashioned Fellow.)

I'D sooner PHILLIS well-cooked a potato,
Than talk of the *Symposium* of PLATO :
I'd rather CHLOE helped me pass the bottle,
Than pass eulogiums on ARISTOTLE :
When physic should be shaken well and taken,
Kind Nurse NEERA need not talk of BACON :
And when soft fingers ought to mend my sock,
LALAGE should not lisp to me of LOCKE.

When I've the megrims and the time would kill,
MYRTILLA must not fill my mind with MILL,
Nor RHODOPE retort, when I incense her,
With icy arguments from HERBERT SPENCER.
No PHILLIS, CHLOE, LALAGE, NEERA,
I love not this emancipated era.
To teach the sweeter sex to know its station,
And fill it, is the Higher Education !

MIXED PROVERBS.

It is a long-suffering worm that has no turning.
A rolling snowball gathers as it goes.
The "proof" of the plum-pudding is in the
brandy-sauce.

When beauty looks out of window, love comes
in at the door.

A "fourpenny doss" makes us acquainted
with strange bed-fellows.

Early to bed and early to rise means snuffing
the candle of life at both ends.

You cannot restore hearing to a deaf sow with a silken purse.

Time and Tide never turn the "Tables" on each other.

The more "laps" the less "sprinting."

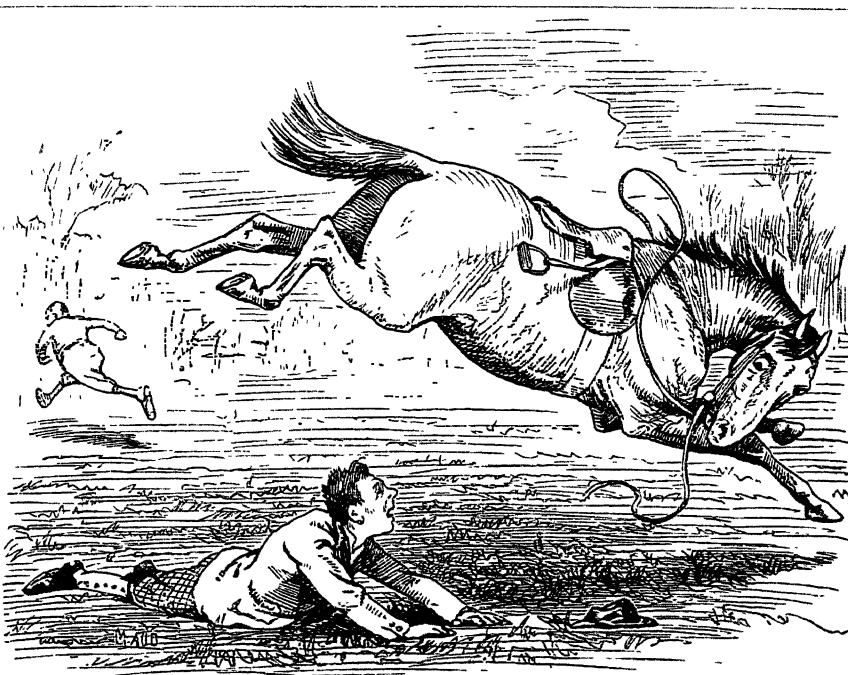
It generally takes three to make a quarrel ; two to differ, and one
to set them by the ears.

Birds of a feather are the most jealous of each other's plumage,
fine feathers often making unfair birds.

You never value the water till your neighbour wants to fill
her bucket at your well.

A "bird" in the bag is worth a brace in the heather. [hens.

Don't buy eggs for hatching until you have counted your sitting

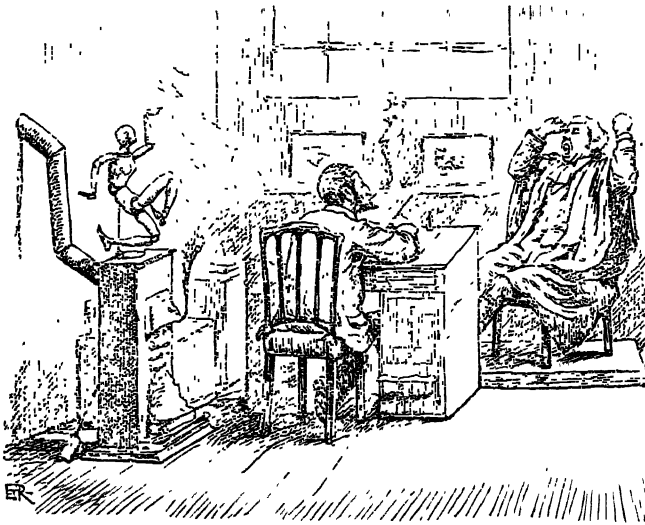


ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

"OFF ! OFF !" CRIED THE STRANGER,
"OFF ! OFF ! AND AWAY."

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

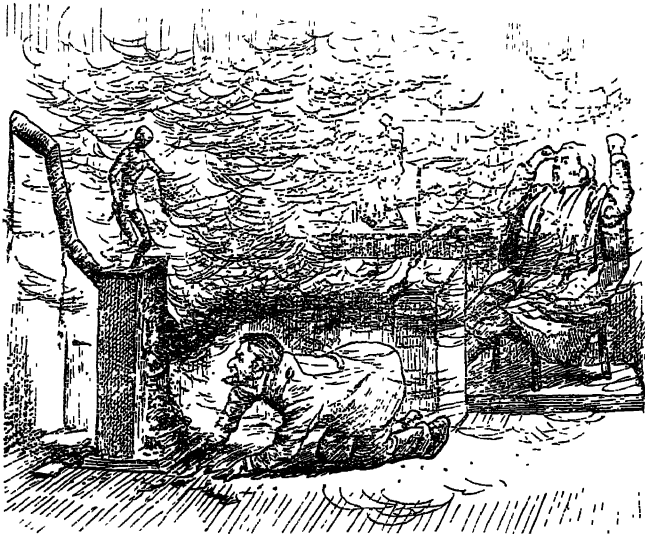
A STRICT SENSE OF DUTY: OR THE SUFFERINGS OF A CONSCIENTIOUS MODEL.



"AH! THAT'S CAPITAL! NOW KINDLY KEEP THAT YAWN, PLEASE."



"HULLO! HERE I SAY! PHEUGH!! CON—!!!"



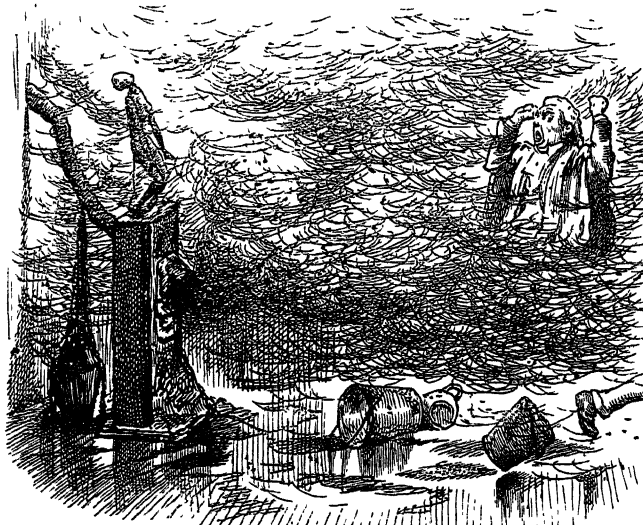
"—FOR THAT STOVE! WHAT ON EARTH'S GONE WRONG WITH IT!!!"



"UGH!! SIMPLY MUST PUT IT OUT! HERE GOES!!!"

LUNATIONS.

Our Colwell-Hatchney Astrologer,
On, the silent Synecdoche sleeps
in the silt,
Of the pleiocene's plastic de-
posit,
Secreting in silex its gneiss-
inspired guilt,
As the skeleton hides in its
closet.
The Hylegisup, like an Irish M.P.,
Asking horary questions all
round;
And the Fortunate Signs at their
five o'clock tea
In bilingual bathos are bound.
Here CLAUDIUS PROLEMY's play-
ing at Nap,
With true tetrabiblical zest.
There EUDOXUS is lolling in
Virgo's soft lap,
And hulling the Dog Startörest.
The Cusp of the Fourth House,
the bland *Inimæ Cæli*,



"OH! BY JOVE! IT'S WORSE THAN EVER! I'M OFF!!!"

[Model is left sitting!]

May wander at will o'er the
wold;
The Heliocentric may perorate
freely,
And Saturn in sextile may
scold;
But never again whilst Ecliptics
cavort
In wild hexagon waltz round
the Sun,
Shall the happy Ephemeris sit up
and snort,
Or—but here comes my keeper;
I've done!

DISILLUSION.

If aught can fill a gourmand with
sheer dread
That life's last pleasures from
him fast are flowing,
'Tis sitting at a feast, with a bald
head,
And a fat red-nosed waiter on it
blowing!



THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH



ÆSOP UP TO DATE.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE WELL. (Theosophy and its Disciples.)

THE FOX AND THE CROW. (Marriage for Money.)



Lindsey Sambrook.

ÆSOP UP TO DATE.

THE WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING. (The Advertising Usurer.)

THE ASS EATING THISTLES. (The Public and its Pabulum.)

MY LAST DAY WITH THE TOWLINGTON TOWLERS.

① ON THEIR WAY TO THE MEET THE PACK DISPLAYED THEIR USUAL KEENNESS FOR BLOOD.

② WHILST WAITING FOR THE M.F.H. TO GIVE THE SIGNAL TO MOVE OFF - A STRANGE COUPLE HOVE IN SIGHT OVER THE TOP OF THE HILL.

③ THE COUPLE MADE A BOLT OF IT.

④ BUT WERE QUICKLY BROUGHT TO BAY.

⑤ AS SOON AS OUR HOUNDS GOT A VIEW THEY GAVE TONGUE AND WENT FOR THAT COUPLE.

⑥ TURNING THE TABLES.

⑦ THE LAST I SAW OF THEM.



The Duke of Devonshire.

BORN, APRIL 27TH, 1808. DIED, DECEMBER 21ST, 1891.

LEARNED, large-hearted, liberal Lord of Land,
As clear of head as generous of hand,
He lived his honourable length of days,
A "Duke" whom doughtiest Democrat might praise.
"Leader" in truth, though not with gifts of tongue,
Full many a "Friend of Man" the muse has sung
Unworthier than patrician CAVENDISH.
Seeing him pass who may forbear the wish,
Would more were like him!—Then the proud command,
"Noblesse oblige" e'en Mobs might understand!

AFTER DINNER—AT THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

SCENE—A Private Room in a well-known Dining Hotel. Eminent Politicians discussing "shop" over their walnuts before dispersing for the Christmas holidays.

First Eminent Politician. I say that recent speech of yours at Skegness was a little strong. Preferring the Navy to the Army! Although the Army is of course the "Best possible Army," and all that! Eh? I say it was a little too thick!

Second Em. Pol. (quickly). Not a bit of it! You don't know how well we are getting on at Pall Mall. I give you my word everything's first-rate. Department working splendidly. You can't say that at Whitehall and Somerset House?

First Em. Pol. (warmly). Not say it! We do! Everything's most satisfactory. Discipline splendid. Never had such a fine Fleet. And the fireworks we had at the Royal Naval Exhibition all through the Summer! Well you ought to have seen them!

Second Em. Pol. (carelessly). Yes, I daresay. But what have fireworks got to do with the Navy?

First Em. Pol. Why they increased our recruiting awfully. Fellows went to the Royal Naval Exhibition and saw all sorts of good things, automatic weighing machine, a fishing-smack, and Nelson wax-works—and that kind of thing you know, and joined the Navy! Precious good thing for the Service, I can tell you.

Second Em. Pol. Well, to go back to an old story—you can't defend the bullying on board *The Britannia*.

First Em. Pol. Oh, that's all bosh. Those newspaper fellows got hold of it for the Silly Season and ran it to death, but it's the

best possible place in the world. No end of [good for training a fellow to command other fellows.

Second Em. Pol. Well, they were down upon you pretty smartly. *First Em. Pol. (airily).* May be. But it's because they didn't know what they were writing about. How can a fellow become a good naval officer unless he has been robbed of his pocket-money, and taught how to lie for his seniors. Thing's too ridiculous! Hallo, JIMMY, they tell me things are in a dreadful mess at St. Martin's-le-Grand!

Third Em. Pol. (promptly). Then they tell you wrong. Never saw anything like it—most perfect organisation in the world! Absolutely marvellous, Sir—absolutely marvellous! And the clerks so civil and obliging. Everybody pleased with them.

Second Em. Pol. Come, that won't do. Your statement is as hard to digest as too-previous turkey and premature plum-pudding. The papers are full of complaints all through the Autumn, and have only stopped recently to make room for those descriptive and special law reports. You will have them again, now Term is over.

Third Em. Pol. Who cares for the papers? I tell you we are absolutely inundated with letters of thanks from Dukes and Duchesses upwards. No; if you had said that the Colonies were in a mess, why then—

Fourth Em. Pol. (angrily). What are you talking about? Why, we are absolutely romping in! Never knew the Colonies so prosperous as they are now! And we have had to put on half-a-dozen extra clerks to open and answer the letters of congratulation we receive hour by hour from every part of the Empire. Why, everything's splendid—absolutely splendid!

Second Em. Pol. Well, matters have decidedly mended since transportation was prohibited. But to return to our muttons. Waterloo was won—

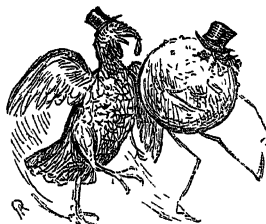
Fourth Em. Pol. (interrupting). Yes, I know, by the Militia and the dregs of the population! By the way, though, the gaols have had better company than now.

Fifth Em. Pol. Hold hard! Don't you abuse my Prisons. As a matter of fact, the present convicts are the finest, cleverest, most trustworthy fellows that ever existed. It is quite an honour to get into a prison nowadays. *(With a sudden burst of anger.)* And if any of you doubt my word, hang me, I will have satisfaction! *(Looking round for opponents.)* Come now, who will tread on the tail of my coat!

Chief and Most Eminent Politician. Gentlemen! Gentlemen! Come it's getting late, and if we are to see the dress-rehearsal of the Pantomime, we must be off at once!

[The Party breaks up to meet later on in the neighbourhood of Drury Lane.]

FROM OUR SPORTING CITY MAN.—"Pounded before the Start."
—MR. GOSCHEN'S One-pound Note scheme.



THE CHIMES.



(FRAGMENTS OF A DICKENSIAN DREAM UP TO DATE.)

It was some time before the great-little old fellow could compose himself to mend the fire, and draw his chair to the warm hearth. But, when he had done so, and had trimmed his lamp, he took his "Extra Special" from his pocket, and began to read—carelessly at first, and skimming up and down the columns, but with an earnest and sad attention very soon.

For this same dreadful paper re-directed *Punch's* thoughts into the channel they had taken all that day; thoughts of the sufferings of the poor, the follies of the rich, the sins of the wicked, the miseries of the outcast. Seasonable thoughts, if not exactly festive. For all is not festive, even at the Festive Season.

Scandals in high life, starvation in low life; foul floods of nastiness in Law Courts; muddy tricklings of misery in lawless alleys; crimes so terrible and revolting; pains so pitiless and cureless; follies so selfish and wanton, that he let the journal drop, and fell back in his chair, appalled.

"Unnatural and cruel, *Toby*!" he cried. "Unnatural and cruel! None but people who were born bad at heart—born bad—who had no business on the earth, could do such deeds. We're Bad!"

The Chimes took up the words so suddenly—burst out



'ARRY OUT 'UNTIN'.

'Arrie (who goes to the Meet in a frost). "AVE THE 'OUNDS COME, MY LADS?"

Little Girl (respectfully). "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, OUR 'OUNDS DON'T 'UNT IN 'ARD WEATHER!"

so loud, clear, and sonorous—that the Bells seemed to strike him in his chair.

And what was it that they said?

"*Punch and Toby! Toby and Punch!* Waiting for you, *Toby and Punch!* Come and see us! Come and see us! Come and see us! Drag them to us! Haunt and hunt them! Haunt and hunt them! Break their slumbers! Break their slumbers! *Punch, Toby; Toby, Punch; Toby, Punch; 'Punch, Toby!*" Then fiercely back to their impetuous strain again, and ringing in the very bricks and plaster on the Sanctum's walls!

Toby barked! *Punch* listened! Fancy, fancy! No, no! Nothing of the kind. Again, again, and yet a dozen times again. "Haunt and hunt them! Haunt and hunt them!"

"If the tower is really open," said *Punch*, "what's to hinder us, *Toby*, from going up to the steeple, and seeing for ourselves?" "Nothing," yapped *Toby*, or sounds to that effect.

Up, up, up! and round and round; and up, up, up! higher, higher, higher up!

There was the belfry where the ringers came. *Punch* caught hold of one of the frayed ropes which hung down through the apertures in the oaken roof. But he started; other hands seemed on it; he shrank from the thought of waking the deep Bell. The Bells themselves were higher. Higher, *Punch* and *Toby*, in their fascination, or working out the spell upon them, groped their way; until, ascending through the floor, and pausing, with his head raised just above its beams *Punch* came among the Bells. It was barely possible to make out their great shapes in the gloom; but there they were. Shadowy, and dark, and dumb.

He listened, and then raised a wild "Halloa!" "Halloa!" was mournfully protracted by the echoes. Giddy, confused, and out of breath, *Punch* looked about him vacantly, and sank down in a swoon.

He saw the tower, whither his charmed footsteps had brought him, swarming with dwarf phantoms, sprites, elfin creatures of the Bells. He saw them leaping, flying, dropping, pouring from the Bells without a pause. He saw them, round him on the ground; above

him in the air; clambering from him by the ropes below; looking down upon him from the massive iron-girdered beams; peeping in upon him through the chinks and loopholes in the walls; spreading away and away from him in enlarging circles. He saw them of all aspects and all shapes. He saw them ugly, handsome, crippled, exquisitely formed. He saw them young, he saw them old; he saw them kind, he saw them cruel; he saw them merry, he saw them grim; he saw them dance, he heard them sing; he saw them tear their hair, he heard them howl. He saw the air thick with them.

Wh-o-o-o-sh! With what a wild whirr of startled wings the owls and bats scurried away, dim spectral hiding things that love the darkness and the silence of night, and shrink from light and cheerful sounds! "Well rid of you!" murmured *Punch*, as *Toby* barked at the flying phantoms.

But among the other swarming sprites, and circling elfs, and frolic phantoms of the Bells, *Punch* beheld brighter things. That pleasant pair, hand in hand, princely-looking both, and loving withal, bring a music as of marriage-bells "all in the wild March morning." And those other goodly and gracious presences, hint they not of Health and Home Happiness, and Benignant Art, and Humanity-serving Science, of Electric Sympathy, and Ready Rescue, of Mammon-thwarting Reform, and Misery-staying Benevolence; of all the spiritual charities and fairy graces that can bless and brighten country and hearth, Sire and citizen, master and servant, employer and employed, struggling man, suffering woman and helpless child? *Punch* read in their whirling forms and expressive faces the signs and promise of all the best and brightest influences of the time, happy and opportune attendants upon the auspicious hour of this the opening day of the New Year!

Bim, Bom, Boom!!! Clang, Cling, Clang!!! What are those hands tugging at the ropes, swinging the Bells big and little, evoking the stormy clashes and soothing cadences of the Chimes?

Surely those of the youthful New Year himself! An echo from the long-silent lips of the great Christmas-glorifier and lover of poor humanity seemed to ring in *Punch's* ears:—

"Who hears in us, the Chimes, one note bespeaking disregard, or

stern regard, of any hope, or joy or pain, or sorrow, of the many-sorrowed throng; who hears us make response to any creed that gauges human passions and affections, as it gauges the amount of miserable food on which humanity may pine and wither, does us wrong!"

"Right you are!" cried *Punch*, cordially. *Toby* yapping assent.

He might have said more, but the Bells, the dear familiar Bells, his own dear constant, steady friends, the Chimes, began to ring the joy-peals for a New Year so lustily, so merrily, so happily, so gaily, that he (like poor old *Trotty Veck*) leapt to his feet, and broke the spell that bound him.

"Yes, that is still the true Spirit of the Chimes," mused *Mr. Punch*, as he took pen in hand to open up his new Volume. "And that's the spirit I hope to keep up right through the twelve months of just-born Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-two, which I trust may be—with my willing assistance,

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL OF YOU!!!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ONE of the Baron's Critical Faculty sends him his opinion of our *Mr. DU MAURIER's* latest novel, which is also his first. And here let it be published *urbi et orbi* that there is no truth whatever in a report which appeared in an evening paper to the effect that *Mr. DU MAURIER*, however retiring he may be, was about to retire or had retired from *Mr. Punch's* Staff. The *St. James's Gazette* has already "authoritatively" denied the assertion; and this denial the Baron for *Mr. Punch*, decisively confirms. Now, to the notice of the book above-mentioned. Here it is:—

"There has been a certain deliberateness in *Mr. DU MAURIER's* incursion into literature that speaks eloquently for his modesty. He is, to our certain knowledge, at least 40 years old, and *Peter Ibbetson*, which Messrs. Osgood & Co. present in two daintily dressed volumes, is his first essay in romantic writing. Reading the book, it is hard to conceive this to be the fact. The work is entirely free from those traces of amateurishness, almost inseparable from a first effort. The literary style is considerably above the average modern novelist; the plot is marked by audacious invention, worked out with great skill; the hero is a madman, not in itself an attractive arrangement, but there is such admirable method in his madness, such fine poetic feeling in the conception of character, and the ghosts who flit through

the pages of the story are so exceedingly human, that one feels quite at home with *Peter*, and is really sorry when, all too soon, his madness passes away, and he awakes to a new life, to find himself an old man. Apart from its strong dramatic interest, *Peter Ibbetson* has rare value, from the pictures of Old Paris in the last days of *LOUIS-PHILIPPE*, which crowd in charming succession through the first volume. *Mr. GEORGE DU MAURIER*, the well-known artist in black and white, has generously assisted *Mr. GEORGE DU MAURIER*, the rising novelist, by profusely illustrating the work. 'Tis a pretty rivalry; hard to say which has the better of it. Wherein a discerning Public, long familiar with *DU MAURIER's* sketches, will recognise a note of highest praise for the new departure."

The Baron recommends *Mrs. OLIPHANT's The Railway Man and his Children*, which is a good story, with just such a dash of the improbable—but there, who can bring improbability as a charge against the plot constructed by any novelist after this great Jewel Case so recently tried? *Mrs. OLIPHANT's* types are well drawn; but the story is drawn out by just one volume too much. "For a one-volume novel commend me," quoth the Baron, "to *Miss RHODA-BROUGHTON-CUM-ELIZABETH-BISLAND's A Widower Indeed*. But... wait till after the festivities are over to read it, as the tale is sad. *En attendant*, A Happy New Year to everyone, says

THE BENIGN BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

SIMPLE STORIES.

"Be always kind to animals wherever you may be!"

FRANK AND THE FOX.

FRANK was a very studious and clever little boy.

He took the keenest delight in music, and when he had mastered his lessons, he was very fond of playing on the concertina, and singing to his own accompaniment. He could already play "*The Bells go a-ringing for Sarah!*" with considerable finish and expression, and since his Uncle DODDLEWIG had presented him with

half-a-crown for his performance, he had given the air with variations, and the song with every description of embellishment, all over the paternal mansion, and in most corners of the ancestral estate.

To tell the truth, his family were getting somewhat tired of his continued asseverations concerning the tintinabulatory tribute everlastingly rendered to the excellent young woman. And had he not been so markedly encouraged by rich old Uncle DODDLEWIG, there is every reason to suppose that FRANK and his concertina would have been speedily suppressed.

FRANK heard his Papa lamenting that foxes were so very scarce, that recently they had had no sport whatever. "There must be plenty of foxes in the country," said the Squire, "but they won't show."

Now FRANK had been reading about Orpheus,

and how he charmed all the wild beasts with his melody. It was true the boy had not a lyre, but he had no doubt that his concertina would do as well, and he was quite certain he had seen a fox while taking his rambles in Tippetty Thicket.

One day when he had a holiday, and his Papa had gone a hunting with his friends, he strolled off with his concertina to endeavour to lure a fox out into the open. He approached the hole where he had previously seen the fox, and sat down, and began to play vigorously on his concertina, and to sing at the top of his voice, "*The Bells go a-ringing for Say-rah! Say-rah! Say-rah!*" Presently he saw a huge Fox poke his nose out of the hole. He was delighted! He sang and played with renewed energy, and began to walk away, still singing and playing.

The Fox followed, snarling, and snapping, and appearing very angry. The more he played, the more the Fox snarled and snapped. At last the animal became furious, all the hair on its back stood on end, and it began to make short runs with its mouth open at the young musician.

It sprang upon him! He was terrified! He dropped his song and his concertina at the same moment, and scrambled up the nearest tree.

The Fox's fury then knew no bounds; he trampled on the concertina, he bit it, he tore open the bellows, and having reduced it to a shapeless mass, bore it away to his hole.

When the coast was quite clear, FRANK descended, and slunk home.

The next morning one of the keepers found a dead fox. It had apparently died of suffocation, as sixteen ivory concertina-stops were found in its throat.

FRANK now has entirely ceased to believe in Ancient Mythology, and has been even heard to hint that he considers Dr. LEMPRIERE a bit of a humbug.

"LOST TO SIGHT, TO MEMORY DEAR."—An animal very difficult to secure again when once off... and that is... "a pony," when you've lost it on Newmarket Heath.



LETTERS TO ABSTRACTIONS.

No. IX.—TO CROOKEDNESS.

I DISPENSE with all formal opening, and I begin at once. I want to tell you a story. Don't ask me why; for, even if I answered the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, you would hardly believe me. Let me merely say that I want to tell you a story, and tell it without much further preface.

Two days ago I chanced, for no special reason, to open the drawers of an old writing-table, which for years past had stood, unused, in a corner of an upper room. In one I found a rusty screw, in another a couple of dusty envelopes, in a third a piece of sealing-wax, half-a-dozen nibs, and a broken pencil. The fourth, and last drawer, was very stiff. For a long time it defied my efforts, and it was only by a great exertion of strength that I was at last able to wrench it open. To my surprise I saw two packets of letters, tied together with faded ribbon. I took them up, and then remembered, with a start, what they were. They were all in their envelopes, and all were addressed, in the same hand-writing, to Sir CHARLES CALLENDER, Bart., Curzon Street, Mayfair. They were his wife's letters, and, after the death of Sir CHARLES, whose sole executor I was, they came into my possession.—Sir CHARLES, for some inscrutable reason, never having destroyed them, although, after his wife's death, the reading of them cannot have given him much pleasure. No doubt I ought to have destroyed them. I had never read them; but there, in that forgotten drawer, they had lain, the silent dust, accumulating upon them as the years rolled on. They reminded me of the story I am about to relate—a story of which, I think, no one except myself has guessed the truth, and which, in most of its details, I only knew from a paper, carefully closed, heavily sealed, and addressed to me, which I found amongst my friend's documents. It was in his hand-writing throughout, but I shall tell it in my own words, and in my own way.

Nobody who was about in London Society some thirty years ago, could fail to know or know about the beautiful Lady CALLENDER. She was of a good county family. She was clever and accomplished. She had married a man rich, generous, amiable, and cultivated, who adored her. Unfortunately they had no children, but, in every other respect, Lady CALLENDER seemed to be very justly an object of envy and admiration to most of the men and women of her circle. Personally I had no great liking for her. I don't take any credit for that—far from it. The reason may have been that her Ladyship (although I was one of her husband's best friends, had been his school chum, and had "kept" with him in the same set of rooms at Cambridge, where his triumphs, physical and intellectual, are still remembered) never much cared for me. She could dissemble her real feelings better than any woman I ever knew, she always greeted me with a smile, she even made a parade of taking my advice on little family difficulties, but there was an indefinable something in her manner which convinced me that beneath all her smiles she bore me no good-will. The fact is that, without any design on my part, I had detected her in one or two bits of trickery, and, in what I suppose I must call her heart of hearts, she never forgave me. The truth is, though her guileless husband only knew it too late, she was perhaps the trickiest and the most heartless woman in England. If there were two roads to the attainment of any object, the one straight, broad, smooth and short, the other round-about, obscure, narrow and encompassed with pitfalls and beset by difficulties, she would deliberately choose the latter for no other reason than that I could ever see except that by treading it she might be able to deceive her friends as to her true direction. She carried to a fine art the small intrigues, the petty jealousies, the mean manoeuvres in the science of outwitting; the shifts, the stratagems, the evasions by which power in Society is often supposed to be confirmed, reputations are frequently ruined, and lives are almost invariably made wretched. But Sir CHARLES knew none of these things. He was apparently only too proud to be dragged at his wife's chariot-wheels in her triumphant progress. For the strange part of the business is that there was absolutely no need for any of her deeply-laid schemes. Success, popularity and esteem would have come to her readily without them. She was, as I

said, beautiful. Innocence seemed to be throned on her fresh and glowing face. Her smile fascinated, her voice was a poem, and she was musical in the best sense of the word at a time when good music, although it might lack popular support, could always command a small band of enthusiastic votaries in London.

There was at this time living in London an Italian artist, man of letters and musical *virtuoso*, who was the spoiled darling of Society. All the women raved about him, the men liked him, for he had fought bravely on the field of battle, was a sportsman and had about him that frank and abundant *gaieté de cœur*, which powerfully attracts the less exuberant Englishman. For his part CASANUOVA (that was his name) bore all his successes with good-nature and without swagger. Of course there were whispers about him. Where so many women worshipped, it was certain that two or three would lose their heads. Amongst this limited number was little Mrs. MILLETT, one of Lady CALLENDER's most intimate friends. She made no secret of her *grande passion*. She poured her tale into the ears of Lady CALLENDER, and asked for sympathy and help. Lady CALLENDER promised both, and at the self-same moment, made up her mind that she would withdraw from Mrs. MILLETT such affection as CASANUOVA had honoured her with, and bring him, not because she cared for him, but merely for the sport of the thing, to her own feet. She succeeded admirably. Under the pretence of bringing CASANUOVA and Mrs. MILLETT together (such things, you know, have been done in good Society) she invited him constantly to her house; she gave musical parties in his honour, she used all her fascinations, and finally, having fooled Ariadne to the top of her bent, she captured Theseus, and bore him off.

Mrs. MILLETT was a foolish and frivolous little woman. Rage and despair made her a demon. She resolved on revenge, and proceeded to it with a cool and astonishing persistency. Now I do not myself believe that Lady CALLENDER cared two straws about CASANUOVA. What she aimed at and enjoyed was the discomfiture of a friend. In order to obtain it, however, she committed a fatal imprudence. She wrote some letters which would have convinced even a French jury of her guilt. By a master-stroke of cunning wickedness, Mrs. MILLETT gained possession of them, and sent them to Sir CHARLES. It happened that about this time Sir CHARLES was in a very low state of health, and his friends were anxious about him. One afternoon, when Sir CHARLES was confined to his bed, Lady CALLENDER was playing the piano to her Italian slave. A message was brought to her that her husband desired to see her for a few minutes, and she tripped gaily away, saying to CASANUOVA, "Wait here; I shall return directly." In a quarter of an hour, however, her maid came to tell him that her Ladyship was suffering, and begged him to excuse her, and he departed. When the maid returned to Lady CALLENDER, she found her lying dead on the floor of her room, with a small phial, which had contained prussic acid, clasped tightly in her hand.

This is what had happened: Sir CHARLES had received the letters; they left no doubt in his mind that the wife he adored was betraying him, and he, too, resolved on revenge. He sent for his wife. When she came in, he at once confronted her with her letters, and taxed her with her guilt. A terrible scene of tears, entreaties, and bitter reproaches ensued, but Sir CHARLES was as adamant, and his wife retired to her bedroom in a state of nervous prostration, which immediately brought on a toothache. At this point she sent for her maid, and gave her the message to CASANUOVA.

The Coroner was sympathetic, and did what he could, but the evidence in favour of the suicide theory seemed overwhelming, and the jury returned a verdict to this effect, with a rider strongly commenting on the danger of selling such deadly poisons. But it was never explained how Lady CALLENDER obtained the prussic acid, nor why she had selected that particular moment for its use. I ought to add, that CASANUOVA left England before the inquest, and has never returned. On the mystery of the final catastrophe the manuscript throws no light. It ends abruptly. But the whole tone of it leads me to believe, that in some unexplained manner Sir CHARLES himself had been instrumental in causing his wife's death. But you, no doubt, know, and could tell us if you wished.

So there, my friend, you have the story. Sorry I couldn't make it more cheerful. Do you remember the part you played in it?

Yours, &c.,

DIOGENES ROBINSON.





EXTRACT FROM THE CATALOGUE OF A RECENT SALE.

"A PAIR OF OLD-FASHIONED SNUFFERS. VERY RARE."

THE COMING OF NINETY-TWO.

(With humble apologies, and hearty New-Year greetings, to the illustrious Author of "The Coming of Arthur.")

AND PUNCHIUS ever served the good Old Year
Before his death-hour struck; and on the night
When he, on twelve's last stroke must pass away,
Room making for his heir, great PUNCHIUS-MERLIN
Left the Old King, and passing forth to breathe,
Then from the mystic gateway by the chasm
Descending through the wintry night—a night
In which the bounds of year and year were blent—
Beheld, so high upon the wave-tost deep
It seemed in heaven, a light, the shape thereof
An angel winged, and all from head to feet
Bright with a shining radiance golden-rayed,
And gone as soon as seen; and PUNCHIUS knew
The oft-glanced face of Hope, the blue-eyed guest,
Avant-courier of Peace and of Good Will,
And herald of Good Tidings. Then the Sage
Dropt to the cave, and watched the great sea fall
Wave after wave, each mightier than the last.
Till last, a great one, gathering half the deep
And full of voices, slowly rose and plunged,
Roaring, and all the wave was in a flame.
And down the wave and in the flame, was borne
A naked Babe, and rode to PUNCH's feet,
Who stoopt, and caught the Babe, and cried "The
Year!"

Here is an heir for Ninety-One!" The fringe
Of that great breaker, sweeping up the strand
Lashed at the wizard as he spake the word,
And all at once all round him rose in light,
So that the Child and he were clothed in light,
And presently thereafter followed calm,
Loud bells, and song!

"And this same Child," PUNCH said,
"Twelve moons shall reign, nor will I part with
him

Till these be told." And saying this the Sage,
The Modern MERLIN of the motley coat,
Wizard of Wit and Seer of Sunny Mirth,
Took up the wave-borne youngster in his arms,
His nurse, his champion, his Mentor wise,
And bare him shoreward out of wind and wet,
Into his sanctum, where choice fare was spread,
And cosy comfort ready to receive
Young Ninety-Two, and give him a "send-off"
Such as should strengthen and encourage him
To make fair start, and face those many moons
Of multiform vicissitude with pluck,
Good hope and patient pertinacity.
And when men sought the Modern MERLIN's ear
And asked him what these matters might portend,
The shining angel, and the naked Child
Descending in the glory of the seas,
He laughed, as is his wont, and answered them
In riddling triplets of old time, and said:

"Peace and good-will! Croaking
is all my eye!
A young man will be wiser
by-and-by,
An old man's wit should ripen
ere he die.

"Patience and pluck! Fret-
ting is fiddle-de-dee,
And youth has yet to learn to
act and see,
And youth is well-advised
that trusts to Me!

"Hope and good cheer! This
youngster's fate who knows?
Sun, rain, and frost will greet
him ere life's close;
From the great dark 'to the
great dark he goes."

So MERLIN, riddling, answered
them; but thou,
Fear not to face thy fate, O
sea-born Child!
Young Ninety-Two! Great
Bards of thee may sing
Hereafter; and great sayings
from of old
Ranging and ringing thro' the
minds of men,
Of Progress, and Improvement,
and of Peace,
Of nobler Work, and a more
ample Wage,
Of wider culture, and of
worthier joys,
Larger attainments, and less
coarse desires,
And gentler tastes; these shall
be heard of youth,
And echo'd by old folk beside
their fires,
For comfort after *their* wage-
work is done—
No workhouse fires, but cosy
fires of Home!—
These thee shall greet, PUNCH-
MERLIN, in thy time,
Shall voice them also, not in
jest, and swear,
Though men may wound Truth,
that she will not die,
But pass, again to come; and,
then or now,
Utterly smite foul Falsehood
underfoot,
Till, with PUNCH, all men hail
her for their Queen!

Climatic Nomenclature
for the New Year.

(Suggested by recent Developments
of the British Seasons.)

SPRING = The Clog Days.
Summer = The Dog Days.
Autumn = The Bog Days.
Winter = The Fog Days.

ATRABILIOUS LIVERPOOL.—
The City Council of Liverpool
—notwithstanding the gene-
rous urgings of its more impor-
tant members—refuses to
bestow the "honour of" the
freedom "of that City" upon
its illustrious if—from their
point of view—errant son,
MR. GLADSTONE. As Madame
ROLAND ought to have said:
—"O "Freedom," what liber-
ties are taken (with common
sense and good feeling) in thy
name!



THE COMING OF NINETY-TWO

TO THE MODERN MERLIN, MR. PUNCH.

“AND DOWN THE WAVE, AND IN THE FLAME WAS BORNE
A NAKED BABE, AND RODE TO PUNCH'S FEET,
WHO STOOPT, AND CAUGHT THE BABE, AND CRIED, 'THE YEAR!
HERE IS AN HEIR FOR NINETY-ONE!'”—Adapted from Tennyson's “Coming of Arthur.”

TO JUSTICE.

(In January.)

JUST take a look round, most respectable
Madam;
New Year's Day is an excellent time for
the task,
When serious thoughts come to each son of
Adam
Who dares to peep under Convention's
smug mask.



Your sword looks a little bit rusty and
notched, Ma'am;
Your scales now and then hang a trifle
askew; [Ma'am!]
A lot of your Ministers need to be watched,
Punch isn't quite pleased with the prospect
—are you?
If one could but take a wide survey, though
summary,
Of all the strange "sentences" passed in
one year
By persons called "Justices"—(yes, it *sounds*
flummery)—[I fear.]
Justice would look like Burlesque, Ma'am,
Excellent subject for whimsical GILBERT,
But not a nice spectacle, Madam, for me.
Long spell of "chokee" for priggish a-
filbert
(Given, you bet, by some rural J. P.);
Easy let-off for a bogus "Promoter,"
Helping the ruin of hundreds for gain;
Six months for stealing a turnip or "bloater,"
Ditto for bashing a wife on the brain:
Sentences cut to one-twelfth on appealing,
Judges and juries at loggerheads quite!
Really each day brings some curious revealing,
Putting you, Ma'am, in a very strange light.
Take my advice, Ma'am, this bright New
Year's morning,
Give a look up to your agents all round;
To some give the sack, and to others a warning;
The Public will back up your move, I'll be
bound!

GREEK MEETS GREEK.—"What!" exclaimed
an indignant scholar, who had not peeped into
a Classic for some forty years, "no more com-
pulsory Greek at our Universities! What
are we coming to? All I can say is, '*Absit*
omen!'!" "Scuse me!" replied his friend,
who was all for the new learning, "but
I should say, '*Absit Homer*!'!"

SEASONABLE (AND SUITABLE) GOOD WISHES.

To a Card-player	A Nappy
To a Smart Girl	A "Snappy"
To a Flirt	A "Chappy"
To an Old Maid	A Cappy
To an Infant	A Pappy
To a Pigeon-shot	A Trappy
To an Explorer	A Mappy
To a Student	A Sappy
To a Cross Child	A Slappy
To an aspiring Pugilist	A "Scrappy"
To a Spiritualist	A Tappy
To a Topper	A "Lappy"
To <i>Toby</i>	A Yappy
To a Snuff-taker	A Rappee

New Year to you!

GIFTS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

H-r M-j-sty.—The hearty congratulations
of a loyal and united people.
The Pr-nce and Pr-nc-ss.—The most
welcome of daughters-in-law.
Prince Alb-rt V-ct-r.—MAX in February.
The Rest of the R-y-l F-m-ly.—The best
of wishes from everybody.
L-rd S-l-st-ry.—A General Election.
Mr. Arth-r B-lf-r.—A Translation from
the Irish.
Mr. J. Ch-mb-rl-n.—Promotion.
Sir W-l-m H-rc-rt.—A Vision of the
Woolsack.
The Cz-r of R-ss-a.—A Vision of another
sort of Sack.
The G-r-m-n Emp-r-r. New toys personally
selected.
President C-rn-t.—The compliments of the
Marquis of DUFFERIN.
Herr Ibs-n.—A tale without a plot.
Mr. R-dy-rd K-pl-ng.—Quite another story.
The Corporation of L-v-rp-l.—The Freedom
of the Grand Old Man.
The Gr-nd Old M-n.—The loss of the
Corporation of Liverpool.
And Mr. P-nch.—Tons of material (volun-
tarily contributed) for the Grand Old Waste
Paper Basket.

BOS v. BOSS.

[One of the Delegates at the Conference on
Rural Reforms said, "We do not want to be bossed
by the Parsons"; another, "We don't want soup
or blankets, but fair play."]



Bos Locutus Est!

SALISBURY'S "Circuses," and smart buffoons,
Won't move him, by "amusement," from
that wish.
Parties may mutually denounce or "dish;"
But what will win the Labourer for a friend
Is Home and Work, without the Workhouse
end!
Listen! Those who heed not will bide the
For *Bos locutus est*,—against the "Boss"!

O GENEROUS
gents, who
have the
"cure of
souls,"
Learn hence
that justice
wins far
more than
doles.
Blankets
and soup
D a m e s
Bountiful
may give,
But what
H o d g e
craves is a
fair chance
to live
On labour
fairly paid,
not casual
boons.

LAYS OF MODERN HOME.

No. I.—"MY HOUSEMAID!"

WHO, as our Dresden's wreck we scanned,
Protested, with assurance bland,
"It come to pieces in my 'and'?"

My Housemaid.

Who "tidies" things each Monday morn,
And hides—until, with search outworn,
I wish I never had been born?

My Housemaid.



Who "turns" my study "out" that day,
And then contrives to pitch away
As "rubbish" (which it is) my Play?

My Housemaid.

Who guards within her jealous care,
Mending or marking, till I swear,
The underclothes I long to wear?

My Housemaid.

Who cultivates a habit most
Perverse, of running to "The Post"
To meet her brothers (such a host)?

My Housemaid.

Who, if she spends her "Sundays out"
At Chapel, as she does, no doubt,
Must be protractedly devout?

My Housemaid.

Who takes my novels down (it must
Be, as she vows, of course, "to dust"),
And thumbs them, much to my disgust?

My Housemaid.

Who "can't abide" a play or ball,
But dearly loves a Funeral,
Or Exeter's reproachless Hall?

My Housemaid.

Who late returning thence, in fits
Of what she terms "Histories," sits,—
And this day month my service quits?

My Housemaid.

QUITE CLEAR.—"Aha! *mon ami*," ex-
claimed our friend JULES, during the recent
murky weather in Town, "you ask me the
difference between our Paris and your
London. *Tenez*, I will tell you. Paris is
always *très gai, véritablement gai*; but
London is *toujours faux gai*—you see it is
always fo-gay." And he meant "fog-gy."
Well, he wasn't far wrong, just now.

THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

No. XXI.

SCENE—*The Steps of the Hotel Dandolo, about 11 A.M. PODBURY is looking expectantly down the Grand Canal, CULCHARD is leaning upon the balustrade.*

Podbury. Yes, met Bob just now. They've gone to the Europa, but we've arranged to take a gondola together, and go about. They're to pick me up here. Ah, that looks rather like them. (*A gondola approaches, with Miss PRENDERGAST and BOB; PODBURY goes down the steps to meet them.*) How are you, Miss PRENDERGAST? Here I am, you see.

Miss Prendergast (ignoring C.'s salute). How do you do, Mr. PODBURY? Surely you don't propose to go out in a gondola in *that* hat!

Podb. (taking off a brown "pot-hat," and inspecting it). It—it's quite decent. It was new when I came away!

Bob (who is surly this morning). Hang it all, 'PATIA! Do you want him to come out in a chimney-pot? Jump in, old fellow; never mind your tile?

Podb. (apologetically). I had a straw once—but I sat on it. I'm awfully sorry, Miss PRENDERGAST. Look here, shall I go and see if I can buy one?

Miss P. Not now—it doesn't signify, for once. But around hat and a gondola are really too incongruous!

Podb. Are they? A lot of the Venetians seem to wear 'em. (*He steps in.*) Now what are we going to do—just potter about?

Miss P. One hardly comes to Venice to potter! I thought we'd go and study the Carpaccios at the Church of the Schiavoni first—they won't take us more than an hour or so; then cross to San Giorgio Maggiore, and see the Tintorets, come back and get a general idea of the exterior of St. Mark's, and spend the afternoon at the Accademia.

Podb. (with a slight absence of heartiness). Capital! And—er—lunch at the Academy, I suppose?

Miss P. There does not happen to be a restaurant there—we shall see what time we have. I must say I regard every minute of daylight spent on food here as a sinful waste.

Bob. Now just look here, 'PATIA, if you are bossing this show, you needn't go cutting us off our grub! What do you say, JEM?

Podb. (desperately anxious to please). Oh, I don't know that I care about lunch myself—much. [*Their voices die away on the water.*]

Culch. (musing). She might have bowed to me!... She has escaped the mosquitoes... Ah, well, I doubt if she'll find those two particularly sympathetic companions! Now I *should* enjoy a day spent in that way. Why shouldn't I, as it is? I daresay MAUD will—

*Mr. T. My darter will be along presently. She's Cologning her cheeks—they've swelled up again some. I guess you want to Cologne your cheeks—they're dreadful lumpy. I've just been on the Pi-azza again, Sir. It's curious now the want of enterprise in these Vernetians. Anyone would have expected they'd have thrown a couple or so of girder-bridges across the canal between this and the Ri-alto, and run an elevator up the Campanile—but this ain't what you might call a *business* city, Sir, and that's a fact. (*To Miss T. as she appears.*) Hello, MAUD, the ice-water cool down your face any?*

Miss T. Not much. My face just made that ice-water boil over. I don't believe I'll ever have a complexion again—it's divided up among several dozen mosquitoes, who've no use for one. But it's vurry consoling to look at *you*, Mr. CULCHARD, and feel there's a pair of us. Now what way do you propose we should endeavour to forget our sufferings?

Culch. Well, we might spend the morning in St. Mark's—?

Miss T. The morning! Why, Poppa and I saw the entire show inside of ten minutes, before breakfast!

Culch. Ah! (*Discouraged.*) What do you say to studying the Vine and Fig-tree angles and the capitals of the arcades in the Duca! Palace? I will go and fetch the *Stones of Venice*.

Miss T. I guess you can leave those old stones in peace. I don't feel like studying up anything this morning—it's as much as ever I can do not to scream aloud!

Culch. Then shall we just drift about in a gondola all the morning, and—er—perhaps do the Academy later?

Miss T. Not any canals in this hot sun for me! I'd be just as sick! That gondola will keep till it's cooler.

Culch. (losing patience). Then I must really leave it to you to make a suggestion!

Miss T. Well, I believe I'll have a good look round the curiosity stores. There's ever such a cunning little shop back of the Clock Tower on the Pi-azza, where I saw some brocades that were just too sweet! So I'll take Poppa along bargain-hunting. Don't *you* come if you'd rather poke around your old churches and things!

Culch. I don't feel disposed to—er—"poke around" alone; so, if you will allow me to accompany you,—

Miss T. Oh, I'll allow you to escort me. It's handy having someone around to carry parcels. And Poppa's bound to drop the balance every time!

Culch. (to himself). That's all I am to her. A beast of burden! And a whole precious morning squandered on this confounded shopping—when I might have been—ah, well!

[*Follows, under protest.*]

On the Grand Canal. 9 P.M.

A brilliant moonlight night; a music-berge, hung with coloured lanterns, is moving slowly up towards the Rialto, surrounded and followed by a fleet of gondolas, amongst which is one containing the TROTTERS and CULCHARD. CULCHARD has just discovered—with an embarrassment not wholly devoid of a certain excitement—that they are drawing up to a gondola occupied by the PRENDERGASTS and PODBURY.

Mr. Trotter (meditatively). It's real romantic. That's the third deceased kitten I've seen to-night. They haven't only a two-foot tide in the Adriatic, and it stands to reason all the sewage—

[*The two gondolas are jammed close alongside.*]

Miss P. How absolutely magical those palaces look in the moonlight! Bob, how can you yawn like that?

Bob. I beg your pardon, 'PATIA, really, but we've had rather a long day of it, you know!

Mr. T. Well, now, I declare I sort of recognised those voices! (*Heartily.*) Why, how are *you* getting along in Vernis? We're gettin' along fast-rate. Say, MAUD, here's your friend alongside!

[*Miss P. preserves a stony silence.*]

Miss T. (in an undertone). I don't see how you can act so, Poppa—when you know she's just as mad with me!

Mr. T. There! Electrocutated if I didn't clean forget you were out! But, see here, now—why can't we let bygones be bygones?

Bob. (impulsively). Just what I think, Mr. TROTTER, and I'm sure my sister will—

Miss P. Bob, will you kindly not make the situation more awkward than it is? If I desired a reconciliation, I think I am quite capable of saying so!

Miss T. (in confidence to the Moon). This Ark isn't proposing to send out any old dove, either—we've no use for an olive-branch. (*To Mr. T.*) That's "*Santa Lucia*" they're singing now, Poppa.

Mr. T. They don't appear to me to get the twist on it they did at Bellagio!

Miss T. You mean that night CHARLEY took us out on the Lake?



"I guess you want to Cologne your cheeks!"

Poor CHARLEY! he'd just love to be here—he's ever so much artistic feeling!

Mr. T. Well, I don't see why he couldn't have come along if he'd wanted.

Miss T. (with a glance at her neighbour). I presume he'd reasons enough. He's a vurry cautious man. Likely he was afraid he'd get bitten.

Miss P. (after a swift scrutiny of Miss T.'s features). Oh, BOB, remind me to get some more of that mosquito stuff. I should so hate to be bitten—such a dreadful disfigurement!

Miss T. (to the Moon). I declare if I don't believe I can feel some creature trying to sting me now!

Miss P. Some people are hardly recognisable, BOB, and they say the marks never quite disappear!

Miss T. Poppa, don't you wonder what CHARLEY's doing just now? I'd like to know if he's found anyone yet to feel an interest in the great Amurrcan Novel. It's curious how interested people do get in that novel, considering it's none of it written, and never will be. I guess sometimes he makes them believe he means something by it. They don't understand it's only CHARLEY's way!

Miss P. The crush isn't quite so bad now. Mr. PODBURY, if you will kindly ask your friend not to hold on to our gondola, we should probably be better able to turn. (CULCHARD, who had fondly imagined himself undetected, takes his hand away as if it were scorched.) Now we can get away. (To Gondolier.) Voltiamo, se vi piace, prestissimo!

[The gondola turns and departs.]

Miss T. Well, I do just enjoy making PRENDERGAST girl perfectly wild, and that's a fact. (Reflectively.) And it's queer, but I like her ever so much all the time. Don't you think that's too fonny of me, Mr. CULCHARD, now?

[CULCHARD feigns a poetic abstraction.]

ONLY FANCY!

We are supplied by our special reporter with some interesting and significant facts in connection with the last Cabinet Council. Lord SALISBURY arrived early, walking over from the Foreign Office under cover of an umbrella. The fact that it was raining may only partly account for this manœuvre. Lord CROSS arrived in a four-wheeled cab and wore his spectacles. Lord KNUTSFORD approached the Treasury walking on the left hand side of the road going westward, whilst Lord CRANBROOK deliberately chose the pavement on the other side of the way. This is regarded as indicating a coolness between the Colonial Office and the Council of Education. Lord HALSBURY alighted from a bus at the bottom of Downing Street, accomplishing the rest of the journey on foot. He wore a new suit of the latest fashionable cut and a smile. Mr. STANHOPE, approaching Downing Street from the steps, started violently when he caught sight of a figure on the steps of the Treasury fumbling with the door-handle. He thought it was "VERUS," but recognising the Home Secretary, advanced without further hesitation. Lord GEORGE HAMILTON walked arm-in-arm as far as the door with Sir M. HICKS-BEACH. Here they were observed to hastily relieve themselves from contiguity and enter in single file. As they had up to that moment been engaged in earnest conversation, this little incident caused a sensation among the crowd looking on. The new Chief Secretary was easily recognised as he descended from his hansom with a sprig of shamrock in his coat and another of shillelagh in his right hand. Whilst waiting for change out of eighteenpence he softly whistled "God Save Ireland." Mr. RITCHIE did not appear, pleading influenza. Our reporter informs us that there is more behind, and that before the Session is far advanced a change may be looked for at the Local Government Board.

A TRIAL IN NOVEL FORM.

SCENE—The Interior of Court during a sensational trial. Bench, Bar, and Jury in a state of wild excitement as to what will happen next.

Judge (mysteriously handing note to Bar engaged in the case). I have received this letter, which is deeply interesting. It will form appropriately what I may call our Third Volume. I hand it to Counsel, but they must keep it entirely to themselves.

First Leader (after perusal of document). Did you ever?

Second Leader (ditto). No I never!

Judge (greatly gratified). I thought I would surprise you! Yes, it came this afternoon, and I found it too startling to keep all to myself, so I have revealed the secret, on the condition you tell no one else.

First Lead. You may rely on the discretion of my learned friend, my Lord.

Second Lead. My Lord, on the discretion of my learned friend you may rely.

Judge. Thank you (dipping his pen in the ink), and now we will go on with the case.

[A Witness is called—he hides his face under a cloak.]

First Leader (in examination-in-chief). I think you wish to preserve your incognito?

Wit. (in sepulchral tones). I do. But if his Lordship desires it, I will write my name on a piece of paper and pass it up.

Judge. Well, certainly, I think I ought to know everything, and— (Receives piece of paper disclosing the information, and starts back in his chair astonished). Dear me! Good gracious! Dear me!

First Lead. I think I should mention that I have not the faintest idea who this witness is, and only call him, acting under instructions. (To Witness.) Do you know anything about the matter in dispute?

Witness (with a sepulchral laugh). Ha! ha! ha! Nothing. Your question is indeed a good joke. Nothing, I repeat, absolutely nothing!

First Lead. (annoyed). Then you can sit down.

Second Lead. (sharply). Pardon me—not quite so fast! You say you know nothing about the matter in dispute, and yet you come here!

Witness (in a deeper voice than ever). Exactly.

Second Lead. But why, my dear Sir—Why? What is the point of it? Who may you be?

Witness. It is not may be—but who I am!

Second Lead. Well, tell us who you are. (Persuasively.) Come, who are you?

Witness (throwing off his disguise). Who am I? Why, HAWKSHAW the Detective!

Counsel Generally (to Judge). Then, my Lord, under the altered circumstances of the case, we can appear no longer before you. (With deep and touching emotion.) We retire from the case!

Judge (not very appropriately). Then if Box and Cox are satisfied, all I can say is that I am. I may add that I consider that the case has been conducted nobly, and that I knew how it would end from the very first. I am thoroughly satisfied.

Jury. And so are we, my Lord—never so interested in our lives!

Newspaper Editor (departing). Ah, if we only had a trial like this every day, we should require but one line on the Contents Bill! (Curtain.)



OVER TIME IN LEAP YEAR.



Only Fancy!

THE SAFEST NEW YEAR RESOLVE.—To make none.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

ON A NEW YEARLING.

(Second Week.)

My fire was low; my bills were high;
My sip of punch was in its ladle;
The clarion chimes were in the sky;
The nascent year was in its cradle.



Second Week. Little 1892 grows rapidly, and begins to look about him.

In sober prose to tell my tale,
'Twas New Year's E'en, when, blind to danger,
All older-fashioned nurses hail
With joy "another little stranger."

The glass was in my hand—but, wait,
Methought, awhile! 'Tis early toasting
With pæans too precipitate
A baby scarce an outline boasting:
One week at least of life must flit
For me to match it with its brothers—
I'll wager, like most infants, it
Is wholly different from others.

He frolics, latest of the lot,
A family prolific reckoned;
He occupies his tiny cot,
The eighteen-hundred-ninety-second!
The pretty darling, gently nursed
Of course, he lies, and fondly petted!
The eighteen-hundred-ninety-first
Is not, I fancy, much regretted.

You call him "fine"—he's great in size,
And "promising"—there issue from his
Tough larynx quite stentorian cries;
Such notes are haply notes of promise.
Look out for squalls, I tell you; soft
And dove-like atoms more engage us;
Your *fin-de-siècle* child is off
Loud, brazen, grasping, and rampageous.

You bid me next his eyes adore;
So "deep and wideawake," they beckon;
We've suffered lately on the score
Of "deep and wideawake," I reckon.
You term me an "unfeeling brute,"
A "monster Herod-like," and so on—
You may be right; I'll not dispute;
I'll cease a brat's good name to blow on.

Who'll read the bantling's dawning days?—
Precocious shall he prove, and harass
The world with inconvenient ways
And lisped conundrums that embarrass?
(Such as Impressionists delight
To offer each æsthetic gaper,
And faddists hyper-Ibsenite
Rejoice to perpetrate on paper?)

Or, one of those young scamps perhaps
Who love to rig their bogus bogies,
And set their artful booby-traps
For over-unsuspicious fogies?
Or haply, only commonplace—
A plodding sort of good apprentice,

Who does his master's will with grace,
And hurries meekly where he sent is?

And, when he grows apace, what
blend
Of genius, chivalry and daring,
What virtues might our little friend
Display to brighten souls despairing?
What quiet charities unknown,
What modest, openhanded kindness,
What tolerance in touch and tone
For braggart human nature's blindness?

Or what—the worse part to view—
Of wanton waste and reckless gambling,

What darker paths shall he pursue
With sacrilegious step and shambling?
What coarse defiance, haply, hurl
At lights beyond his comprehension—
An attitudinising churl
Who struts with ludicrous pretension.

I know not—only this I know,
They're getting overstrained, my ditties,

This kind of poem ought to flow
Less like a solemn "*Nunc Dimittis*."
'Twas jaunty when I struck my lyre,
And jaunty seems this yearling baby;
But, as both year and song expire
They're sadder, each, and wiser, maybe.

POPULAR SONGS RE-SUNG.

"*Hi-tiddle-ty-ti* ; or, *I'm All Right*" is heard, "all over the place," as light sleepers and studious dwellers in quiet streets are too well aware. Why should it not be enlisted in the service of Apollo and Momus as well as of the Back Slum Bacchus? As thus:—

No. V.—I-TWADDLEY-HIGH-DRY-HIGH-TONED-I! OR, I'M ALL RIGHT!

AIR—"Hi-Tiddle-Ty-Ti!"

I'm a young writer grimly gay,
My volumes sell, and sometimes pay.
First log-rollers raised a rumour of a rising
Star of Humour,
Who had faced the Sphinx called Life,
With amusing misery rife,
So with sin, and woe, and strife, I thought
I'd have a lark.
With pessimistic pick I potted round
Potted round,
A new "funny" trick I quickly found,
Smart and sound,
Life's cares in hedonistic chuckles drowned,
You be bound!

The cynic lay
I found would pay,
In a young Man of Mark!

Chorus.

All of you come along with me!
I'm for a rare new fine new spree!
Everybody is delighted when the Philistines
are slighted,
All of you come my books to try!
I-twaddley-I-ti I-I-I,
Ego for ever! Buy! Buy!
And I'm all right!

Down with the West I go; my pen
Is bound to "fetch" the Upper Ten,
With the aid of some "log-rolling," my
"distinction" much extolling.
Smart little scribes from near and far
Say, with a sniff, "O here's a Star!"
DICKENS on fine souls doth jar, THACKERAY is
too dry,
But his pessimistic air, rich and rare,
Subtle, fair,

Makes Philistia to stare, in a scare,
And to blare;
Whilst true Critics *débonnaire*, who are rare,
With a *flaire*,
For true humour,
Swell of rumour
The gregarious cry.

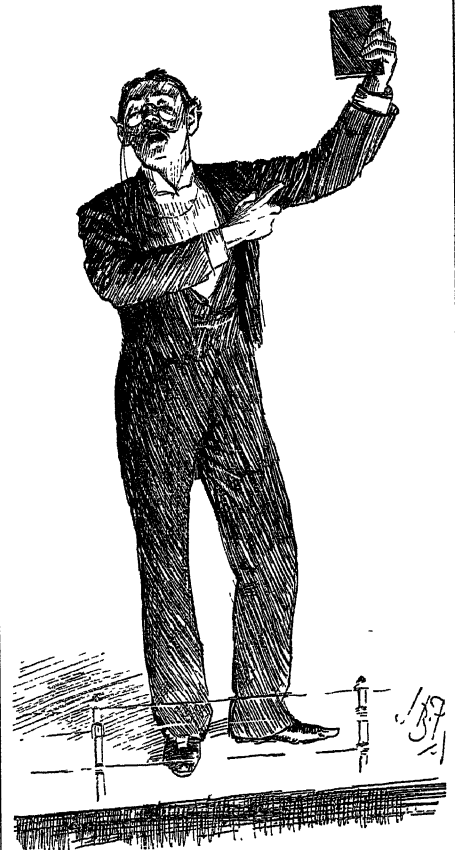
Chorus.

All of you come along with me!
You'll have a rare new fair new spree!
Paradox with "sniff" united, Poor Humanity
saubbed and slighted.
Humour's new *cuvée*, extra-dry.
I-twaddley--high-dry-high-toned I!
Come and worship the pessimist "I!"
For that's all right!

After I've taken the toffish Town,
A second edition, at Half-a-crown,
Seeks the suffrages—(and money, for on Swell-
dom you'll go stoney)—
Of the much derided Mob.
Yes, the Proletariat "Bob"
(With the Guinea of the Nob) must aid the
Sons of Light.

Gath and Askalon, you see, can give Me,
L. S. D. [three
All true Egoists love those pregnant letters
Mystic Three!

Flout Philistia with great glee, fair and free,
But agree
To take its "tin,"
Though with a grin
Of pessimistic spite.



Chorus.

All of you come along with me!
'ARRY, who loves a fair old spree!
"Mugwump" with fine *morgue* delighted,
Cynical "yearnestness" sore-frighted!
All of you come my "tap" to try!
I-twaddley-high-dry-high-toned I!
Come along, boys, Buy! Buy! Buy!
And I'm all right!



THE HOME AND THE OPEN SPACE.

Bumble (log.). "WOT, GRUMBLE AT BEING EWICTED, AND FOR THE PUBLIC GOOD? NOW, I CALLS THAT INGRATITOOD! WY, WE'RE A-GOING TO MAKE THIS INTO A *PEOPLE'S PLEASURE-GROUND*, WE ARE !!!"

JIM'S JOTTINGS.

No. 1.—DOWN OUR COURT.

(*In which Jim Juniper, better known as "Ginger Jimmy," discourses of Homes and Open Spaces, &c., and puts a practical problem to the new "Public Health and Housing Committee of the London County Council."*)

My name is *GINGER JIMMY*, and I live, when I'm to hum,
In Rats Rents, the kind o' nay'brood wot the Swells now calls a Slum.

I'm a bit thick in the clear, like, and don't quite know wot they mean,
But I guess it isn't mansions, and I'm sure it isn't *clean*.

They are always on the job now about Slums, and they do say
They are going to clear *our* Court out on the sudden some fine day.
Whether it's roads, or railways, or hotels, blowed if I know;
Only 'ope they'll give us notice, and some place where we can go.
'One is 'ome, if but a dungheap; if you 're pitchforked out of that,
And turned loose in chilly London on the scoop, like a stray cat,

With yer bits o' sticks permiskus in a barrer,
or a truck,
I can tell yer you feels lost like, and fair down
upon yer luck.

Heviction? When you re stoney-broke, your
dubs all hup the spout,
And you've nix to raise the rent on, I suppose
you *must* turn hout;
'Cos without them "rights o' proputtty" no
country couldn't jog;
But that brings a cove small comfort when
e's 'ouseless, in a fog!

I 'ave knocked about a middlin' little bit, you
bet I 'ave,
And I ain't what Barber BIDDLECOMBE would
call "a heasy shave";
But these Sanitary codgers give me beans,
and no mistake.
I am fly to most all capers, but don't tumble
to *their* fake.

Seems to me all sentimental jor and cold
chuck-out, it do.
They may call their big Committees, and may
chat till all is blue,
But to shift me till they gives me somethink
sweeter is all rot; [in the pot.
Better leave my garret winder, and the flower
That gerenum there looks proper; which I
bought it of a bloke
What does the "All a-blowin'!" with a
barrer and a moke; [jolly sure
And though tuppences is tuppences, I ain't so
As to spend two-d. upon it were to play the
blooming cure.

NOCKY SPRIGGINS did chi-like me. Reglar
nubbly one is Nock,
With about as much soft feelink as a blessed
butcher's block.
He'd a made a spiffing Club Swell if he'd only
'ad the chink,
With them lips like a ham sandwidge, and
them eyes as never blink.

And I ain't no softy, neither, bet your
buttons. That don't pay,
For you're 'bliged to keep yer eyes peeled
and to twig the time o' day;
But I've got a mash on flowers; they are
better than four 'arf,
Them red blazers in my winder; so let NOCKY
'ave his larf!

NOCKY tells me that the Westry means a-clearin' hout our place
For to make a bit o' garding, wot they calls a Hopen Space,
O I know the sort o' fakement, gravel walks, a patch o' grass,
And a sprinkle of young lime-trees of yer Thames Embankment class.

Some bloke spots the place as likely, and praps buys it on the cheap,
(Spekylators keeps *their* lids hup though the parish nobbs may sleep.)
Pooty soon the pot's a-bilin' about Hopen Spaces. Yus!
And the chap as bought the bit o' ground is fust to raise the fuss.

Recreation for the People, Hopen Playgrounds for the Young!
That's the patter of the platformers; and don't they jest give
tongue!

Well, it's opened with a flourish, and there's everyone content;
Pertiklerly the landlords round as nobbles better rent.

But I don't object to gardings, not a mossel—t'other quite;
As I've said, a bit of green stuff and a flower is my delight;
I wish London wos *more* hopen, and *more* greener, and *more* gay;
Only people down our Court has got to *live* as well as *play*.

If they clears out the arf acre where we huddles orful close,
We must all turn out, that's certain; where we'll turn to, goodness
knows;

And it won't be werry spashus, the new "Park" won't, arter all,
With the graveyard railinks one side, and on t'other a blank wall.

Wot we want is decent 'ouses, at a rent as doesn't take
'Arf a cove's poor screw to pay it. That's the present landlord's
fake!

If they only knowed 'ow 'ard it is to meet "Saint Monday" square,
When yer 'ealth is werry middlin', and the jobs is werry rare!

P'raps them Dooks, and Earls, and Marquiges, and Kernels, wot
they states
Has just clubbed theirselves together to keep down the bloomin' Rates,



TAKING HIM RATHER TOO LITERALLY.

Sir Biggan Burleigh (who doesn't see why he shouldn't have a turn in his own house, to very young Lady). "MISS VIOLET,—ROUND OR SQUARE?"
Miss Violet (her first ball, very bashful). "WELL—REALLY—SIR BURLEIGH—IF YOU INSIST—I SHOULD SAY"—(hesitating)—"DECIDEDLY ROUND!"

And to smash the Kounty Kouncil, as they've bunnicked the Skool
Board,

Jest a few of their hodd moments to *our* naybrood might afford.

They *must* 'ave a feelink 'art towards the poor, and no mistake,
Or they wouldn't take sech trouble for the poor Ratepayers' sake,
NOCKY SPRIGGINS sez it 'minds 'im of a League of Loving Cats
To purtect from traps and pizen the poor mice and starvin' rats.

Jest like NOCKY's narsty way that is! But if them Dooks would try
To assist the Kounty Kouncil in their new Committee—wy, [mock,
They might 'elp our Health and Housing in a style as none could
Give the proud "Pergressives" what-for, and fair put the shut on
Nock.

Arter all yer Public Garding's little better than a chouse,
While the landlord rents yer heart out for a wretched Privit 'Ouse.
And yer Hopen Space's pootiness ain't much good to *our* sort,
Who are shut up in the dismal dens called 'Omes, gents, down our
Court.

Oh, Philanterpists, and Sanitrys, and Dooks, I do not mean
To be rucking upon Charity, or rounding on wot's clean;
But if yer wants to 'elp us as has lived so long in muck,
The *only* thing wot's wanted ain't to give us the clean—chuck!

'Arry Examined.

Q. What is meant by "Higher Education"?
Arry. Getting a Tutor at so much a week. That's the way I
should 'ire education—if I wanted it.

A DEFINITION.—"A pun on a word is a *new sense*."—Dr.
JOHNSON, Junior.

THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

No. XXII.

SCENE—*The Campo S.S. Giovanni e Paolo. Afternoon. CULCHARD is leaning against the pedestal of the Colleoni Statue.*

Podbury (who has just come out of S. Giovanni, recognising CULCHARD). Hullo! alone, eh? Thought you were with Miss TROTTER?

Culchard. So I am. That is, she is going over a metal-worker's show-room close by, and I—er—preferred the open air. But didn't you say you were going out with the—er—PRENDERGASTS again?

Podb. So I am. She's in the Church with BOB, so I said I'd come out and keep an eye on the gondola. Nothing much to see in there, you know!

Culch. (with a weary irony). Only the mausoleums of the Doges—RUSKIN'S "Street of the Tombs"—and a few trifles of that sort!

Podb. That's all. And I'm feeling a bit done, you know. Been doing the Correr Museum all the morning, and not lunched yet! So Miss TROTTER's looking at ornamental metal-work? Rather fun that, eh?

Culch. For those who enjoy it. She has only been in there an hour, so she is not likely to come back just yet. What do you say to coming into S.S. Giovanni e Paolo again, with me? Those tombs form a really remarkable illustration, as RUSKIN points out, of the gradual decay of—

Miss Trotter (suddenly flutters up, followed by an attendant carrying a studded halberd, an antique gondola-hook, and two copper water-buckets—all of which are consigned to the disgusted CULCHARD). Just hold these a spell till I come back. Thanks ever so much... Well, Mr. PODBURY! Aren't you going to admire my purchases? They're real antique—or if they aren't, they'll wear all the better... There, I believe I'll just have to run back a minute—don't you put those things in the gondola yet, Mr. CULCHARD, or they'll get stolen.

[She flutters off.]

Culch. (helplessly, as he holds the halberd, &c.). I suppose I shall have to stay here now. You're not going?

Podb. (consulting his watch). Must. Promised old BOB I'd relieve guard in ten minutes. Ta-ta!

[He goes; presently BOB PRENDERGAST lounges out of the church.]

Culch. If I could only make a friend of him! (To BOB.) Ah, PRENDERGAST! lovely afternoon, isn't it? Delicious breeze!

Bob. (shortly). Can't say. Not had much of it, at present.

Culch. You find these old churches rather oppressive, I daresay. Er—will you have a cigarette?

Bob. Thanks; got a pipe. (He lights it.) Where's Miss TROTTER?

Culch. She will be here presently. By the way, my dear PRENDERGAST, this—er—misunderstanding between your sister and her is very unfortunate.

Bob. I know that well enough. It's none of my doing! And you've no reason to complain, at all events!

Culch. Quite so. Only, you see, we used to be good friends at Constance, and—er—until recently—

Bob. Used we? Of course, if you say so, it's all right. But what are you driving at exactly?

Culch. All I am driving at is this: Couldn't we two—er—agree to effect a reconciliation between the two ladies? So much pleasanter for—er—all parties!

Bob. I daresay. But how are you going to set about it? I can't begin.

Culch. Couldn't you induce your sister to lay aside her—er—prejudice against me? Then I could easily—

Bob. Very likely—but I couldn't. I never interfere in my sister's affairs, and, to tell you the honest truth, I don't feel particularly inclined to make a beginning on your account.

[Strolls away. Culch. (to himself). What a surly boor it is! But I don't care—I'll do him a good turn, in spite of himself! (Miss T. returns.) Do you know, I've just been having a chat with poor young PRENDERGAST. He seems quite cut up at being forced to side with his sister. I undertook to—er—intercede for him. Now is it quite fair, or like your—er—usual good-nature, to visit his sister's offences—whatever they are—on him? I—I only put it to you.

Miss T. Well, to think now! I guess you're about the most unselfish Saint on two legs! Now some folks would have felt jealous. Culch. Possibly—but I cannot accuse myself of such a failing as that.

Miss T. I'd just like to hear you accuse yourself of any failing! I don't see however you manage to act so magnanimous and live. I told you I wanted to study your character, and I believe it isn't going to take me vurry much longer to make up my mind about you.

You don't suppose I'll have any time for Mr. PRENDERGAST after getting such a glimpse into your nature? There, help me into the gondola, and don't talk any more about it. Tell him to go to Salvati's right away.

Culch. (dejectedly, to himself). I've bungled it! I might have known I should only make matters worse!

On the Piazzetta; it is moonlight, the Campanile and dome of San Giorgio Maggiore are silhouetted sharp and black against the steel-blue sky across a sea of silver ripples. PODBURY and CULCHARD are pacing slowly arm-in-arm between the two columns.

Culch. And so you went on to S. Giovanni in Bragora, eh? then over the Arsenal, and rowed across the lagoons to see the Armenian convent? A delightful day, my dear PODBURY! I hope you—er—appreciate the inestimable privileges of—of seeing Venice so thoroughly?

Podb. Oh, of course it's very jolly. Find I get a trifle mixed afterwards, though. And, between ourselves, I wouldn't mind—now and then, you know—just dawdling about among the shops and people, as you and the TROTTERS do!

Culch. That has its charms, no doubt. But don't you find Miss PRENDERGAST a mine of information on Italian Art and History?

Podb. Don't I just—rather too deep for me, y' know! I say, isn't Miss TROTTER immense sport in the shops and that!

Culch. She is—er—vivacious,

certainly. (PODBURY sighs.) You seem rather dull to-night, my dear fellow?

Podb. Not dull—a trifle out of sorts, that's all. Fact is, I don't think Venice agrees with me. All this messing about down beastly back-courts and canals and in stuffy churches—it can't be healthy, you know! And they've no drainage. I only hope I haven't caught something, as it is. I've that kind of sinking feeling, and a general lowness—She says I lunch too heavily—but I swear it's more than that!

Culch. Nonsense, you're well enough. And why you should feel low, with all your advantages—in Venice as you are, and in constant intercourse with a mind adorned with every feminine gift!

Podb. Hul-lo! why, I thought you called her a pedantic prig?

Culch. If I used such a term at all, it was in no disparaging sense. Every earnest nature presents an—er—priggish side at times. I know that even I myself have occasionally, and by people who didn't know me, of course, been charged with priggishness.

Podb. Have you, though? But of course there's nothing of that about her. Only—well, it don't signify.

[He sighs.]



Culch. Ah, PODBURY, take the good the gods provide you and be content! You might be worse off, believe me!

Podb. (discontentedly). It's all very well for you to talk—with Miss TROTTER all to yourself. I suppose you're regularly engaged by this time, eh?

Culch. Not quite. There's still a— And your probation, that's practically at an end?

Podb. I don't know. Can't make her out. She wouldn't sit on me the way she does unless she liked me, I suppose. But I say, it must be awf—rather jolly for you with Miss TROTTER? She's got so much go, eh?

Culch. You used to say she wasn't what you call cultivated.

Podb. I know I did. That's just what I like about her! At least—well, we both ought to think ourselves uncommonly lucky beggars, I'm sure! [*He sighs more heavily than ever.*]

Culch. You especially, my dear PODBURY. In fact, I doubt if you're half grateful enough!

Podb. (snappishly). Yes, I am, I tell you. I'm not grumbling, am I? I know as well as you do she's miles too good for me. Haven't I said so? Then what the devil do you keep on nagging at me for, eh?

Culch. I am glad you see it in that light. Aren't you a little irritable to-night?

Podb. No, I'm not. It's those filthy canals. And the way you talk—as if a girl like Miss TROTTER wasn't—!

Culch. I really can't allow you to lecture me. I am not insensible to my good-fortune—if others are. Now we'll drop the subject.

Podb. I'm willing enough to drop it. And I shall turn in now—it's late. You coming?

Culch. Not yet. Good-night. (*To himself, as PODBURY departs.*) You insensate dolt!

Podb. Good-night! (*To himself, as he swings off.*) Confounded patronising prig!

HUMPTY-DUMPTY UP AGAIN!

THAT hardy annual known as The Drury Lane Pantomime is in full vigour this year, its flowers of a more brilliant colour than ever, and its leaves, as evidenced by the book of words, are fresh and vigorous. In no other sense, however, does the Drury Lane Pantomime



Little Tich and the Fine Fairy.

FANNIE LESLIE—too much “ie” in this name now, and one may ask “for why”?—Miss MARIE (not “MARY”—oh dear no!) LLOYD, Miss PATTIE—not PATTY of course—HEYWOOD, Mr. JOHN and Miss EMMA (dear me! not EMMIE!) D'AUBAN, and Mr. HERBERT CAMPBELL as a grotesque monarch, Mr. DAN LENO as *Queen of Hearts*, Mr. FRED WALTON, wonderful in a frame as the living image of the *Knave of Hearts*, and a crowd of clever people. But among the entire *dramatis personæ*, first and foremost, both the least and the greatest, is the impersonator of *Humpty-Dumpty* himself, the *Yellow Dwarf* alias Little TICH, who shares with the gorgeous spectacle and the exquisite combination of colours in Scene Eight, *The Wedding*, the first honours of the Great Drury Lane Annual. It is emphatically a Pantomime for children to see and to enjoy. The action is so rapid, song succeeds dance, and dance succeeds song, and permutations and combinations of colour are so brilliant and so frequent, that anyone

who wants full change for his money and a bonus into the bargain, will find it in the return he will get for his outlay on visiting the Drury Lane Annual. And now about the Harlequinade. The “Opening,” as it used to be called, which, terminating with the Grand Transformation Scene, ought to be, theoretically at least, only the introduction to the real business of the evening, that is, the “Pantomime business,” concludes at 10⁴⁵, and allows three-quarters of an hour for what is called “the Double Harlequinade”—which consists of one old-fashioned English Pantomime-scene, followed by a comparatively modern—for 'tis not absolutely “new and original”—French Pantomime-scene, and this arrangement seems like, so to speak, pitting English Joey against French Pierrot. This friendly rivalry has had the effect of waking up the traditional Grimaldian spirit of Pantomime, and Mr. HARRY PAYNE's scene, besides coming earlier than usual, is, in itself, full of fun of the



“*Fin de siècle*” Clown! Why, I've seen that sort o' thing done years ago, when I was a boy!”

good old school-boyish kind; and if the Public, as Jury, is to award a palm to either competitor, then it must give a hand—which is much the same thing as “awarding a palm”—to its old friend, HARRY PAYNE, who, with TULLY LEWIS as *Pantaloon*, has pulled himself together, and given us a good quarter of an hour of genuine Old English Pantomime, compared with which the other, though its fooling is excellent in its own way, is only comic *ballet d'action* after the style of *Fun in a Fog*. I think that was the title, but am not sure, of the gambols with which the MARTINETTI troupe used to entertain us. The new and improved style of ballet-dancing introduced by the now celebrated *pas de quatre* at the Gaiety, is charming, as here and now represented by Miss MABEL LOVE and her graceful companions.

To sum up; as the inspired poet of the immortal ode on Guy Fawkes' Day saw no reason why that particular treason should ever be forgot, so I, but uninspired, and only mortal, am unable to ascertain the existence of any objection to the opinion that this Pantomime possesses staying power sufficient to carry itself on for an extra long run of several months over Easter, and, maybe, up to Whitsuntide. There is but one DRURIOLANUS, and the Pantomime is his Profit! The two authors have achieved what “all the King's horses and all the King's men” (not of Cambridge, of course) could not effect!—they have set *Humpty-Dumpty* on his legs again! And so congratulations to “all concerned”! And, without prejudice to Sir DRURIOLANUS, I beg to sign myself, THE OTHER KNIGHT.

The Lay of the Analytic Novelist.

“It is not the patent, obvious results of the inner working of mind on which the modern novelist dwells, it is on that inner working itself.”—*Daily Chronicle*.]

THAT odd barrel-organ, the human mind,
I love to explore; 'tis the analyst's lute;
But if I can only contrive to find
How the pipes will grunt, and the handle will grind,
I don't care a fig for the tune!

“HIT ONE OF YOUR OWN SIZE.”—About the ups or downs of the Alexandra Palace, Mr. SHAW LEFEBVRE shouldn't have a row with a LITTLE, specially when the LITTLE, who if he, with his friends, take over the lease of the Alexandra themselves, will then be a Lessor, is pretty sure to get the best of the discussion.

BY A THOUGHTFUL PHILOSOPHER.—Any remedy against London fogs must involve a grate change.



A GREAT DRAWBACK.

Dougal (with all his native contempt for the Londoner). "AYE, MON, AN' HE'S NO A BAD SHOT?"

Davie. "DEED AN' HE'S A YERRA GUID SHOT."

Dougal. "HECH! IT'S AN AWFU' PEETIE HE'S A LONDONER!"

THE NEW MONITOR; OR, JOSEPH'S JOBATION.

["It is reasonable to assume that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN will at once perceive how his position has been altered by becoming the head of a party including many shades of opinion, instead of being, as he has been, the spokesman of a small set of politicians, earnest, no doubt, and active, but not quite in sympathy with all those who shared their fortunes."—*The Times*.]

"The arrangements consequent on Lord HARTINGTON's succession to the Peerage have very much narrowed the freedom previously enjoyed by the Member for West Birmingham, and, in a corresponding degree, enlarged the sphere of his responsibilities. . . . The Statesman who has to act as guide and moderator at St. Stephen's will be careful, no doubt, not to compromise his authority by any indiscreet or extravagant insistence on remote and contentious issues."—*The Standard*.]

SCENE — *St. Stephen's School. Present, Doctor T., Principal, Mrs. S., Matron, and Master JOE, Pupil, lately promoted to Monitorship in the Lower School.*

Doctor T. Ahem! And so, JOSEPH, we have to congratulate you upon your—a—a—promotion!

Master Joe (coolly). You are very good, Sir, I'm sure. [*Whistles.*]

Doctor T. Not at all, JOSEPH, not at all. That is to say—ahem!—you doubtless deserve it.

Mrs. S. Doubtless deserve it, JOSEPH! I always said you would turn out a better boy than, at one time I—that is to say, many—expected. It is a great consolation to me, JOSEPH, after all the care—

Master Joe (aside). And the numerous jobations!

Mrs. S. That I—that we have bestowed upon you, to find—ahem!—our best hopes so amply fulfilled.

Dr. T. Fulfilled, JOSEPH; whether amply or not it remains for you to prove.

Master Joe (carelessly). All right, Sir, I'll prove it fast enough.

Dr. T. I trust so, JOSEPH, I trust so, though "fast enough" is hardly the phrase I should have adopted, or—ahem!—recommended, —in the circumstances!

"Is there a word wants nobleness and grace,
Devoid of weight, nor worthy of high place?"

You know what our excellent HORACE bids you do in such a case.

Master Joe (aside). Bothersome old *Blimber*!

Mrs. S. Yes, JOSEPH, slanginess, carelessness and extravagance of speech will not befit your present position, you know.

Master Joe. (aside). Prosy old *Pepchin*!

Dr. T. You could not, JOSEPH, put before you a better model than the boy whose post you assume, in consequence of his going to the Upper School; young HARTY, I mean, a boy who was ever a pattern of propriety, and one absolutely to be depended upon to maintain the prestige of the school, and—ahem!—the authority of the Masters, in every contingency.

Mrs. S. In every contingency, JOSEPH. How unlike that talented, but untrustworthy, senior of his, and of yours, WILL GLADSTONE; a lad whose leadership you once acknowledged, but whose pernicious influence, I am happy to find, you have lately quite cast off.

Master Joe (knowingly). Rather! Where there's a WILL there's a way; and WILL thought it must always be *his* way. But "not for JOE!"

Dr. T. Again, JOSEPH, is not that—ahem!—quotation from the popular minstrelsy of our time a *leetle* reminiscent of ruder, and more Radical days?

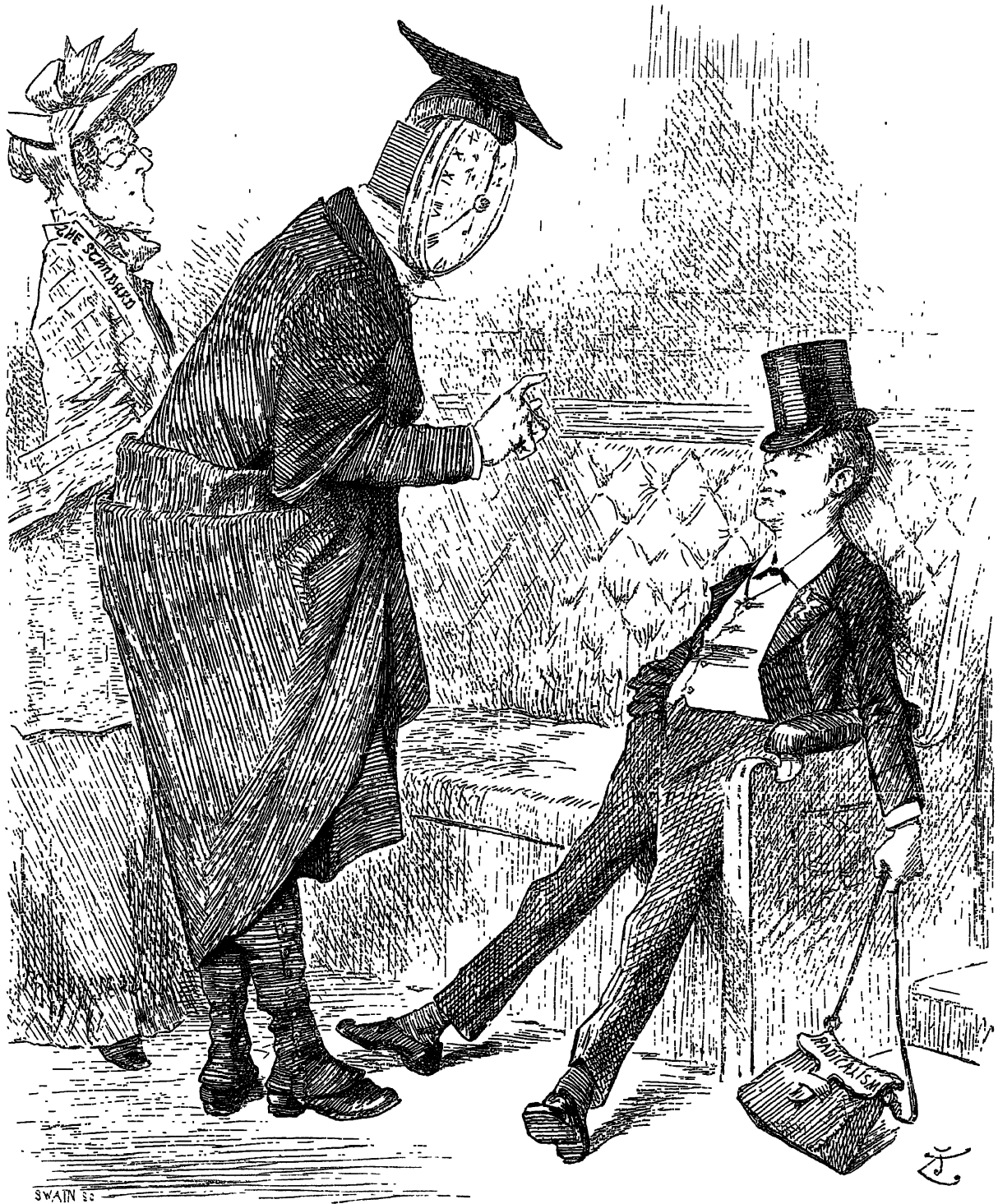
Master Joe. Perhaps so, Sir, perhaps so. Let me then say that "*Ego primam tollo, nominor quoniam Leo*" is a very pretty maxim for lions—and jackals. The former rôle I may not yet have risen to, but I'm hanged if I'll stoop to the latter.

Dr. T. Quite so, quite so! At any rate, not in such a questionable *Leonina Societas*. Remember, also, JOSEPH, what an awful example you have in young GRANDOLPH, with whom, at one time, you seemed a little intimate. You have only to reflect upon *his* *fiasco*, "to have the counsels of prudence borne in imperatively upon your mind, and the lesson will not be the less impressively taught if it is remembered that GRANDOLPH will be on the spot to take note of and profit by any mistakes that may be committed by his more deserving and successful rival."

Master Joe (aside). Lessons all round, eh? Seems to me all this grandmotherly advice is wondrous like a "wiggling" in disguise. Perhaps they'll find I'm better at teaching than learning.

Mrs. S. Cavendo tutus, JOSEPH, safe by caution. The motto of your predecessor. You cannot do better than take it as your own.

Master Joe (innocently). Think not, Ma'am? I fancy every man



THE NEW MONITOR.

DR. TIMES. "YOU'RE A CLEVER BOY, JOE, AND WE CONGRATULATE YOU; BUT NOW YOU'RE IN A POSITION OF RESPONSIBILITY,—AHM!—YOU MUST—AHM!—BEHAVE YOURSELF ACCORDINGLY!"

ought to have his *own* motto. Now *I* was thinking of *Cede nullis*!

Doctor T. Tut—tut—tut, JOSEPH! Inappropriate,—in your *present* position. You will have to yield to *many*,—to those in authority over you, in fact. “Leaders (and Monitors) have to subordinate their personal tastes, and even their individual convictions, to an enlarged conception of the general advantage.”

Mrs. S. Yes, JOE, don’t, whatever you do, compromise your authority by any indiscreet or extravagant insistence—

Master Joe (*quickly, though with becoming gravity*). Quite so, Ma’am! *Very* true, Sir! My “conceptions,” I may say, have “enlarged” considerably of late, since I have found (as Mrs. S. well says) “how much of my antipathy” (to the powers that be) “was sheer prejudice.” And, as to “the general advantage,” I am sanguine that I shall find it consonant—if not identical—with my own.

Doctor T. (*dubiously*). Humph! Suppose you say yours with *it*, JOSEPH?

Master Joe (*airily*). As you please, Sir. Things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another, you know.

Mrs. S. (*aside*). Smart boy, very! I fancy I should have more confidence in him if he were a little *less* so.

Doctor T. (*gravely*). You see, JOSEPH, there are some things in your earlier school career which your well-wishers would fain—forget. You were rather what is called, I think, “a young Radical” once, not to say “a bit of a pickle.” You seemed not altogether out of sympathy with such revolutionary proceedings as “revolts” and “barring-outs,” and even talked once, if I remember rightly, of putting the Principals “to ransom”—doctrines better worthy of a Calabrian brigand than of a public school-boy. But let bygones be bygones. Now that you are in a position of responsibility and—respectability, you will, of course, abandon all such revolutionary rubbish, and think not of yourself, but others; consider less the wild wishes of your inferiors than the wise commands of your betters.

Master Joe (*solemnly*). Oh, of course, Sir! And now, if you, Dr. Poloni—ahem!—Dr. T., and Mrs. Pip—I mean Mrs. S., have *quite* finished your wig—I should say wise counsellings, I think I’ll—go out and play! [*Does so.*]

DYNAMITICAL ARGUMENTS.—The Apostles of “the Gospel of Dynamite” would, if they could, speedily convert a whole town—into a ruin.



A STARTLING PROPOSITION.

Seedy Individual (suddenly and with startling vigour)—

“AOH? FLOY WITH ME ERCROSS THER SEA,
ERCROSS THER DORK LERGOON!!”

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

WITH a spice of *Tristram Shandy*, a dash of *Ferdinand Count Pathos*, and none the worse for the quaint flavouring thus given to the style and manner of the romance, *The Blue Pavilions* by “Q.” is about as good a tale of rapid dramatic and exciting adventure as the Baron remembers to have read,—for some time at least. There is in it little enough of love, though that little is well and prettily told, but there is no lack of fighting at long odds and at short intervals, of hairbreadth escapes, and of such chances by land and sea as keep the reader, all agog, hurrying on from point to point, anxious to see what is to happen next, and how the expected is to eventuate unexpectedly. The story is for the most part told in a humorous devil-may-care-believe-it-or-not-as-you-like sort of way which compels attention, occasionally raises a smile, and always excites curiosity. As a one-barrel novel, this ought to score a gold right in the centre.

The writer of a little leader in the *Daily News* of last Wednesday seems to have been rather hard-up for a subject when he fell foul of the Messrs. MACMILLAN’s cheap re-issue of *A Jest-Book*, compiled many years ago by Mr. PUNCH’S MARK LEMON, “Uncle MARK,” who brought the ancient *Joe Miller* up to that particular date. It was the last of the jest-books, and they are now quite out of fashion. A quarter of a century hence, no doubt, the fortunate possessor of one of these little books will come out with many a new jest, and be esteemed quite an original wit.

It would have been well for the writer of the above-mentioned leaderette had he referred to the ninth of ELIA’S *Popular Fallacies*, and been thereby reminded how “a pun is a pistol let off at the ear; and not a feather to tickle the intellect.” The Baron is prepared to admit that the lesson to be learned from this delightful Essay of CHARLES LAMB’S is, that a pun once let off, has fizzled off, and cannot be repeated with its first effect. Now the honest historian of this, or of any pun, must reproduce in his narrative all the circumstances of time, place, and individuality that gave it its point; but

the effect of the pun, the Baron ventures to think, it is impossible to convey in print to the reader, read he never so wisely, nor however vividly graphic may be the description. Yet if this same reader possesses the art of reading aloud, with some approach to the dramatic Dickensian manner, then, given an appreciative audience, it is probable that the pun itself would not lose much in recital. At best, however, the crispness of the original salt is impaired, though the flavour is not lost by keeping, and the enjoyment of it must depend on the new seasoning provided by the reciter. Of course, its piquancy may have been staled by too frequent use—but “this is another story.” After all, is a jest-book meant to be taken seriously? A question which “*nous donne à penser*,” quoth THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

FOGGED!

Blest if I know where I am in this murkiness made to benight us,
Blest if I know what it means, this infernal Impressionist etching;
Surely some WHISTLER renowned in the gibbering realms of Cocytus
Drew it—and draws us along through its avenues ghostly stretching.

Lights flicker out in the gloom, like diminutive goblins that beckon;
Onward we stagger and gasp in the grip of this emanence deadly:
How I would curse if I could, but not RABELAIS even I reckon
Language could find, or a voice if he wished for the sulphurous medley.

Blest if I know who you are, wicked giant, colossal above me,
Pluto perchance or, that fell spirit-ferryman, Charon uprising!
Blest if I know if survives in this demon-land anything of me,
Blest!—It’s a lamp-post, by George—a reality somewhat surprising!

London, how long shall thy sons rue this Angel of Death with his
grim bow, [throttled?
Suffer this nightmare to last by its pestilence mangled and
Would magic Science could scare the black vista to luridest Limbo,
Would that fresh breezes were tinned and the sunshine of Italy
bottled!!



MISS TWELFTHNIGHT AND HER CHARACTERS FOR 1892.

THEFT v. THRIFT.

["The Economic Man, whose sole motive was selfishness, was created by ADAM SMITH."—*Daily News*.]

A CENTURY'S gone, and still wiseacres plan
A future for the Economic Man;
But one fatality strikes us as comical,—
That—up to now—he is not *economical*!
The soulless thing whose motor sole is Self,
Squanders, as well as snatches, sordid pelf.
Perhaps if he could use as well as steal,
The common wealth might prove the common weal.

MR. PUNCH'S NEW-YEAR HONOURS, GIFTS,
GOOD WISHES, AND GREETINGS.

(Conferred by him, without "Official Notification.")

To Her Most Gracious Majesty.—The Queendom of his heart.

To the Duke of Clarence, and the Princess May.—A Bridal Quick March.

To Prince George of Wales.—A Clean Bill of Health.

To Prince Christian.—"Eyes right!"

To Mr. Gladstone.—Freedom from the City, its fogs, and politics.

To the Duke of Devonshire.—A Peerage, and the right successor in Rossendale.

To Mr. Chamberlain.—His Cartoon for the week.

To Mr. Balfour.—An Irish "Order."

To Lord Randolph Churchill.—"Something new out of Africa."

To the Peerage.—General Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS. (The greatest "honour" of the lot, by Jove!)

To Henry Irving.—"A Health to the King" (HARRY THE EIGHTH), and any number of Nights' (run).

To Johnny Toole.—Rapid recovery, and "another kind love" from *Toole-le-Monde*!

To Mr. Punch's Young Men.—Privy Councillorships (to the Public) all round.

To Everybody.—A Happy New Volume!

A QUESTION OF PRECEDENCE, BUT NOT A PRECEDENT.—It is a gracious act on the part of a Cabman, when, at a dinner-party, he gives the *pas* to an Omnibus-driver, at the same time courteously explaining this waiver of rights by saying that "at the present moment he is not standing on his rank."

"THE COMPLEMENTS OF THE SEASON."—Christmas Boxes.



SUPERIOR EDUCATION.

Page Boy (to Jeames). "WHERE SHALL I PUT THISE 'ER DISH OF AMMONDS?"
Jeames (with dignity). "I'M SURPRISED, HARTHUR, THAT AT YOUR HAGE YOU 'AVEN'T LEARNT 'OW TO PERNOUNCE THE R IN HARMONDS!"

ONLY FANCY!

IN continuation of his interesting notes of incidents connected with the gathering of Ministers for the last Cabinet Council, Our Special Reporter states that the only *contretemps* arose in connection with the arrival of Mr. GOSCHEN. On alighting from his *coupé* the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER handed the driver a dirty crumpled piece of paper.

"Hi! wot's this?" shouted the Cabman.

"A one-pound note," said the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, blandly; "give me the change."

"Oh, no you don't," said the Cabman; "you try that on in the City, young feller. This is too far West."

Mr. GOSCHEN, evidently annoyed, carefully selected a worn-out shilling, and tossing it to the man, stalked haughtily into the Treasury. A moment later he hurriedly opened the door and looked out for the Cabman, but he had gone. It was understood, Our Reporter says, that the Right Hon. Gentleman had thought of a repartee.



The Morning Papers announce, with tantalising brevity, that "Lord STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL has (*sic*) returned to Bruton Street from Berlin." We are in a position to add that the occasion of the noble Lords' journey to Berlin was of international interest. It is no secret at the Foreign Office that their Lordships have for some time been uneasy at the turn events are taking in the East. They have endeavoured to disguise from each other their perturbed feelings. But STRATHEDEN felt that CAMPBELL's eye was upon him, whilst CAMPBELL at last abandoned the futile effort of dissembling

his uneasiness under the cold steel-grey glance of STRATHEDEN. They finally agreed that the best thing they could do was to set forth for Berlin, making secret *détours* in order to call at other of the principal capitals, and confer with the Foreign Ministers. The result, we are pleased to learn, has been most beneficial, and has, so to speak, contributed a hodful of mortar to the foundation on which rests the peace of Europe.

Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM is disposed to regard HOMER as over-rated. The only book of his she ever read, she says, is *Bombastical Furioso*, and certainly that did not assuage her appetite for any more.

Mr. STEAD has been taking into his confidence a universe thrilled with interest, with respect to certain presentiments which from time to time have struck his mind. One he dates in October, 1883, at which time he was sub-editor of an evening journal which Mr. JOHN MORLEY then edited. He had, he records, a presentiment that at an early approaching date, Mr. MORLEY would have quitted the establishment—dead Mr. STEAD genially anticipated—and that he would reign in Stead. In view of the public interest involved in these confessions, we have interviewed a certain Right Hon. Gentleman as to his susceptibility to presentiments.

"Well," he replied, "they are not usual with me; but I remember that for some time before the date mentioned, I felt that either Mr. STEAD or I must leave the paper."

One of the earliest volumes issued in connection with the newly-devised Automatic Library in use on some lines of Railway, is entitled *Beyond Escape*. We understand that subsequent volumes will be *Dashed to Pieces*, *The Broken Bridge*, *The Sprained Axle*, *The Wheelbox on Fire*, *The Gorgon Guard*, *The Cruel Cowcatcher*; or, *Cut in Twain*, *The Colour-Blind Signalman*, and *Shunted and Shattered*.

CROSSED-EXAMINATION.

OLD STYLE.—Nervous Witness about to leave the box, when his progress is arrested by Counsel on the other side.

Counsel (sharply). Now, Sir, do you know the value of an oath?

Witness (taken aback). Why, yes—of course.

Coun. (pointing at him). Come, no prevarication! Do you understand the value, or do you not?

Wit. (confused). If you will allow me to explain—?

Coun. Come, Sir, you surely can answer Yes or No—now which is it?

Wit. But you will not let me explain—

Coun. Don't be impertinent, Sir! Explanation is unneeded. Mind, you have been sworn, so if you don't know the value of an oath, it will be the worse for you.

Wit. But you won't let me speak.

Coun. Won't let you speak!

Why, I can't get a word out of you. Now, Sir—in plain English—are you a liar or not?

Wit. (appealing to Judge). Surely, my Lord, he has no right to speak to me like this?

Judge. Be good enough to answer the Counsel's questions. I have nothing to do with it.

Coun. Now, Sir—once more; are you a liar, or are you not?

Wit. I don't think that's the way to speak to me—

Coun. Don't bully me, Sir! You are here to tell us the truth, or as much of it as you can.

Wit. But surely you ought to—

Coun. Don't tell me what I ought to do, Sir. Again; are you a liar, or are you not?

Wit. Please tell me how I am to reply to such a question?

Coun. You are not there to ask me questions, Sir, but to answer my questions to you.

Wit. Well, I decline to reply.

Judge (to Witness). Now you had better be careful. If you do not answer the questions put to you, it will be within my right to send you to gaol for contempt of Court.

Coun. Now you hear what his Lordship says, and now, once more, are you a liar, or are you not?

Wit. (confused). I don't know.

Coun. (to Jury). He doesn't know! I need ask nothing further!

[Sits down.]

Foreman (to Judge). May we not ask, my Lord, how you consider this case is being conducted?

Judge. With pleasure, Gentlemen! I will repeat what I remarked to the Master quite recently. I think the only word that will describe the matter is "noble." Distinctly noble!

[Scene closes in upon despair of Witness.]

NEW STYLE.—Arrogant Witness about to leave the box, when his progress is arrested by Counsel on the other side.

Coun. I presume, Sir, that—

Wit. (sharply). You have no right to presume. Ask me what you want, and have done with it.

Coun. (amiably). I think we shall get on better—more quickly—if you kindly attend to my questions.

Wit. Think so? Well, it's a matter of opinion. But, as I have an engagement in another place, be good enough to ask what you are instructed to ask, and settle the matter off-hand.

Coun. If you will allow me to speak—

Wit. Speak!—I like that! Why I can't get a rational word out of you!

Coun. (appealing to Judge). Surely, my Lord, he has no right to speak to me like this?

Judge. Be good enough to attend to the Witness. I have nothing to do with it.

Wit. (impatiently). Now, Sir, am I to wait all day?

Coun. (mildly). I really venture to suggest that is not quite the tone to adopt.

Wit. Don't bully me, Sir! I am here to answer any questions you like to put, always supposing that you have any worth answering.

Coun. But come—surely you ought to—

Wit. I am not here to learn my duty from you, Sir. You don't know your subject, Sir. How long have you been called?

Coun. I decline to reply.

Judge (to Counsel). Now you had really better be careful. I wish

to treat the Bar with every respect, but if you waste any more time I shall feel strongly inclined to bring your conduct before your Benchers.

Wit. You hear what his Lordship says. What are you going to do next?

Coun. (confused). I don't know.

Wit. (to Jury). He doesn't know! I needn't stay here any longer.

["Stands" down.]

Judge (to Jury). May I ask you, Gentlemen, how you consider this case is being conducted?

Foreman of the Jury. With pleasure, my Lord. We were all using the same word which exactly describes the situation. We consider the deportment of the Witness "noble." Distinctly noble.

[Scene closes in upon despair of Counsel.]

ROBERT IN A FOG!

WELL, if we ain't a been and had a werry pretty dose of reel London Fog lately, I, for one, shood like to kno when we did have one. As for its orful effectks upon tempers, speshally female ones, Well, it's about enuff to drive a pore Waiter, let alone a hard-workin, middel-aged Husband, stark staring mad!

However, thank goodness, I've got one werry grand xception, and he reglar cheers me up with his constant good humer.

I need ardlly say as it's my old Amerrycan friend, who has cum back to the Grand Hotel again, jest for to see what a reel London



Winter is like, and he bears it all, fog and all, splendidly. He was jest in time to see Lord MARE'S Sho from one of our best front winders, and if he didn't sit there and larf away as the pore soddened and soaked persession parsed by, speshally at the Lord MARE'S six gennelmen with their padded carves and pink silk stockings, I never seed a gennelman larf. "Why on earth, Mr. ROBERT," he says to me, "why don't they have it in the bewtiful Summer, for it's reelly a very splendid performunce?" To which I replied, rather smartly, becoz I was naterally rayther cross,

"Becoz it has allers bin held on the same honnerd day since the rain of Lord Mare ALLWINE, who rained seven hundred years ago." "And has probably rained ewer since," he larfingly replied, as he went out.

He thinks London a fine place for Theaters, and went sumware amost ewery nite afore the Fog begun; but that rayther tried him, speshally in the middle of the day; so he harsked me to tell him, from my long xperience, what was the best posserbel Lunch with which to fite agenst it. So I pulled myself together, and told him one of my good stories:—"One of our werry best City Judges, who is passed and gone, used to have a fat Buck sent to him wunce a year by the QUEEN, from Windsor Forest. He didn't care werry much for Wenson hisself, so he goes to BRING AND RYMER, wich is potical sort o' name, but it is the Turtel Firm, and he xchanges his Fat Buck for Turtel Lunches all through the cold, cold Winter, and they kep him helthy and strong for years."

"Then bring me one of his Lordship's Lunches at 2 o'clock sharp, to-day," said he, "and I'll try it." So I took him a scrumpshus bason of thick Turtel, and a pint Bottel of CLICKO'S rich Shampane, and he finisht the lot, and said, "Bring me xactly the same splendid lunch ewery day the fog lastes." And I did; and he told me as how it enabeld him to face it bravely.

Well, now for my foggy story. On that orful Toosday as ewer was, I was a going to cross Cheapside near the Post Office, when a stout elderly Lady arsked me to see her over, and, just as we got to the Statty, in the middel of the road, down she fell, and dragged me down with her. A most kind Perliceman rushed to our asistance, and saved us both. I then, luckily, got her a Cab, and took her home to — Square, and, after paying the Cabby jest what he chose to arsk, she arsked, with a sweet smile, if I shood be offended if she gave me jest a trifur for praps saving her life, as she said. I told her, as I was only a pore Waiter, I was used to tips and strays; so she gave me a reel gold sovering, and a good arty squeeze of the hand, and paid the Cabby to take me home, and finisht by saying, "If you ever want a trifur, Sir, you know where to get it." And all I has to add is, that I thinks as my better arf mite have been jest a leetel more grayshus, as I told her, with amost tears in my eyes, of the graitfool conduct of the Lady of — Square. ROBERT.

CHRISTMAS IN GERMANY.—"The beauties of Leadenhall and Farrington," said the D. T., "do not figure in 'der Hallen an der Spree.'" But in England, during Christmas time generally, we were "Hallen on der Spree." Rather!

"THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY."—A Morning Performance.

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LES FRANÇAIS PEINTS PAR EUX-MÊMES (ET ILLUSTRÉS PAR NOUS).

"O JULIETTE!" s'écria OSCAR, EN S'ASSEYANT À CÔTÉ D'ELLE SUR LA PIERRE TUMULAIRE, "ÉPOUSE DE MON MEILLEUR AMI! JE JURE QUE JE T'ADORE! JE JURE ICI, SUR LA TOMBE DE MA SAINTE MÈRE, QUI BÉNIT NOS AMOURS DE LÀ HAUT!"

"HARD TO BEER!"

(Advance-sheet from a projected Anti-Bacchanalian Tragi-farce, to be called "By Order of the Kaiser.")

SCENE—A Market Place in Berlin. German Students carousing. Emissary of the Emperor seated at table apart watching them. Apprehensive Waiters nervously supplying the wants of their Customers.

First German Student. Another flagon of beer, Kellner!

Waiter. Here, Mein Herr! (Brings glass and, as he places it on the table, whispers aside.) Oh, beware, my good Lord—this is your second glass.

First Ger. Stu. (with a laugh). I know what I am about! And now, my friends, I give you a toast—The Liberty of the Fatherland!

Chorus of Students. The Liberty of the Fatherland! [They all drink.]

Em. of the Emp. (apart). Ha!

[He makes an entry in his note-book.]

First Ger. Stu. And now fill another glass. Fill, my comrades—I pray you, fill! Kellner! glasses round—for myself and friends.

Kellner (as before—supplying their wants and warning them). Oh, my gracious Lord, be careful! Your third glass—mind now, your third glass; you know the risk you are running! But one false drop and you are lost!

First Ger. Stu. (as before). Well, my good friend, be sure you supply us with no drop that is not good! Ha, ha, ha! Eh, KARL! eh, CONRAD! eh, HANS! Did you hear my merry jest?

[They all laugh.]

Em. of the Emp. (as before). Ha! (making an entry in his note-book). And they laugh at a witless joke! Good! Very good!

First Ger. Stu. (joyously). And now, my comrades, yet another toast—The Prosperity of the People!

Chorus of Ger. Stu. (raising their glasses). The People!

[They all drink.]

Em. of the Emp. (apart) Ha!

[He makes an entry in his note-book.]

First Ger. Stu. And now, a final flagon! Kellner!

CABITAL!

SIR.—The proposal to extend the Cab Radius to five miles from Charing Cross is good in its way, but it does not go far enough. My idea is that the cheap cab-fare should include any place in the Home Counties. Cabmen should also be prevented by law from refusing to take a person, say, from Piccadilly to St. Albans, on the plea that their horse "could not do the distance." All assertions of that kind should be punished as perjury. Cabmen are notoriously untruthful. Why should not Cab Proprietors, too, be obliged to keep relays of horses at convenient spots on all the main roads out of Town in case a horse really proves unequal to going fifteen miles or so into the country, in addition to a hard day's work in London?—Yours unselfishly,
St. Albans. NORTHWARD HO!

SIR,—Why will people libel the Suburbs, and keep on describing them as dull? I am sure that a place which, like the one I write from, contains a Lawn Tennis Club (entrance into which we keep *very* select), a Circulating Library, where all the new books of two years' back are obtainable without much delay, a couple of handsome and ascetic young Curates, and a public Park, capable of holding twenty-six perambulators and as many nursemaids at one and the same time, can only fitly be described as an Elysium. Still, we should be grateful for better facilities for getting away from its delights now and then, and this proposal to extend the Cab Radius has the warmest support of
Yours,

EASILY SATISFIED.

SIR,—By all means let us have cheaper Cabs in Greater London! The County Council should subsidise a lot of Cabs, to ply exclusively between London and the outskirts. Or why not a Government Cab Purchase Bill, like the Irish Land Purchase one? We want a special Minister for Public Locomotion—perhaps Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL would accept the post?
Yours, spiritedly, HAMPSHIRE HEATHEN.

Kellner (as before). Oh, high-born customer, beware! This is your fourth glass! You know the law!

First Ger. Stu. (as before). That indeed I do! And I also know that my daily allowance is—or rather was—twelve quarts *per diem*! And now, comrades, our last toast—The Freedom of the Press!

Chorus of Ger. Stu. (raising their glasses). The Freedom of the Press!

[They all drink.]

Em. of the Emp. (apart). This is too much! (He rises, and approaches the Students.) Your pardon, Gentlemen! But do you really believe in the toasts you have just drunk?

Chorus of Stu. Why, certainly!

Em. of the Emp. What, in the Liberty of the Fatherland?

Chorus of Stu. To be sure—why not?

Em. of the Emp. And the Prosperity of the People—mind you, only the People?

Chorus of Stu. Exactly—don't you?

Em. of the Emp. And further. You wish well to the Freedom of the Press?

Chorus of Stu. That was our toast! What next?

Em. of the Emp. (producing staff of authority). That, in the name of His Majesty, I arrest you!

Chorus of Stu. (astounded). Arrest us! Why?

Em. of the Emp. Because, if you believe in the Liberty of the Fatherland, ask for the Prosperity of the People, and admire the Freedom of the Press, you must be drunk!—very drunk! In virtue of the new law (which punishes the crime of intoxication), away with them!

[The Students are loaded with chains, and imprisoned, for an indefinite period, in the lowest dungeon beneath the castle's moat. Curtain.]

OUR HUMOROUS COMPOSER.—What SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN said or sung before deciding on taking a Villa at Turbie, on the Riviera,—“Turbie, or not Turbie, that is the question.” He is now hard at work writing a new Opera (founded, we believe, on *Cox and Box*), and “I am here,” he says, in his quaint way, “because I don't want to be dis-turbie'd.”

THE "RETURNED EMPTY."



Returned Prodigal sings, to the tune of "Randy Pandey, O!" :—

WELL, here I'm back from Mashonaland!
 Mine's hardly a proud position.
 My ideas in going were vaguely grand,
 And—look at my present condition!

I may cool my heels on this packing-case;
 'Tis a little mite like me, Sir! [face,
 Say my "candid friends," as they watch my
 "O. I. C. U. R. M. T., Sir!"

I'm the prodigal GRANDY-PANDY, oh!
 Returned to my native landy, oh!
 With a big moustache, and but little cash,
 Though the latter would come in handy, oh!



"A VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTION."

Philistine Wife. "YOUR PAPER ISN'T AT ALL AMUSING JUST NOW. BUT THERE, I MUST CONFESS IT IS NOT EASY TO BE EITHER FUNNY OR WITTY EVERY WEEK."

Journalist (much worried). "NO, MY DEAR, MUCH EASIER TO BE ALWAYS DULL AND PROSAIC EVERY EVENING."

(He was about to add a personal illustration, but as, fortunately, he didn't, the subject dropped.)

Like the nursery Jack-a-dandy, oh!
I may "love plum-cake and candy," oh!
But tarts and toffies, or sweets of office,
Seem not—at present—for GRANDY, oh!

Well, I chucked them up,—was it *nous* or
pique?

Is the prodigal worst of ninnies?
The fatted calf, and the better half
Of his father's love—and guineas,—
May fall to his share as he homeward hies,
When the husks have lost their flavour.
My calf? Well, it does not greet my eyes,
And I don't yet sniff its savour.

I'm a prodigal GRANDY-PANDY, oh!
Retired from Mashona-land, oh!
I'm left like a laggard. GRIM RIDER
HAGGARD [oh!]

(Whose fiction is "blood-and-brandy,"
Says Africa always comes handy, oh!
For "something new." It sounds
grandy, oh!

But a telling new plot I'm afraid is *not*
The fortune of GRANDY-PANDY, oh!

Did they miss me much? Well, I fancy not;
(Though a few did come to greet me;)
The general verdict's "A very queer lot!"

Nor is SOL in a hurry to meet me.
He does not spy me afar off. No!
He would rather I kept my distance;
And if to the front I again should go,
'Twon't be with *his* assistance.
He deems me a troublesome GRANDY, oh!
In political harness not handy, oh!

I am out of a job, while BALFOUR is a nob,
That lank and effeminate dandy, oh!
Well, a prodigal son *may* be "sandy," oh!
I am off for a soda-and-brandy, oh!
And a "tub" at my Club, where I'm sure
of a snub
From the foes of returning GRANDY, oh!

THE CROSS-EXAMINER'S VADE MECUM.

Question. Have you a right to ask any question in Court?

Answer. Certainly, and the questioning is left to my discretion.

Ques. What do you understand by discretion?

Ans. An unknown quality defined occasionally by the Press and the Public.

Ques. Is the definition invariably the same?

Ans. No, for it depends upon the exigencies of the Press and the frivolity and fickleness of the Public.

Ques. Were you to refrain from questioning a Witness anent his antecedents, and subsequently those antecedents becoming known, his evidence were to lose the credence of the papers, what would be said of you?

Ans. That I had neglected my duty.

Ques. Were you to question a Witness on his past, and, by an interruption of the trial, that Witness's evidence were consequently to become superfluous, what would then be said of you?

Ans. That I had exceeded my duty.

Ques. Is it an easy matter to reconcile the interests of your clients with the requirements of Public Opinion?

Ans. It is a most difficult arrangement, the more especially as Public Opinion is usually composed of the joint ideas of hundreds of people who know as much about law as does a bed-post.

Ques. In the eyes of Public Opinion, whose commendation is the most questionable?

Ans. The commendation of a Judge, because it stands to reason (according to popular ideas) that a man who knows his subject thoroughly must be unable to come to any definite decision as to its merits.

Ques. And in the eyes of the same authority, whose commendation is the most valuable?

Ans. In the eyes of Public Opinion the most valuable commendation would come from a man who is absolutely ignorant of everything connected with a Counsel's practice, but who can amply supply this possible deficiency by writing a letter to the papers and signing himself "FAIR PLAY."

Ques. Is there any remedy for setting right any misconception that may have occurred as to the rights and wrongs of cross-examiners?

Ans. Yes, the Public might learn what the business of a cross-examiner really is.

Ques. I see, and having done this, can you recommend anything further?

Ans. Having learned a cross-examiner's business, the Public might then have time to attend—to its own!

THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

No. XXIII.

SCENE—*The Lower Hall of the Scuola di San Rocco, Venice. British Tourists discovered studying the Tintorets on the walls and ceiling by the aid of RUSKIN, HARE, and BÆDEKER, from which they read aloud, instructively, to one another. Miss PRENDERGAST has brought "The Stones of Venice" for the benefit of her brother and PODBURY. Long self-repression has reduced PODBURY to that unpleasantly hysterical condition known as "a fit of the giggles," which, however, has hitherto escaped detection.*

Miss P. (standing opposite "The Flight into Egypt," reading). "One of the principal figures here is the Donkey." Where is Mr. PODBURY? [To P., who reappears, humbly proffering a tin focusing-case.] Thanks, but you need not have troubled! "The Donkey... um—um—never seen—um—um—any of the nobler animals so sublime as this quiet head of the domestic ass"—(here BOB digs PODBURY in the ribs, behind Miss P.'s back)—"chiefly owing to the grand motion in the nostril, and writhing in the ears." (A spasmodic choke from PODBURY.) May I ask what you find so amusing?

Podb. (crimson). I—I beg your pardon—I don't know what I was laughing at exactly. (Aside to BOB.) Will you shut up, confound you!

A Stout Lady, close by (reading from HARE). "The whole symmetry of it depending on a narrow line of light." (Dubiously, to her Daughter.) I don't quite—oh yes, I do now—that's it—where my sunshade is—"the edge of a carpenter's square, which connects those unused tools"... h'm—can you make out the "unused tools," ETHEL? I can't... But he says—"The Ruined House is the Jewish Dispensation." Now I should never have found that out for myself. (They pass to another canvas.) "TINTORET denies himself all aid from the features... No time allowed for watching the expression"... (That reminds me—what is the time by your bracelet, darling?) "No blood, no stabbing, or cutting... but an awful substitute for these in the chiaroscuro." (Ah, yes, indeed! Do you see it, love?—in the right-hand corner?) "So that our eyes"—(comfortably)—"seem to become blood-shot, and strained with strange horror, and deadly vision." (Not one o'clock, really?—and we've to meet Papa outside Florian's, for lunch at one-thirty! Dear me, we mustn't stay too long over this room.)

A Solemn Gentleman (with a troublesome cough, who is also provided with HARE, reading aloud to his wife). "... Further enhanced by—rook—rook—rook!—a largely-made—rook—rook!—farm-servant, leaning on a—ork—ork—ork—ork—or—ook!—basket. Shall I—ork!—go on?

His Wife. Yes, dear, do, please! It makes one notice things so much more!

[The Solemn Gentleman goes on.]

Miss P. (as they reach the staircase). Now just look at this Titian, Mr. PODBURY! RUSKIN particularly mentions it. Do note the mean and petty folds of the drapery, and compare them with those in the TINTORETS in there.

Podb. (obediently). Yes, I will,—a—did you mean now—and will it take me long, because— [Miss PRENDERGAST sweeps on scornfully.]

Podb. (following, with a desperate effort to be intelligent). They don't seem to have any Fiammingoes here.

Miss P. (freezingly, over her shoulder). Any what, Mr. PODBURY? Fiammingoes?

Podb. (confidently, having noted down the name at the Accademia on his shirt-cuff). No, "Ignoto Fiammingo," don't you know. I like that chap's style—what I call thoroughly Venetian.

[Well-informed persons in front overhear and smile.]

Miss P. (annoyed). That is rather strange—because "Ignoto Fiammingo" happens to be merely the Italian for "an unknown Fleming," Mr. PODBURY.

[Collapse of PODBURY.]

Bob. (aside to PODBURY). You great owl, you came a cropper that time! [He and PODBURY indulge in a subdued bear-fight up the stairs, after which they enter the Upper Hall in a state of preternatural solemnity.]

The Solemn G. Now what I want to see, my dear, is the ork—ork—angel that RUSKIN thinks TINTORETTO painted the day after he saw a rook—kie—kie—kingfisher.

[BOB nudges PODBURY, who resists temptation heroically. Miss P. (reading). "... the fig-tree which, by a curious caprice, has golden ribs to all its leaves."—Do you see the ribs, Mr. PODBURY.]

Podb. (feebly). Y—yes. I believe I do. Think they grew that sort of fig-tree formerly, or is it—a—allegorical?

Miss P. (receiving this query in crushing silence). The ceiling requires careful study. Look at that oblong panel in the centre—with the fiery serpents, which RUSKIN finely compares to "winged lampreys." You're not looking in the right way to see them, Mr. PODBURY!

Podb. (faintly). I—I did see them—all of them, on my honour I did! But it gives me such a crick in my neck!

Miss P. Surely TINTORET is worth a crick in the neck. Did you observe "the intense delight in biting expressed in their eyes?"

Bob. (frivolously). I did. 'PATIA—exactly the same look I observed last night, in a mosquito's eye.

[PODBURY has to use his handkerchief violently.]

The Stout Lady. Now, ETHEL, we can just spend ten minutes on the ceiling—and then we must go. That's evidently JONAH in the small oval. (Referring to plan.) Yes, I thought so,—it is JONAH. RUSKIN considers "the whale's tongue much too large, unless it is a kind of crimson cushion for JONAH to kneel upon." Well, why not?

Ethel. A cushion, Mother? what, inside the whale!

The Stout Lady. That we are not told, my love—"The submissiveness of Jonah is well given"—So true—but Papa can't bear being kept waiting for his lunch—we really ought to go now. [They go.]

The Solemn G. (reading). "There comes up out of the mist a dark hand." Have you got the dark hand yet, my dear?

His Wife. No, dear, only the mist. At least, there's something that may be a branch; or a bird of some sort.

The S. G. Ha, it's full of suggestion—full of suggestion!

[He passes on, coughing.]

Miss P. (to PODBURY, who is still quivering). Now notice the end one—"the Fall of Manna"—not that end; that's "the Fall of Man." RUSKIN points out (reading)—"A very sweet incident. Four or five sheep, instead of pasturing, turn their heads to catch the manna as it comes down" (here BOB catches PODBURY'S eye) "or seem to be licking it off each other's fleeces." (PODBURY is suddenly convulsed by inexplicable and untimely mirth.) Really, Mr. PODBURY, this is too disgraceful! [She shuts the book sharply and walks away.]

Outside; by the landing-steps.

Miss P. BOB, go on and get the gondola ready. I wish to speak to Mr. PODBURY. (To PODBURY, after BOB has withdrawn.) Mr. PODBURY, I cannot tell you how disgusted and disappointed I feel at your senseless irreverence.

Podb. (penitently). I—I'm really most awfully sorry—but it came over me suddenly, and I simply couldn't help myself!

Miss P. That is what makes it so very hopeless—after all the pains I have taken with you! I have been beginning to fear for some time that you are incorrigible—and to-day is really the last straw! So it is kinder to let you know at once that you have been tried and found wanting. I have no alternative but to release you finally from your vows—I cannot allow you to remain my suitor any longer.

Podb. (humbly). I was always afraid I shouldn't last the course, don't you know. I did my best—but it wasn't in me, I suppose. It was awfully good of you to put up with me so long. And, I say, you won't mind our being friends still, will you now?

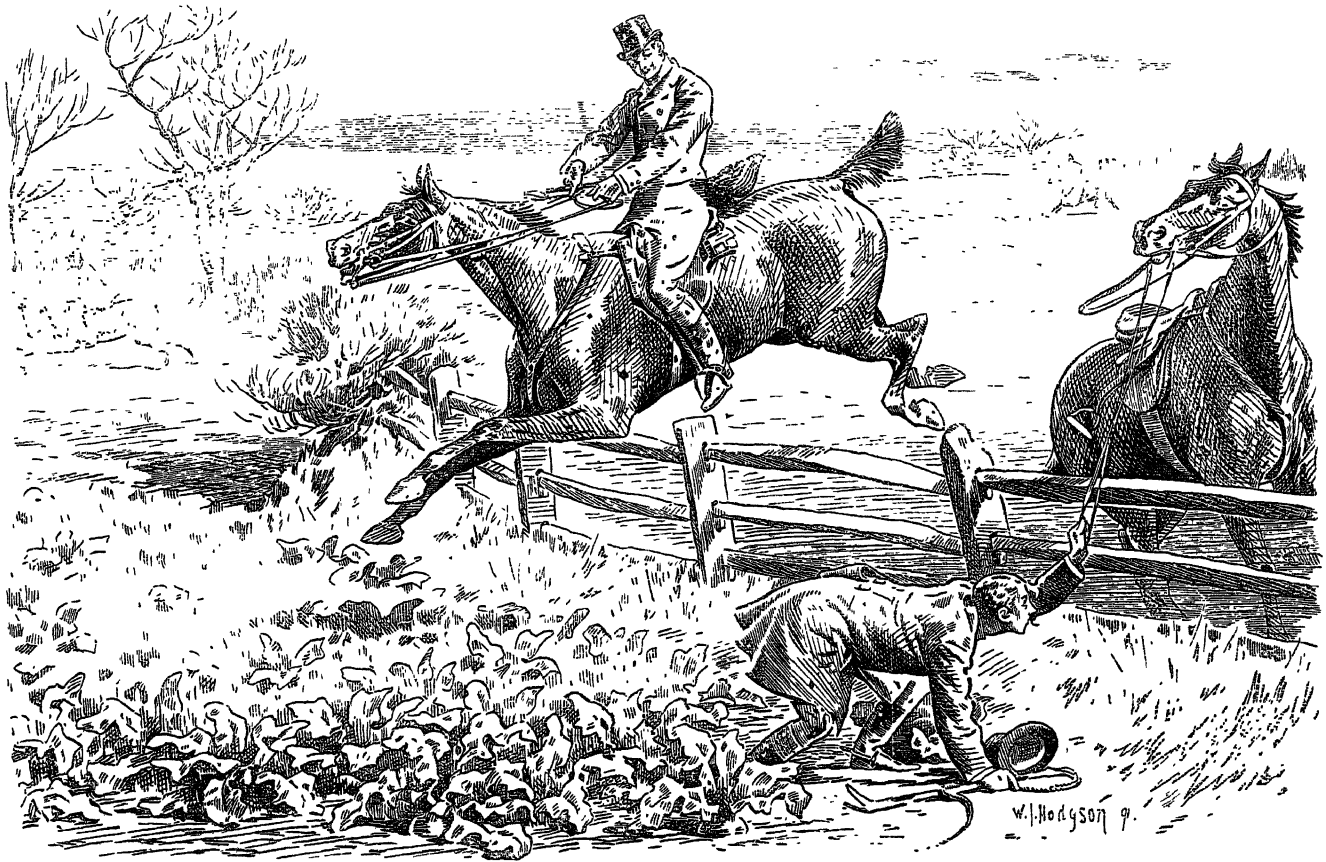
Miss P. Of course not. I shall always wish you well, Mr. PODBURY—only I won't trouble you to accompany me to any more galleries!

Podb. A—thanks. I—I mean, I know I should only be in your way and all that. And—I'd better say good-bye, Miss PRENDERGAST. You won't want me in the gondola just now, I'm sure. I can easily get another.

Miss P. Well—good-bye then, Mr. PODBURY. I will explain to BOB.



"A Solemn Gentleman, with a troublesome cough, reading aloud to his Wife."



Hard-riding Individual (to Friend, whose Horse has refused with dire results). "HELLO! CHARLEY, OLD MAN, HOW ARE TURNIPS LOOKING DOWN IN THAT NEIGHBOURHOOD?"

[She steps into the gondola; BOB raises his eyebrows in mute interrogation at POBBURY, who shakes his head, and allows the gondola to go without him.

POBB. (to himself, as the gondola disappears). So that's over! Hanged if I don't think I'm sorry, after all. It will be beastly lonely without anybody to bully me, and she could be awfully nice when she chose. . . . Still it is a relief to have got rid of old TINTORER, and not to have to bother about BELLINI and CIMA and that lot . . . How that beggar CULCHARD will crow when he hears of it! Shan't tell him anything—if I can help it. . . . But the worst of getting the sack is—people are almost bound to spot you. . . I think I'll be off to-morrow. I've had enough of Venice!

ONLY FANCY!

IN the admirably-compiled columns of "This Morning's News," given in the *Daily News*, we read with interest a paragraph occasionally appearing, furnishing information as to prices current in the Provision Market. We have made arrangements to supply our readers with something of the same character, which cannot fail to be valued in the household.

From numerous sources of information, we learn that prime English beef is underdone, which causes rather a run on mutton. *Revenons*, &c., is the watchword in many households. Poultry flies rather high for the time of year, and grouse is also up. Grice—why not? plural of mouse, mice—grice, we say, are growing more absent, and therefore dearer. Black game is not so darkly hued as it is painted, and a few transactions in wild duck are reported. Lard is hardening, as usual in frosty weather. Hares are not so mad as in



A Pair of 'Eels.

March, still, on the approach of a passer-by, they go off rapidly. Rabbits, especially Welsh ones, are now excellent. As Christmas recedes, geese have stopped laying golden eggs. Turkey (in Europe, at least) is in high feather. Brill is now in brilliant condition; soles are right down to the ground, whilst eels begin to show themselves in pairs. Halibut is cheap, but sackbut is scarce, and psaltery requires such prolonged soaking before it is fit for the table, that purchasers fight shy of anything but small parcels. As for plaice, a large dealer tells us he has been driven to the conclusion that there is "no plaice like home."

We hear of a curious incident in connection with the revival of *Henry the Eighth* at the Lyceum. On Saturday night, a gentleman who had witnessed the play from the Stalls and carefully sat it out, demanded his money back as he went out. He did so on the ground that he had always understood that *Henry the Eighth* was by SHAKESPEARE, and found it credibly asserted that that gentleman had no part in the authorship of the piece. Mr. BRAM STOKER, M.A., was called to the assistance of the box-keeper, and ably discussed the point. Whilst declining to commit himself to the admission that SHAKESPEARE had no hand in the work, he quoted authority which assigned the authorship to FLETCHER and MASSENGER; in which case, he ingeniously argued, the authorship being dual, the price of the Stalls ought to be doubled. Conversation taking this turn, the gentleman, whose name did not transpire, withdrew.

Miss JANE COBDEN, ex-Alderman of the London County Council, who has long pluckily championed Woman's Rights, has now, according to an announcement in the papers, determined to assert her own, and get married. *C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas—Aldermanic.*

A telegram from Berlin states that Dr. PFEIFFER, a son-in-law of Professor KOCH, has succeeded in discovering the cause of influenza and its infection in a bacillus, which, when seen under the microscope, appears in the shape of a most minute rod. The best thing that can be done with this rod is to put it in pickle, and keep it there.

It is satisfactory to know that, at the approaching revival of *Hubando, the Brigand*, the handkerchiefs used by the Brigands in their famous scene of contrition at the end of the Third Act, are entirely of British manufacture. We understand that they are from the looms of Messrs. PUFF AND RECLAME.

In the First Act of the same piece, it will be remembered that the bridal party is captured whole by *Hubando*, disguised as a mendicant, in the recesses of one of the forests of the Abruzzi. The real pine-trees, which are to figure in the foreground of this striking scene, have been grown, with immense labour and expense, in the well-known nurseries of Messrs. WEEDEN AND POTTER, at Ditchington. The mendicant's rags, it should be added, are from one of our most celebrated slop-shops in the Ratcliff Highway.



TRIUMPH OF ART OVER NATURE.

Serious Artist. "I THINK YOU KNEW THE MODEL FOR THIS FIGURE—POOR BEGGAR, DEAF AND DUMB."

Light-hearted Friend. "I KNOW,—USED TO SIT AT CORNER OF STREET. DEAF AND DUMB! BY JOVE, YOU'VE MADE A *SPEAKING* LIKENESS OF HIM! WONDERFUL!"

"THERE'S THE RUB!"

(An Old Story with a New Application.)

Champion Bill-Poster, loquitur:—

"BILL-STICKERS beware!" Ah! that's all very well, [ing.]
A wondrously wise, if conventional, warn-
But I'm the legitimate "Poster"—a swell
In the paste-pot profession, all "notices" scorn-
ing.

A brush surreptitious, and Bills unofficial,
No doubt, are a nuisance to people of taste,
To Order offensive, to Law prejudicial,
But who can object to my pot and my paste?

'Tis time that this Poster were up! *Slap-dap-slosh!*
I think it a telling one. Brave, Big, Blue
Some rivals about, but their programmes won't wash;
Those Newcastle noodles must own us their

I'm Champion Bill-Poster! Even Brum JOEY.

Who flouted me once will acknowledge that fact.

My Bills are so goey, and fetching, and showy,
My paste so adhesive, my brush so exact!

Slap-slop-slither-slosh! There's "stick-phast," if you like.

Bill-sticking like this is an Art, and no error.

Bold letters, brave colour! A poster to strike,—

Admiration with some, and with some, perhaps, terror.

I wish I quite knew that the former preponderate,—

That is, *sufficiently*. Mutterings I hear,—
But there, 'tis a Bill to admire, and to wonder at.

Why, after five seasons' success, should I fear?

Hist! What is that? Thought I heard a low grunt.

Hope not, I'm sure, for I'm sick of stye-voices [brunt;

ARTHUR of those, has no doubt, borne the Now in a semi-relief he rejoices

Pigs are fit only for styes and nose-ringing.

Never let Irish ones run loose and root,
Rather wish ARTHUR were less sweet on flinging
Pearls before pigs; as well feed 'em on fruit.

Hrump! There, I thought so! *Hrump!* *hrump!* What a pest!

Sure that big brute has his eye on my ladder.
Has ARTHUR loosed him? He thinks he knows best,

But a nasty spill *now!*—nothing well could be sadder

Brutes always rub their broad backs and stiff bristles [lor!

Against—anything that comes handy. Oh
How the brute shoulders, and snorts, grunts and whistles!

Off to the gutter, you big Irish boar!

Not he! He nears me! It is ARTHUR's pet.
Light ladder this; would capsize in a jiffy.

His bristles he'd scrape and his tusks he would whet

Against it. I wish he were drowned in the Liffey!

Whisht! Get away! He's so heavy and big.
There! round the ladder he's playing the fooler. [Pig!

Ah! there's the rub. PATRICK scumfish that
If he doesn't mean devilry I'm a—Home Ruler!
[Left fidgeting.]

UNASKED.

UNASKED, the Tax-Collector wild
Presents to smirking MARY his
Demand—on what the Roman styled
"Kalendis Januarius."

Unasked, a Christmas-box to gain,
Sweeps, lamplighters, and postmen come;
Unasked—too often to remain—
The wife's mammas of most men come.

Unasked, it looms—that ophicleide
From Germany, with melodies
Whereat the cow of story died;
Whereat a modern fellow dies.

Unasked, partakes my Christmas cheer,
(Whom oft, my front-door bell at, I've
Surprised, the better much for beer)—
My Cook's fraternal relative.

Unasked, my bills appear in shoals,
"With compliments" from creditors;
Unasked, in verse I send my soul's
Throbs—with a stamp—to Editors.

Unasked, that editorial pack
Return my "throbs" in heavy, new,
Crisp envelopes, unstamped, alack!
While I defray the Revenue.

MRS. RAM's nephew was reading aloud the prospectus of the Clerical, Medical, and General Life Assurance Society. She was much impressed by the idea of Clerical Assurance, and expressed herself greatly pleased at the Ven. Archdeacon FARRAR being one of the Directors. "But what puzzles me," observed the excellent lady, "is a paragraph headed 'Disposal of the Surplice.' I know that, years ago, there was a 'surplice difficulty.' But I thought that had been disposed of. Or," she added, brightening up, as if struck by a happy solution of the difficulty, "does it mean that the Clerical Assurance Society means to take in washing? Most useful if they do, and so paying."

DEFINITION OF "CHAFF."—The husk of Wit.



“THERE’S THE RUB!”

BILL-POSTER (*uneasily*). “IF THAT PIG DON’T MEAN DEVILTRY, I’M A—SEPARATIST!”

PLAYING OLD HARRY AT THE LYCEUM.

"I ONCE did manage to make a cast correctly," writes ANDREW LANG, in his charming book anent the sport and pastime of fishing, and if ever HENRY IRVING made a cast to catch the public, it is now, when he uses as his bait SHAKSPEARE'S *Henry the Eighth*, got up in a style which emphatically "beats the record," so utterly "regardless of expense" is it, with well-tried, responsible actors, in what

may be called minor parts, though the majority of the *dramatis personæ* are on a fair dramatic equality, and with OUR ELLEN TERRY, as *Queen Katharine*, and himself as the great Lord Cardinal.

The first difficulty that HENRY IRVING had to face—literally to face—was that by no sort of art could he make up his features to be an exact portrait of CARDINAL WOLSEY. Personally, I prefer Mr. IRVING'S picture of WOLSEY to the extant portraits, which concur in representing him as a heavy, jowly-faced man, who might be taken as a model for one of GUSTAVE DORÉ'S eccentric-looking ecclesiastics in



The Magnetic Lady.

the *Contes Drolatiques*, rather than as the living presentment of the great Chancellor, Statesman, and Churchman who ruled a cruel, crafty, sensual tyrant, and successfully guided the policy of England at home and abroad. HENRY IRVING'S *Cardinal* is a grand figure, courtly, though somewhat too cringing withal, evidently despising the various means he uses to further the end he has in view, and looking upon the Lords, Courtiers and all around him as merely puppets, whose strings he holds to work them as he will.

Then, after seeing him as Sole Adviser of the Crown, after seeing him as Highest Judge in the Ecclesiastical Divorce Court in such splendid state as our Judge JEUNE may eye with envy, after seeing



"Go to," Norfolk and Suffolk!

him in his own Palace, most courteous as Grand Master and liberal Provider of Right Royal Revels, he is exhibited to us in the deserted Hall, a spectacle for gods and men (that is, shown to the Gallery and the rest of the audience), the single figure of the Great Cardinal, fallen from his high estate; and to him, in place of all his princely retinue, comes his one faithful servant, CROMWELL, supporting his

dying master, for dying he is, as he staggers feebly from the Palace at Bridewell. It is difficult to call to mind any situation in any play more genuinely affecting in its simplicity than this. The audience is held spell-bound,—yet, for my part, I should have welcomed a greater variety in tone and action.

Miss ELLEN TERRY'S *Queen Katharine* is a "very woman." You can see how she has caught the King, and how she still holds him. She loves him, actually loves him, to th' last to respect him is impossible, but she respects herself; and it is just this love for him, for what he was, not what he is, and her respect for herself, which Miss ELLEN TERRY marks so forcibly. *Katharine* is a foreigner, therefore is her bearing, though stately, less stolid than that of the typical English Tragedy Queen. The note of her



The Cardinal's Train de Luxe.

dying scene, so striking by its simplicity, is its perfect tranquillity. Who's *Griffith*? Why the veteran HOWE (ah, Howe, When and Where did I first see you, Sir? Wasn't it in the days when good old Mortonian farces were the attraction at the Haymarket?) is "the safe man," and excellently well did he deliver his epitaph on *Wolsey*. But all are good, not forgetting our old friend the sterling, that is the ARTHUR STIRLING actor as *Cranmer*, and the youthful GILLIE FARQUHAR, unrecognisable as *Lord Sands*, looking as ancient as if he were The Sands of Time.

This revival is bound to have a long—it may be an unprecedentedly long—run. All of us dearly love a show. Moreover, 'tis educational; and the School Board should issue an Examination-paper on the history of HENRY THE EIGHTH and his times as exemplified by Mr. IRVING & Co. at the Lyceum.

JACK-IN-THE-BOX.



Ellen Terry as Kate.

P.S.—The cost of production of *Henry the Eighth* at the Lyceum was £250,000 3s. 6½d. Mr. IRVING'S nightly expenses are £10,999 2s. 5½d. I thought it had been more, but the above information comes to me from a person whose veracity I should not like to question, except with the boundless sea between us.

CON. FOR THE C. O. S.—When SHAKSPEARE said, "The quality of mercy is not strained," did he mean that it was not strained through a Charity Organisation Society?

"READING between the Lines" is a dangerous occupation—when there's a Train coming.



SKETCHES IN THE SADDLE BY OUR SPECIAL SPORTING ARTIST ON THE SPOT.

CONFESSIONS OF A DUFFER.

I.—GOLF.

THE Fairies who came to my Christening provided me with a large collection of toys, implements, and other articles. There was a heart, a tender one, a pen of gold, a set of Golf-clubs, a bat, wickets, and a ball, oars and a boat, boxing gloves, foils, guns, rifles, books, everything, except ready money, that heart could desire. Unluckily one Fairy, who was old, deaf, plain, and who had not been invited, observed, "It is all very well, my child, but not one of these articles shall you be able to use satisfactorily." This awful curse has hung heavy on my doom. With a restless desire to shine and excel, at Lord's, on the river, on the Moors, in the forests, in Society, on the Links, bitter personal experience and the remarks of candid friends, tell me that the doom has come upon me. I am "an all-round Duffer," as my youngest nephew, *etate* XI., freely informed me, when I served twice out of court (once into the conservatory, the other time through the study window). I was a Duffer at marbles, also at tops, and my personal efforts in these kinds were constantly in liquidation. But what are marbles and tops! The first regular game I was entered at was Golf. Five is not too early to begin, and I began at five by being knocked down with a club which another small boy was brandishing. This naturally gave me an extreme zeal for the sport of MARY STUART, the Great Marquis of MONTROSE, CHARLES EDWARD (who introduced Golf into Italy), DUNCAN FORBES of Culloden, Mr. HORACE HUTCHINSON, and other eminent historical characters.

Almost everybody now knows that Golf is not Hockey. Nobody runs after the ball except young ladies at W—m—n! The object is to put a very small ball into a very tiny and remotely distant hole, with engines singularly ill adapted for the purpose. There are many engines. First there is the Driver, a long club, where-with the ball is supposed to be propelled from the tee, a little patch of sand. The Tee and the Caddie have nothing to do with each other; nobody but a flippant Cockney sees any fun in plays upon words which, in themselves, are only too serious. Then there is a weapon called a Brasse. It is like unto a club, but is shod with brass, and is used for hitting a ball in "a bad lie" among long grass or heather.

A small tomahawk, styled a Cleek, is employed when you don't know what else to play with. The same remark applies to an Iron, which is very good for missing the ball with, also for hitting to square leg when you meant to go straight. A "Mashy" is a smaller "iron." The skilful use these when the ball lies in sand, in gorse, or when they wish to make the ball soar for a short distance and then fall dead. A Putter is a short thickish club used for joggling the ball into the hole with. There are plenty of other kinds of clubs, also spoons, but these are enough to break the heart of any Duffer.

I am an old player, of forty years' standing, but, like *Parolles* I was "made for every man to breathe himself on." When my form is espied near the links, the players shirk off as if I were a leper. They are afraid I may want to make a match with them, and there is no falsehood from which they will shrink, in their desire to escape me. Even Ladies,—but this is a delicate theme. Beginners breathe themselves on me, and give me odds after two or three engagements.

Yet I don't know why I am so bad. True, I am short-sighted, never see the flag at the hole, play in the wrong direction, and talk a good deal on topics of academic interest during the round. The Golfer's mind should be a blank, and generally is "blank enough," like *Sir Tor's* shield. My mind is, perhaps, too active—that may be what is the matter with me. It is the same thing at

whist—but of this hereafter. My Caddie, or arm-bearer, has his own views about the causes of my incompetence.

"Ye're no standing richt. Ye haud yer hands wrang. Ye tak' yer ee off the ba'. Ye're ower quick up. Ye're ower slow down. Ye dinna swing. Ye fa' back. Ye haud ower ticht wi' yer richt hand. Ye dinna let your arms gang easy. Ye whiles tap, and whiles slice, and whiles heel, or ye hit her aff the tae. Ye're hooking her. Ye're no thinking o' what ye're doing. Ye'll never be a Gowfer. Lord! ony man can lairn Greek, but Gowf needs a heid."

Here are fifteen ways of going wrong, and there is only one way of going right! Fifteen things to think of, every time you take a driver in hand. And, remember, that is not nearly all. These fifteen fatal errors apply to long driving. You may (or at least I may, and do) make plenty of other blunders with the other weapons. Say the ball lies in sand—"a bunker," technically. If you hit it whack on the top, it disappears in a foot-mark. If you "tak' plenty o' sand," why, you get plenty of sand in your mouth, your eyes, down the back of your neck, and the ball is no forwarder. If you strike her quite clean, she goes like a bullet against the face of

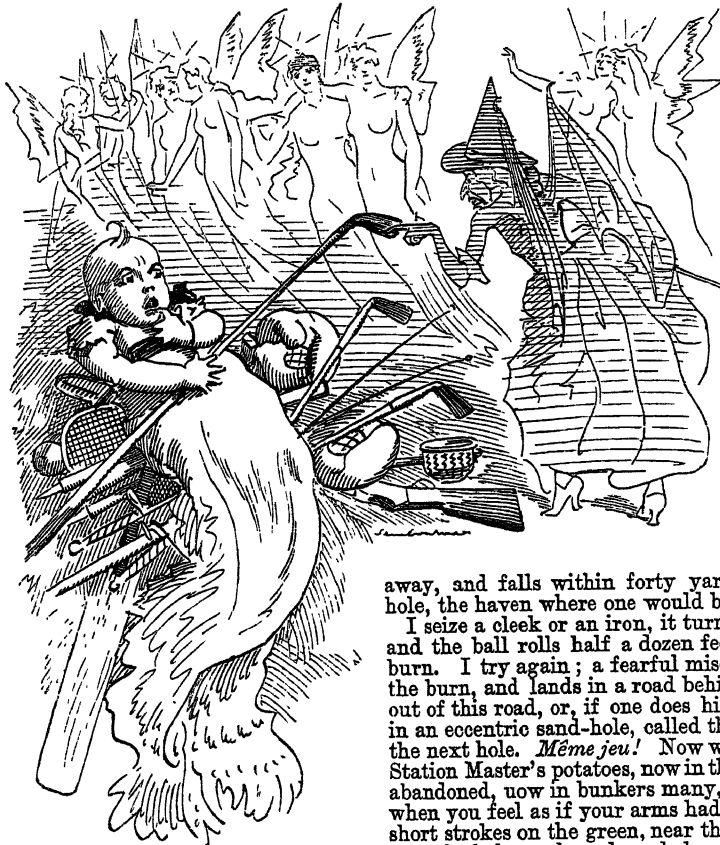
the bunker, soars in the air, falls on your head, and you lose the hole! Oh, Golf is full of bitterness!

Suppose we play a round. The ball is neatly "tee'd" on a patch of sand. I approach, I shuffle with my feet for a secure footing, I waggle my club in an airy manner. Then I take it up and whack it down. A variety of things may occur. I may smite the top of the ball, when it runs on for twenty yards and lies in a rut on the road. I may hit her on the heel of the club, when she spins, with much "cut" on, into the sea. I may hit her with the toe of the club, when she soars to square leg, and perhaps breaks a window. I used to try running in at the ball, as if it were a half-volley at Cricket, but that way lies madness. However, suppose that, in a lucid interval (as will happen), I hit her clean. She soars

away, and falls within forty yards of a meandering burn. The hole, the haven where one would be, is beyond the burn.

I seize a cleek or an iron, it turns in my hand, cuts up the turf, and the ball rolls half a dozen feet. My opponent has crossed the burn. I try again; a fearful misdirected shot; the ball soars over the burn, and lands in a road behind the hole. There is no hitting out of this road, or, if one does hit a desperate blow, the ball lands in an eccentric sand-hole, called the Scholar's Bunker. We start for the next hole. *Même jeu!* Now we are in the gorse, now among the Station Master's potatoes, now in the railway, where all hope may be abandoned, now in bunkers many, now missing the ball altogether, when you feel as if your arms had flown off. As for "putting" the short strokes on the green, near the hole, if I hit sharp, the ball runs over the hole yards and yards beyond, or if I hit mild, it stops with an air of plaintive resignation, after dribbling for a foot or two. And the worst of it is that, sometimes, you will play as well as another for half-a-dozen holes. Then one thinks one has The Secret! But it falls from us, vanishes, we are topping and slicing, and heeling, and missing again as sorrowfully as ever.

The beauty of Golf is that there are so many ways of going wrong, and so many things to think of. A person of very moderately active mind has his ideas diverted by the landscape, the sea, the blossom on the gorse, the larks singing overhead, not to mention the whole system of the universe. He forgets to keep his eye on the ball, in devoting his energy to holding tight with his left, and being slow up. Or he remembers to keep his eye on the ball, and forgets the other essentials. Then an awful moment comes when he loses his temper. Thereby all is lost, honour (not to mention "the honour") and everything. People in front, old people, are so provoking. They potter tardily along, pass ten minutes in considering a putt, shout and swear if you hit into them, and are not pleased if you sit down and smoke while you wait. The only entity that I don't lose my temper with is my partner. The worse he plays, the better am I pleased to have a brother in adversity. The subjective Golfer, however, is certainly a bore. He is "put off" by every simple circumstance, by his opponent wearing an unbecoming cap and the like. Afterwards, he will hold forth for hours on all his sorrows and



all the sins of others. The Duffer is more modest and less apologetic. He is kept always playing (as I said) by the diabolical circumstance that he has lucid intervals, though rarely, when he plays like other people for three or four holes. I once, myself did the long hole in—but never mind. Nobody would believe me. The most amiable of Duffers was he who, after ten strokes in a bunker, cut his ball into three parts. "I am bringing it out," he said, "in penny numbers."

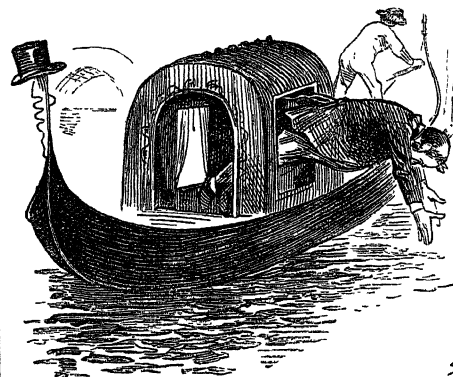
The born Duffer, I speak feelingly, is incurable. No amount of odds will put him on the level even of Scotch Professors. For the learned have divided Golf into several categories. There is Professional Golf, the best Amateur Golf, Enthusiasts' Golf, Golf, Beginners' Golf, Ladies' Golf, Infant Golf, Parlour Golf, the Golf of Scotch Professors. But the true Duffer's Golf is far, far below that. A Duffer like me is too bad for hanging. He should be condemned to play for life at Chorley Wood, or to bush-whack at Bungay.

FREE AND EASY THEATRES.—We have no sympathy whatever with the idea of a Théâtre Libre or with a Free-and-Easy Theatre, but we shall be very glad when all Theatres are made Easy, Easy, that is, as to sitting accommodation, and Easy of egress and ingress. But if the space is to be enlarged, will not the prices have to be enlarged too? 'Tis a problem in the discussion of which *The Players*, a new journal, solely devoted to things Dramatic and Theatrical, would find congenial employment.

VENICE AT OLYMPIA.

["The water in the canals is two feet in depth, and is kept at a temperature of sixty degrees." *Vide the Press on "Venice at Olympia."*]

O JANE, thou jewel of my heart—
Thou object of my hopeless passion,
Though Fate decrees that we must part,
I'll leave thee in some novel fashion!



I will not throw—as others throw—
My manly form, without compunction,
Before the frequent trains that go [tion.
At lightning speed through Clapham Junction.

For though my spirit seeks escape
From all the carking cares that vex it,
I will not plunge thee into crape
By any ordinary exit:
So when—in slang—I "take my hook,"
Detesting all that's mean and skimpy, a
Reserved and numbered seat I'll book,
And hie to Venice at Olympia.

I'll see the Show that draws the town—
Its pageantry delight affording—
As per the details noted down
Where posters flame on every hoarding;
And then the sixpence I will pay,
Which in my pocket now I'm fondling,
And try upon the water-way
The new experience of gondling.

I will not do as others do
When cheated of prospective bridal,
And quit the Bridge of Waterloo
With header swift and suicidal.

I will not seek—as others seek—
Some public-house in mean and low street,
And drink—till haled before the Beak
Who patiently presides at Bow Street.

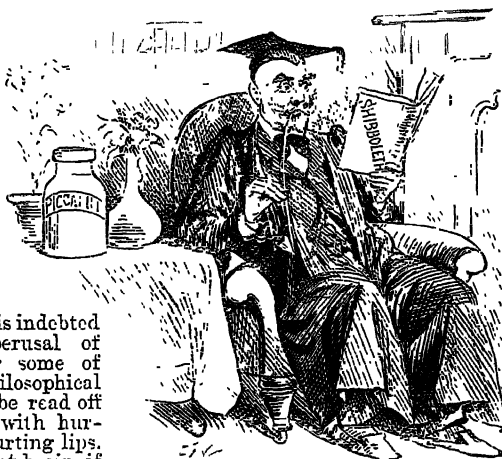
I know that death will seem delight
When in the gondola I'm seated,
For up to sixty Fahrenheit
The Grand Canal is nicely heated;
So—sick of life's incessant storm,
Impatient of its kicks and pinches—
I'll plunge within the water warm,
And drown—in four-and-twenty inches!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

AFTER copious draughts of novels and romances which, the morning after, leave the literary palate as dry as a lime-kiln, or as Mrs. RAM would say, "as a lamb-kin," the Baron, thirsting for a more satisfying beverage, took up a volume, which he may fairly describe as a youthful quarto, or an imperial pinto, coming from the CHAPMAN AND HALL cellars, that is, book-sellers, entitled *On Shibboleths*,

and written by W. S. LILLY. In a recent trial it came out that Mr. GEORGE MEREDITH is the accredited and professional reader for Messrs. CHAPMAN AND HALL. Is it possible that this eminently original Novelist is indebted to a quiet perusal of *Shibboleths* for some of the quaint philosophical touches not to be read off schoolboywise, with hurried ellipses, blurring lips, and unintelligent brain, if any, which make *One of Our Conquerors* and others, worth perusal? Be this as it may, to use a convenient shibbolethian formula, the Baron read this book, and enjoyed it muchly. There is an occasional dig into the Huxleian anatomy, given with all the politeness of a Louis-the-Fifteenthian "M.A.," otherwise *Maitre d'Armes*, and a passing reference to "The People's WILLIAM" and the carrying out of the People's will—which is quite another affair,—all, to quote Sir PETER, "vastly entertaining." The chapter on the Shibboleth "Education" is, thinks the Baron, about the best. Mr. LILLY is a Satirist who, as GEORGIUS MEREDITHIUS MAGNUS might express it, is, in his fervour, near a truth, grasps it, and is moved to moral distinctness, mental intention, with a preference of strong, plain speech, and a chuck of interjectory quotation over the crack of his whip, with which tramping active he flicks his fellows sharply. With which Meredithism concludes

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



PREUX CHEVALIER.

SIR,—The amazing popularity of the Costermonger Songs seems to me a significant phenomenon. While no humane person would deny to the itinerant vendor of comestibles that sympathy which is accorded to the joys and sorrows of his more refined fellow-creatures, it is impossible to view without alarm the hold which his loose and ungrammatical diction is obtaining in the most cultured salons of to-day. Anxious to minimise the danger, yet loth to check a sentiment of fraternity so creditable to our common humanity, I have devised a plan by which Mr. CHEVALIER's songs may be rendered in such-wise that while all their deep humanity is preserved, their English is so elevated as to be innocuous to the nicest sensibility. Permit me to give, just as a sample, my treatment of that very popular ballad, known, *rubesco referens*, as "Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road." Not being a singer, I have adopted Mr. CLIFFORD HARRISON's charming plan of speaking through the music of the song, and this is how I render the chorus:—

"How is it with you?" was the universal exclamation of the residents in the vicinity.

"With whom, WILLIAM, have you made an appointment?"

"Have you, WILLIAM, purchased all the house-property in this thoroughfare?"

"Were my risible faculties exercised?—you ask me. Nay. Indeed I was actually apprehensive of a fatal issue."

"So striking was the effect produced upon those in the ancient Cantian highway."

This, Sir, not only gives the sense, but gives it, I venture to claim, in a form fit for the apprehension of the most refined. Judging, too, by the reception it met with at our recent Penny Readings, I am convinced that Mr. CHEVALIER's peculiar humour is thoroughly preserved, for, indeed, many of the audience laughed till I became positively concerned for their safety.

Yours faithfully,

ROBERT BOWDLER SPALDING.

GOOD NEWS INDEED!

THAT fiendish malefactor, the Influenza Bacillus, has been caught at last! The peculiarity about him, confound him, is said to be his "immobility." Ugh! the hard-hearted infinitesimally microscopic monster! No tears, short-breathings, sighs, no groans, no sufferings, nothing will move him. There he remains, untouched, immobile. But there was one hopeful sign mentioned in the *Times* of last Saturday—the Bacillus was found "in chains, and in strings." Let the chains be the heaviest possible till he can be tried by a Judge and Jury; and don't resort to "strings" till the supply of chains has failed.

THE COVENT
GARDEN MASQUE.

MUMMING—masking—
masquerading;
Fanning—fun—fanfaro-
nading;
Dancing—duncing—deft
disguises;
Singing—supping—
strange (sur) prizes;
Galloping and gallivant-
ing
Couples much in need of
BANTING; [up
All the customary make-
CLARKSON'S customers
can fake up;
All the little childish
raiment,
Fatties don—for sylph
and fay meant;
Tally-hos and Hey-no-
nonnies:
Jackies—Jillies—Jennies
—Johnnies—
Barber's blockhead—no-
thing dafter—
Heralding "Before and
After":
"Auntie's Bottle Hot"—
a phial
Only for external trial—
Gems of London—gems of
Paris—
Arid gusts—AUGUSTUS
HARRIS—
Splitting mirth—some
garbs that split, too—
Aching heads next morn-
ing, ditto!

To BE AVOIDED.—An
Intemperate tone by a
Temperance lecturer.



Benevolent Stranger. "ALLOW ME, SIR, TO OFFER YOU A DRINK!"
Unfortunate Sportsman (just out of Brook). "THANKS; BUT I'VE HAD A DROP TOO
MUCH ALREADY!"

RESPECTABILITY.

"What is Respectability?"—*Daily Telegraph*,
Jan. 12.]

It's having money at the
Bank.
It's being a personage of
rank.
It's having spent three
years at College
With great, or little, gain
of knowledge.
It's going to Church
twice every Sun-
day,
And keeping in with Mrs.
GRUNDY.
It's clothes well-cut, and
shiny hat,
And faultless boots, and
nice cravat.
It may be Law, or Church,
or Ale,
Or Trade—on a sufficient
scale.
It's being "something in
the City."
It's carefully to shun
being witty.
It's letting tradesmen
live on credit.
It's "Oof"—to earn it,
or to wed it.

PROFESSOR JOLLY, of
Berlin, who, if his name
express his disposition,
ought to be a follower of
Mark Tapley, reckons
that twenty-five per cent.
of the inmates of asylums
have been inebriates. Is
the Professor "Jolly well
right?"

A DIALOGUE OF THE FUTURE.

SCENE—Rooms of a Cambridge Tutor.
PERSONS—A Tutor and an Undergraduate.

Tutor. I understand you were at Newmarket yesterday. Is that so?
Undergraduate. It is. I was.

Tutor. A shameless avowal. Are you aware that you have broken
one of the disciplinary regulations of
your College? I fear I must punish
you severely. Have you anything to say
why sentence should not be passed upon
you. [Assumes the black College Cap.

Undergraduate. Yes, Sir, I have.

Tutor. Then say it at once.

Undergraduate. I went to Newmarket
to see— [Hesitates.

Tutor. Proceed, Sir. Time presses.
You went to see what?

Undergraduate. As a matter of fact, I
was particularly anxious to see the Head
of the University.

Tutor. What do you mean, Sir?

Undergraduate. The chief Dignitary
of Cambridge, the Chancellor, the Duke
of DEVONSHIRE.

Tutor. You are trifling with me.

Undergraduate. Not at all, Sir. The
Chancellor was there in state. I saw
him. My curiosity was satisfied, and I
returned to Cambridge.

Tutor (after a pause). Ah, of course
that alters the case. If you can assure me you did not go for the
purpose of watching horse-races—

Undergraduate (breaking in). Certainly, Sir. I do give you the
assurance.

Tutor. That being so, I dismiss you with a caution.

[Exit Undergraduate. The Tutor is left pondering.



ANOTHER RURAL CONFERENCE.

[A Church Dignitary, writing to *The Globe*, suggests that the rural reform
most urgently needed is a better postal system in the shires.]

Radical Reformer (meeting Rural Labourer tramping to London).
Yours is a typical case, my man. You are a victim of our insensate
Land Laws, or exploded Feudalism. No doubt you are leaving
the country because you could not find employment there?

Rural Labourer. 'Tisn't that so much. Old
Gaffer always had summat for a man to do, I
can tell ye.

Radical Reformer. Glad to hear it, though
it's unusual. Then I suppose it is the intoler-
able dullness of the country that drives you
away from it.

Rural Labourer. 'Tisn't that either. Things
be a bit dull in winter-time, cert'nly. But
there—we've a Public, also a Free Reading
Room, and—

Radical Reformer (disappointed). Glad to
hear it, again, I'm sure, though that also is
unusual. Your house, now—rather, I ought to call it, your hovel,
perhaps—lets in the rain badly—reeks with damp—only one room,
and that a pigstye, eh?

Rural Labourer (offended). Come now, don't you call my house a
pigstye! Three good rooms, and not a bit o' damp or dirt about it.

Radical Reformer. Then the wages are low, and a tyrannical
landlord refuses allotments, eh?

Rural Labourer. Allotments! I could have as many as I wanted
for the asking. But there—I didn't want 'em, y' see, and I
didn't ask.

Radical Reformer (gravelled). Then would you explain to me what
is the real reason of your determination to quit the country for Town?

Rural Labourer (surprised). Why, don't you know? There was
only one collection and one delivery of letters daily! I couldn't
stand that, of course. I expect I shall find more in Lunnnon.

Good-day!





LE KHÉDIVE EST MORT! VIVE LE KHÉDIVE!
British Lion. "I HELPED YOUR FATHER AND I'LL STAND BY YOU."

Cardinal Manning.

BORN, JULY 15, 1808. DIED, JAN. 14, 1892.

ONE more great Voice gone silent! Friends
or foes,
None well could watch that long life's gentle
close

Without a softening thrill.
A valiant champion of the faith he held,
No conflict ever his strong courage quelled,
Or shook his steadfast will.

Yet, were that all, some well might turn
away

With custom's passing courtliness, to-day,
And bid a cold farewell

To the great priest, shrewd marshaller of men,
Subtle of verbal fence with tongue or pen,
Ascetic of the cell.

But there was more; and many a hundred
hearts,

Who not in cleric conflict played their parts,
Will mourn him well and long,
Friend of the poor, apart from creed or clique,
And ardent champion of the struggling weak
Against the selfish strong.

Toiler for Temperance, hastener on of Light,
In many a fray where right's at odds with
might,

Might's foes will miss their friend.
Farewell! It moves the common heart to
The crowning of so glorious a career [hear
By such a gracious end!

THE SANITARY CONGRESS AT VENICE.—Mrs. RAM's Nephew was talking on this subject, when his Aunt was heard murmuring to herself, "I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs;" then she looked up, and repeating the last word, observed, "Well, it never struck me before, often as I've heard that line quoted. But what an extraordinary thing to make a bridge of! I suppose it was painted over first, because I know that's how 'size' is commonly used."



A NEW FORM OF D. T.

The Irish Curate (to the New Vicar). "THAT POOR MAN, SIR, HAS ALWAYS GOT A SKELETON JUST IN FRONT OF HIM THAT FOLLOWS HIM ABOUT WHEREVER HE GOES!"

THE BOXING IMBROGLIO.

OH, SLAVIN, FRANK SLAVIN, you'd fain be a whacker
Of SULLIVAN, JOHN, but you can't find a backer,
While SULLIVAN, biggest of Yankee big fellows,
Blows froth all the time from his own patent bellows.
Well, fight if you must; I am sure you'll fight fair;
Bag his wind if you can, FRANK, but don't beat the air.

ONLY FANCY!

MR. CHAPLIN has, we hear, entered with native enthusiasm into his mission to the Agricultural Labourer. It was entirely his own idea. "The Liberals have their Rural Conferences," he said at a recent Cabinet Council, "and we should do something of the same kind; only we must go one better. Of course the delegates liked their trip to London (expenses paid, their free breakfast, their shake of Mr. GLADSTONE's hand, and the opportunity of gazing on the supple form of Mr. SCHNADHORST. That's all very well for them. But think of the hundreds of thousands green with jealousy because they weren't selected for the trip? These are all ripe to vote for us at the General Election if only delicately handled. What you want is a man of commanding presence, unfailing tact, a knowledge of horses, and some gift of oratory. If no one else occurs to you, I'll go." No one else did occur to the mind of the Cabinet. So the Minister of Agriculture set forth on his missionary enterprise.

We have been gratified by the receipt of many tokens of interest and appreciation elicited by our paragraph last week, reporting the state of the household markets. One takes the form of a parcel of Russian tongues. "These," writes our esteemed Correspondent (we omit complimentary preface), "should before cooking be soaked for a week in cold water, and then boiled for a day." We are not disposed to spoil a ship for a ha'porth of tar, and shall improve upon these generous instructions. Having spent a week and a day in personally directing the preliminary process, we intend to grill the tongues for thirty-six hours, fry them for an afternoon, stew them

for two days, hang them out of the window for five hours, and then bray them in a mortar. We fancy what is left will be worth eating.

RYMOND has been reading, with much interest, HENED's account of how he got the Influenza, and what he did with it. Apparently the first thing to do is, to "send for a thermometer," (as others would send for a Doctor), and take it to bed with you.

"Evidently," HENED writes last week in *his* journal, "when a person does not feel well, he should try his temperature, and, if it be abnormally high, he should go to bed, and stay there until it comes down."—"Of course," RYMOND observes, with rare lapse into cynicism, "when the bed comes down, he is bound to go."

MATRIMONY UP TO DATE.

[The Defendant in a recent breach of promise case wrote to his intended, "When we are married you will have to sit with me when I am queer."]

DEAR Ladies, who contemplate marriage,
And imagine you'll ride in a carriage,

With a house of your own, and your servants to wait for you,
I'm afraid there's a totally different fate for you.

When the word has been said, and the honeymoon's over,
And you're safely returned, say, from Folkestone or Dover,

If you see your hub ailing,

And painfully pining,

And you wish to be off, and not linger about him,

But enjoy to the full your new freedom without him,

Remember, remember,

From Jan. to December,

You must tie yourselves down, and be constantly near

With the pill-box and posset,

And all that may cosset

That bore of a husband, whenever he's queer.

CELA VA SANS DIRE.—In reply to the Salvationists' Solicitors, an opinion was given, signed by Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, with WIT. Why drag in WIT? When CHARLES RUSSELL's name appears, the wit is taken for granted.

THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

No. XXIV.

SCENE—*The Piazza of St. Mark at night. The roof and part of the façade gleam a greenish silver in the moonlight. The shadow of the Campanile falls, black and broad, across the huge square, which is crowded with people listening to the Military Band, and taking coffee, &c., outside the caffès. Miss TROTTER and CULCHARD are seated at one of the little tables in front of the Quadri.*

Miss T. I'd like ever so much to know why it is you're so anxious to see that Miss PRENDERGAST and me friendly again? After she's been treating you this long while like you were a toad—and not a popular kind of toad at that!

Culch. (*winning*). Of course I am only too painfully aware of—a certain distance in her manner towards me, but I should not think of allowing myself to be influenced by any—er—merely personal considerations of that sort.

Miss T. That's real noble! And I presume, now, you can't imagine any reason why she's been treating you so flat.

Culch. (*with a shrug*). I really haven't troubled to speculate

Who can tell how one may, quite unconsciously, give offence—even to those who are—er—comparative strangers?

Miss T. Just so. (*A pause.*) Well, Mr. CULCHARD, if I wanted anything to confirm my opinion of you, I guess you've given it me!

Culch. (*internally*). It's very unfortunate that she will insist on idealising me like this!

Miss T. Maybe, now, you can form a pretty good idea already what that opinion is?

Culch. (*in modest deprecation*). You give me some reason for inferring that it is far higher than I deserve.

Miss T. Well, I don't know that you've missed your guess altogether. Are you through your ice-cream yet?

Culch. Almost. (*He finishes his ice.*) It is really most refreshing!

Miss T. Then, now you're refreshed, I'll tell you what I think about you. (*CULCHARD resigns himself to enthusiasm.*) My opinion of you, Mr. CULCHARD, is that, taking

you by and large, you amount to what we Amurreeans describe as "a pretty mean cuss."

Culch. (*genuinely surprised*). A mean cuss? Me! Really, this unjustifiable language is most—!

Miss T. Well, I don't just know what your dictionary term would be for a man who goes and vows exclusive devotion to one young lady, while he's waiting for his answer from another, and keeps his head close shut to each about it. Or a man who backs out of his vows by trading off the sloppiest kind of flap-doodle about not wishing to blight the hopes of his dearest friend. Or a man who has been trying his hardest to get into the good graces again of the young lady he went back on first, so he can cut out that same dearest friend of his, and leave the girl he's haff engaged to right out in the cold. And puts it all off on the high-toned—est old sentiments, too. But I don't consider the expression, "a mean cuss," too picturesque for that particular kind of hero myself!

Culch. (*breathing hard*). Your feelings have apparently undergone a sudden change—quite recently!

Miss T. Well, no, the change dates back considerable—ever since we were at the Villa d'Este. Only, I like Mr. PODBURY pretty well, and I allowed he ought to have fair play, so I concluded I'd keep you around so you shouldn't get a chance of spoiling your perfectly splendid act of self-denial—and I guess I've kept you around pretty much all the time!

Culch. (*bitterly*). In other words, you have behaved like a heartless coquette!

Miss T. You may put it at that if you like. Maybe it wouldn't have been just the square thing to do if you'd been a different sort of man—but you wanted to be taught that you couldn't have all the fun of flirtation on your side, and I wasn't afraid the emotional strain was going to shatter you up to any serious extent. Now it's left off amusing me, and I guess it's time to stop. I'm as perfectly aware as I can be that you've been searching around for some way of getting out of it this long while back—so there's no use of your denying you'll be real enchanted to get your liberty again!

Culch. I may return your charming candour by admitting that my—er—dismissal will be—well, not wholly without its consolations.

Miss T. Then that's all right! And if you'll be obliging enough to hunt up my Poppa and send him along, I guess I can dispense with your further escort, and you can commence those consolations right away.

Culch. (*alone*). The little vixen! Saw I was getting tired of it, and took care to strike first. Clever—but a trifle crude. But I'm free now. Unfortunately my freedom comes too late. PODBURY's *Titania* is much too enamoured of those ass's ears of his—How the brute will chuckle when he hears of this! But he won't hear of it from me. I'll go in and pack and be off to-morrow morning before he's up!

Next Morning. In the Hall of the Grand Hotel Dandolo.

The German Porter (*a stately person in a gold-laced uniform and a white waistcoat, escaping from importunate visitors*). In von momentdt, Matam, I attend to you. You want a larcher roûm, Sare? You address ze manager, please. Your dronks, Laties? I haf zem brod down, yes.

A Lady. Oh, Porter, we want a gondola this afternoon to go to the Lido, and do try if you can get us BEPPO—that nice gondolier, you know, we had yesterday!

The Porter. Ach! I do nod know any nah-ice gondolier—zey are oal—I dell you, if you lif viz zem ade mons as me, you cot your troat—yes!

Another Lady. Porter, can you tell me the name of the song that man is singing in the barge there?

Porter. I gannot dell you ze name—because zey sing always ze same ting!

A Helpless Man in knickerbockers (*drifting in at the door*). Here, I say. We engaged rooms here by telegram from Florence. What am I to give these fellows from the station? *Combien*, you know!

Porter. You gif zem two franc—and zen zey vill gromble. You haf engage roûms? yes. Zat vill pe oal rahit—Your loggage in ze gondola, yes? I haf it taken op.

The H. M. No, it's left behind at Bologna. My friend's gone back for it. And I say, think it will turn up all right?

Porter. Bef you register it, and your vrient is zere, you ged it—yes. The H. M. Yes, but look here, don't you know? Oughtn't I to make a row—a fuss—about it, or something, eh?

Porter (*moving off with subdued contempt*). Oh, you can make a foss, yes, if you like—you ged nossing!

Culch. and Podb. (*stopping him simultaneously*). I say, I want my luggage brought down from No.—in time for the twelve o'clock—(*To each other.*) Hallo! are you off too?

Culch. (*confused*). Er—yes—thought I might as well be getting back.

Podb. Then I—I suppose it's all settled—with Miss T.—you know—eh?

Culch. Fortunately—yes. And—er—your engagement happily concluded?

Podb. Well, it's concluded, anyway. It's all off, you know. I—I wasn't artistic enough for her.

Culch. She has refused you? My dear PODBURY, I'm really delighted to hear this—at least, that is—



"A mean cuss? Me! Really——"

Podb. Oh, don't mind me. I'm getting over it. But I must congratulate you on better luck.

Culch. On precisely similar luck. Miss TROTTER and I—er—arrived at the conclusion last night that we were not formed to make each other's happiness.

Podb. Did you, by Jove? Porter, I say, never mind about that luggage. Do you happen to know if Mr. and Miss TROTTER—the American gentleman and his daughter—are down yet?

Porter. TRODDERS? Led me see; yes, zey ged zair breakfast early, and start two hours since for Murano and Torcello.

Podb. Torcello? Why that's where BOB and Miss PRENDERGAST talked of going to-day! CULCHARD, old fellow, I've changed my mind. Shan't leave to-day, after all. I shall just nip over and see what sort of place Torcello is.

Culch. Torcello—"the Mother of Venice!" it really seems a pity to go away without having seen it. Do you know, PODBURY, I think I'll join you!

Podb. (not over cordially). Come along, then—only look sharp. Sure you don't mind? Miss TROTTER will be there, you know!

Culch. Exactly; and so—I think you said—the—er—PRENDERGASTS. (To Porter.) Just get us a gondola and two rowers, will you, for Torcello. And tell them to row as fast as they can!

A FAIR PHILOSOPHER.



Ah! Chloris! be as simple still
As in the dear old days;
Don't prate of Matter and Free
Will,

And ISEN's nasty plays.
A girl should ne'er, it seems to me,
Have notions so pedantic;
'Twere better far once more to be
Impulsive and romantic.

There was a time when idle tales
Could set your heart aflame;
But now the novel nought avails,
Philosophy's your game.
You talk of SCHOPENHAUER with
zest,

And pessimistic teaching;
Believe me that I loved you best
Before you took to preaching.

There's still some loveliness in
life,

Despite what cynics say;
It is not all ignoble strife,
That greets us on our way.

Then prithee smooth that pretty
brow,

So exquisitely knitted;
Mankind in general, I trow,
Can do without being pitied.

We'll linger over fans and frills,
Discuss dress bit by bit,
As in days when the worst of ills
Were frocks that would not fit.

'Twas frivolous, but I'm content
To hear you talk at random;
For life is not all argument,
And "Quod est demonstran-
dum."

You smile, 'twill cost you then no
pang,

To be yourself once more,
To let philosophy go hang,
With every Buddhist bore.

"Pro aris," like a Volunteer,
A girl should be, "et focis;"
Supposing then you try, my dear,
A new metempsychosis.

A COMPLICATED CASE.—The careless little boy who caught a cold from his cousin, caught it hot from his mother afterwards.

VENICE IN LONDON.

(By a Mosquito "out of it.")

OH, it's all very fine, Mr. IMRE KARALFY,
Thus to blazon your "Venice in London" around,
To portray the Piazzetta for 'ARRY and ALFY,
But dispense with my tintinnabulatory sound.
Ask the Tourist if, reft of my wee fellow-creatures,
On the face of the waters (and watermen) blown,
He can honestly recognise Venice's features
In their miniature—or, for that matter, his own.
Ever watchful, we guard, Messrs. ALFY and 'ARRY,
With our trumpet and spear for the Doges, their
mute,



Opalescent, profanity-proof sanctuary,
And we swell the lagoon—and lagoonster, to boot.
Stare away at this pageant of eld—ever new 'tis,—
In the glimmering gondolas loll, if you like;
But I'll warrant one eye would be closed to their beauties,
Could I only escape for a second on strike.

Could I quiver concealed by yon mimic Rialto,
Till I swooped with a warrior's music and swing,
Were I only allowed, as I ought, and I shall, to
Be avenged on your barbarous hordes with my sting.
I would tilt at the fogs that mock Italy's glory,
I would pounce on the rabble—an insolent fry;—
With my forefathers' motto, "Pro Patria mori,"
I'd annihilate ALFY and 'ARRY—and die!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The *Real Japan* is the title modestly given by Mr. HENRY NORMAN to his book published by FISHER UNWIN. This, my "Co," remarks, seems to imply that all the rest (including the lady BIRD's not unknown work) is, as the Gentleman in trouble, who wanted

to secure the advocacy of Mr. JAGGERS, said, "cagmagger." This tone of bumptiousness is occasionally apparent in passages of the book, and is perhaps sufficiently explained by the circumstance, mentioned in the preface, that a number of the papers originally appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Foible apart, HENRY the Norman has contributed an interesting chapter to the history of a singularly attractive people. There is nothing new in the heavier parts, which smell vilely of Blue Books, and might as well have been written in Northumberland Street as in Yokohama. HENRY is best in the glimpses he gives of the people living their daily life—in the hands of justice, at school, working at their Arts and Crafts, dining and dancing.

In *The Poet's Audience* and *Dehlah*, CLARA SAVILE CLARKE (whether Miss or Mrs. the Baron is unaware, and must apologise for stating the name as it appears *tout court*) has written two interesting but tragic stories. The Baron does not like being left in doubt as to the fate of any hero or heroine in whom he may have been interested, and therefore calls for "part second" to the first story. *Dehlah*, short and dramatic. The Baron shrinks from correcting a lady's grammar, but to say "Mrs. Randal Morgan lay down the law" is not the best Sunday English as she is spoke. From *Fin-de-Siècle Stories*, by Messrs LAWRENCE and CADETT, the Baron selects "A Wife's Secret" (nothing to do with the old play of that name), "Mexico," and "Honour is Satisfied." Try these, and you'll have had a fine specimen of an interesting *passe-temps* collection says,
THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



In an article on the Salvationist disturbances at Eastbourne, the *Times* said that after the scuffle, "the Army reformed its dishevelled battalions, and marched back to its 'citadel' without molestation." In another sense, the sooner a reformation of the entire Army is effected in the exercise of Christian charity, which means consideration for their neighbours' feelings, the better for themselves and for the non-combatants of every denomination.

"A BAR MESS."—Recent difficulties about latitude of Counsel in Cross-examination.



OF THE WORLD WORLDLY.

"THERE GO THE SPICER WILCOXES, MAMMA! I'M TOLD THEY'RE DYING TO KNOW US. HADN'T WE BETTER CALL?"
 "CERTAINLY NOT, DEAR. IF THEY'RE DYING TO KNOW US, THEY'RE NOT WORTH KNOWING. THE ONLY PEOPLE WORTH OUR KNOWING ARE THE PEOPLE WHO DON'T WANT TO KNOW US!"

THE BRIDAL WREATH.

IN MEMORIAM

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND AVONDALE.

BORN, JAN. 8, 1864. DIED, JAN. 14, 1892.

"I thought thy bridal to have deck'd . . .
 And not have strew'd thy grave."—*Hamlet*.

BUT yesterday it seems,
 That, dreaming loyal dreams,
Punch, with the People, genially rejoiced
 In that Betrothal Wreath;
 And now relentless Death
 Silences all the joy our hopes had voiced.

The Shadow glides between;
 The garland's vernal green
 Shrivels to greyneess in its spectral hand.
 Joy-bells are muffled, mute,
 Hushed is the bridal lute,
 And general grief darkens across the land.

Surely a hapless fate
 For young hearts so elate,
 So fired with promise of approaching bliss!
 Oh, flowers we hoped to fling!
 Oh, songs we thought to sing!
 Prophetic fancy had not pictured this.

Young, modest, scarce yet tried,
 Later he should have died,
 This gentle youth, loved by our widowed
 QUEEN!

So we are apt to say,
 Who only mark the way,
 Not the great goal by all but Heaven unseen.

* See Cartoon, "*England, Home, and Beauty!*"
 p. 295, December 19, 1891.

At least our tears may fall
 Upon the untimely pall
 Of so much frustrate promise, unproved;
 At least our hearts may bear
 In her great grief a share,
 Who bows above the bier of him she loved.

Princess, whose brightening fate
 We gladly hymned of late,
 Whose nuptial happiness we hoped to hymn
 With the first bursts of spring,
 To you our hearts we bring
 Warm with a sympathy death cannot dim.

Death, cold and cruel Death,
 Removes the Bridal Wreath. [signed.
 England for England's daughter had de-
 Love cannot stay that hand,
 And Hymen's rosy band
 Is rent; so will the Fates austere and blind.

Blind and austere! Ah, no!
 The chill succeeds the glow,
 As winter hastes at summer's hurrying heel.
 Flowers, soft and virgin-white,
 Meant for the Bride's delight, [kneel.
 May deck the pall where love in tears must

Flowers are they, blossoms still,
 Born of Benignant Will, [heed
 Not of the Sphingian Fate, which hath no
 For human smiles or tears;
 The long-revolving years
 Have brought humanity a happier creed.

Prince-Sire of the young dead,
 Mother whose comely head
 Is bowed above him in so bitter grief;
 Betrothed one, and bereaved,
 Queen who so oft hath grieved,—
 Ye all were nurtured in this blest belief.

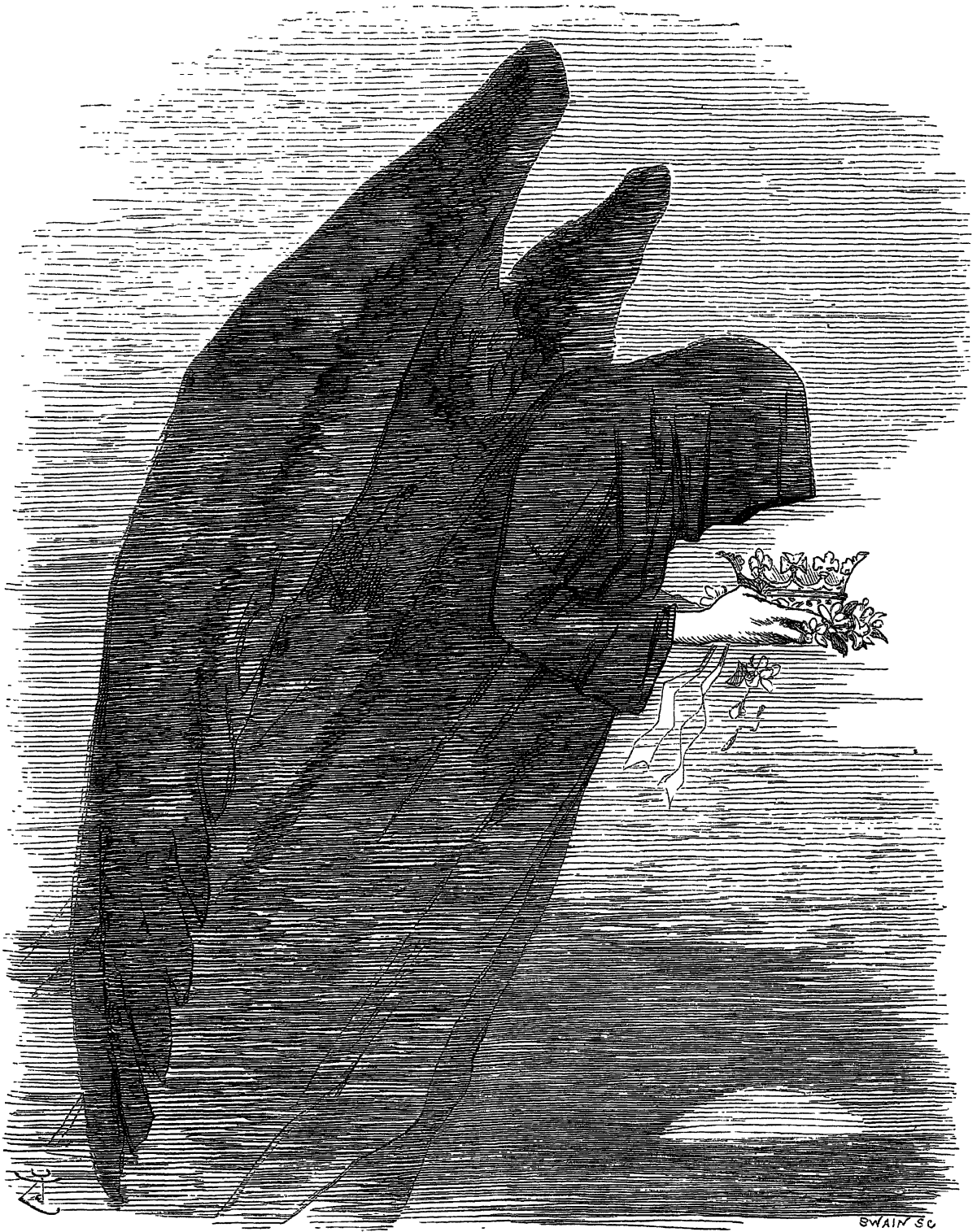
Hence is there comfort still,
 In a whole land's good-will,
 In hope that pallid spectre shall not slay.
 The unwelcome hand of Death
 Closes on that white wreath;
 But there is that Death cannot take away!

AT MRS. RAM'S.—They were talking of
 Mr. JOHN MORLEY. "He's not a practical
 politician," said some one, "he's a doctrin-
 aire." "Is he, indeed?" said our excellent
 old Lady, "then I daresay I met him when
 I was in Scotland." Observing their puzzled
 expression, she added, "Yet it's more than
 likely I didn't, as, when in the North, I was
 so uncommonly well that I never wanted a
 medical man." Subsequently it turned out
 that she had understood Mr. J. M. to be a
 "*Doctor in Ayr*."

Song for Lord Rosebery.

(After "*Tom Tug*," in the "*Waterman*.")
 THEN farewell, my County Council,
 Cheek, and fads, and bosh farewell,
 Never more in Whitehall Gardens
 Shall your ROSEB'RY take a spell.

CHANGE OF NAME SUGGESTED.—Why call
 the place *Monte Carlo*, why not *Mont*
 "*Blanc*" Junior? The Leviathan Winner
 who broke the record and the tables, Mr. HILL
 WELLS, might also alter his name according
 to his luck. A run of HILL-luck would settle
 him: but when "WELL's the word," he
 could forget the HILL-doing of the previous
 day.



JANUARY 14, 1892.

CONFESSIONS OF A DUFFER.

II.—THE SOCIAL DUFFER.

If my Confessions are to be harrowing, it is in this paper that they will chiefly provoke the tear of sentiment. Other Confessors have never admitted that they are Social Duffers, except Mr. MARK PARTISON only, the Rector of Lincoln College; and he seems to have flattered himself that he was only a Duffer as a beginner. My great prototypes, J. J. ROUSSEAU, and MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF, never own to having been Social Duffers. But I cannot conceal the fact from my own introspective analysis. It is not only that I was always shy. Others have fled, and hidden themselves in the laurels, or the hedgerows, when they met a lady in the way—but they grew out of this cowardly practice. Often have I, in a frantic attempt to conceal myself behind a hedge, been betrayed by my fishing-rod, which stuck out over the top. The giggles of the young women who observed me were hard to bear, but I confess that they were not unnatural.

Shyness is a fine qualification in a Social Duffer, and it is greatly improved by shortness, and, as one may say, stupidity of sight.

I never recognise any one whom I know; on the other hand, I frequently recognise people whom I never saw before in my life, and salute them with a heartiness which they fail to appreciate. Once, at an evening party, where the Princess BERGSTOL was present, a lady, who had treated me with hospitable kindness, I three times mistook her; once for an eminent novelist, once for a distinguished philanthropist, and once for an admired female performer on the Banjo. I carried on conversations with her in each of these three imaginary characters, —and I ask you, is this the way to shine in Society? You may say, "Wear spectacles"—but they are unbecoming. As to an eye-glass, somehow it irritates people even more than mere blindness does. Besides, it is always dropping into one's soup.

People are always accosting me, people who seem vaguely familiar, and then I have to make believe very much that I remember them, and to wait for casual hints. The more I feel confident that I know them, the more it turns out that I don't. It is an awful thing to stop a hansom in the street, thinking that its occupant is your oldest College friend, and to discover that he is a perfect stranger, and in a great hurry. Private Views are my particular abomination. At one such show, seven ladies, all very handsome and peculiarly attired, addressed me in the most friendly manner, calling me by my name. They cannot have taken me for either of my Doubles,—one is a Cabinet Minister, one is a dentist,—for they knew my name, The MACDUFFER of Duff. Yet I had not then, nor have I now, the faintest idea who any one of the seven was. My belief is that it was done for a bet. The worst of it is when, after about five minutes, I think I have a line as to who my companion really is, then, my intelligent features lighting up, I make some remark which ruins everything, congratulate a stockbroker on getting his step, or an unmarried lady on the success of her son in the Indian Civil Service examination.

The thing goes so far that I have occasionally mistaken my wife's relations for old friends. Then, when I am hostile, it is just as bad. I never, indeed, horsewhipped the wrong man, but that is only because I never horsewhipped anybody at all, Heaven forefend! But once I did mean to cut a man, I forget why. So I cut the wrong man, a harmless acquaintance whose feelings I would not have hurt for the world. Of course I accidentally cut all the world. Some set it down to an irritable temper, and ask, "What can we have done to The MACDUFFER?" Others think I am proud. Proud! I ask, what has a Duffer to be proud of? Nobody, or very few, admit

that I am just a Duffer; a stupid, short-sighted, absent-minded child of misfortune.

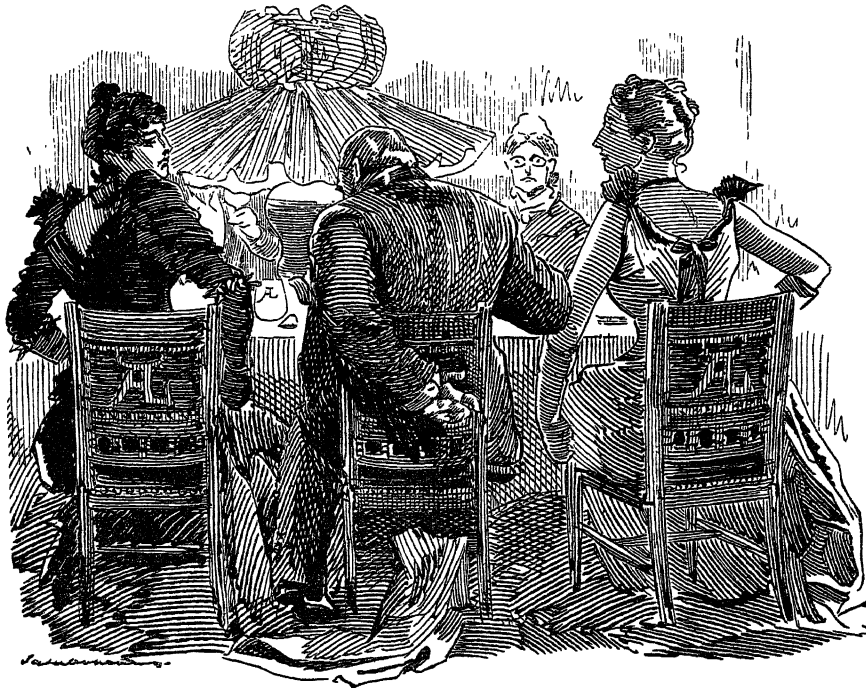
All these things do not make my life so pleasant to me that I, the MACDUFFER, should greatly care to dine out. Ah, that is a trial. First, I never know my host and hostess by sight. Next, in a summer dusk, I never know anybody. Then, as to conversation, I have none. My mind is always prowling about on some antiquarian hobby-horse, reflecting deeply on the Gowrie Conspiracy, or the Raid of Ruthven, or the chances in favour of PERKIN WARBECK's having been a true man. Now I do object to talking shop, I am not a lawyer, nor yet am I an actor: I do not like people who talk about their cases, or their parts. It would be unbecoming to start a conversation on the authenticity of "HENRY GORING's Letter." Then I never go to the play, I do not even know which of the Royal Family is which: modern pictures are the abominations of desolation to me; in fact, I have no "conversation-openings." A young lady, compelled to sit beside me, has been known to hum tunes, and telegraph messages of her forlorn condition to her sister, at the opposite end of the table. I pitied her, but was helpless. My impression is that she was musical, poor soul! When I do talk,

things become actively intolerable. I have no tact. To have tact, is much like being good at Halma, or whist, or tennis, or chess. You must be able to calculate the remote consequences of every move, and all the angles and side-walls from which the conversational ball may bound. It is needless to say that, at whist, I never know in the least what will happen in consequence of the card I play; and life is very much too short for the interminable calculations of chess. It is the same in conversation. I never know, or, if my sub-consciousness knows, I never remember, who anybody is. I speak to people about scandals with which they are connected. I frankly give my mind about Mr. DULL's poems to Mr. DULL's

sister-in-law. I give free play to my humour about the Royal Academy in talk with the wife of an Academician of whom I never heard. I am like *Jeanie Deans*, at her interview with Queen CAROLINE, when, as the MACALLUM MORE said, she first brought down the Queen, and then Lady SUFFOLK, right and left, with remarks about unkind mothers, and the Stool of Penitence.

Thus you may see me forlorn, with each of my neighbours turning towards me the shoulder of indignation. I do not blame them, but how can I help it? It is the Fairy's fault: the curse has come upon me. WILLIAM BUFFY, the Statesman, has a great clan of kinsfolk. Did I ever express my views about WILLIAM BUFFY, but one of Clan Buffy was there, to be annoyed? When I find out what has occurred, I become as red as any tomato, but that does nobody any good.

Oh, I am a Pariah, I am unfit to live! In a savage country, to which my thoughts often wander, I would stumble over every taboo, and soon find myself in the oven. As it is, I stumble over everything, stools and lady's trains, and upset porcelain, and break all the odds and ends with which I fidget, and spill the salt, and then pour claret over it, and call on the right people at the wrong houses, and put letters in the wrong envelopes: one of the most terrible blunders of the Social Duffer. Naturally, in place of improving, MACDUFFER gets worse and worse: every failure which he discovers makes him more nervous: besides he knows that, of all his errors, he only finds out a small per-centage. Where can he take refuge? If *Robinson Crusoe* had been a social Duffer, he and *Friday* would not have been on speaking terms in a week. People think the poor Duffer malignant, boorish, haughty, unkind; he is only a Duffer, an irreclaimable, sad, pitiful creature, quite beyond the reach of philanthropy. On my grave write, not MISERRIMUS (though that would be true enough), but FUTILLISSIMUS.





OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ON TOUR.

Effect of Sketching in the Train. (The Ladies were drawn at the Stations.)

A GLADSTONIAN MENU.

THE following *menu* of a banquet, said to have been given at Biarritz not long ago, has been forwarded to us:—

POTAGES.

Faux Col. Marée Coulante. Bonne Femme.

POISSONS.

Harpe Irlandaise, Sauce Verte.
Anguilles Glissantes.

ENTRÉES.

Petits Cultivateurs en Caisses.
Tête de Joseph frite, Sauce Jessé.
Conservateurs Foudroyés en brochette.

RÔTS.

Vieille Main Parlementaire à la Renard.
Parti de Parnell à la Conscience Non-conformiste.

LÉGUMES.

Discours en Branches.
Pommes Maître du Ministère.
Choux d'Homère.

ENTREMETS.

Sucrerie d'Office.
Conseils de Paroisse à la Cirque d'Été.
Mots de Labouchère.

DESSERT.

Plans Variés. Elections Assorties.

The waiting was done by Candidates, and during the evening the band played a selection, containing such well-known pieces as "*Souvenir de Mitchelstown*," the opening chorus of "*Mosé in Egitto*," "*Où sont nos Ducs*," "*Partant pour le Sud*," and "*Irland, Irland über alles*."

MR. BAYLY'S COAST-SPECTRE.

"It is scarcely credible that, at this moment, the elaborate telegraphic system of this country has little or no connection with our Lighthouses and Coastguard Stations." So said, quite recently, the *Illustrated London News* in an excellent article, appropriately entitled, A Flagrant Scandal." It is scarcely credible, and creditable not at all. "Shiver my timbers!" cries Mr. *Punch* (in a nautical rage), "if there is a purpose for which JOHN BULL should eagerly utilise his 'telegraphic system,' it is for the saving of his sailors' lives." Mr. ROBERT BAYLY, of Plymouth, wrote a letter to the *Times*, "giving some instances in which lamentable loss of life was solely due to the inability of the Lighthouse-keeper or Coastguard to communicate in time with the nearest life-boat station." Think of that, ye British Gentlemen, who sit at home at ease.

Aren't you ashamed of yourselves at the very thought of it! Well may "T. LAWRENCE-HAMILTON, M.R.C.S., late Honorary President of the Fishermen's Federation," say, in an indignant letter to Mr. *Punch*:—"Perhaps ridicule may wake up some of our salary-sucking statesmen, and permanent, higher, over-paid Government officials, who are legally and morally responsible for the present state of chaotic confusion in which these national matters have been chronically messed and muddled." Perhaps so, my valiant M.R.C.S. And, if so, that "ridicule" shall not be wanting—on Mr. *Punch's* part, at least. Here goes, for once:—

IMPORTUNATE MR. BAYLY.

A SONG OF A SHAMEFUL SEA-COAST SCANDAL.

AIR—"Unfortunate Miss Bailey."

A Captain bold, of British birth, might bless his stars and garters,
That if he *must* be wrecked at all, it should be near home quarters;



MAJOR AND MINIMUS.

Major (impatiently, to Page-Boy). "WHY THE DEUCE DON'T YOU LIFT THE COAT ON TO MY SHOULDERS?"

But Britons' conscience smites them when we hear of lives lost daily.

For want of—some electric wires! So says stout ROBERT BAYLY.

Ah, BOB BAYLY! Importunate BOB BAYLY!

At night, when he retires to rest, is BULL, the brave and clever,

Troubled with thoughts of Jack Tars lost for want of care? No, never.

But sure, JOHN's nightcap would wag wild, his ruddy cheek wax palely,

If he only realised the tale as told by Mr. BAYLY.

Ah, R. BAYLY! Importunate R. BAYLY!

Avaunt, BOB BAYLY! So will cry officials cold and steely,

Who do not wish to be disturbed while pottering genteely,

At their old business of Red Tape circumlocuting gaily,

By tales of wrecks for want of wires, as truly Oh, R. BAYLY! Importunate R. BAYLY!

Importunate? And quite right too! This shame must once for all close,

Or *Punch* will plant some stirring kicks on—well, *somebody's* small-clothes.

The scandal's getting far too grave, alas! to sing of gaily,

But *Punch* in earnest will back up brave HAMILTON and BAYLY!

Go it, BAYLY! Be importunate still, BOB BAYLY!

See to it, Mr. BULL! Mr. *Punch*, echoing Importunate Mr. BAYLY and Indignant LAWRENCE-HAMILTON, lays it upon you as one of the most urgent of New Year duties!

THE DAWN OF A NEW ERA.

THE ACTORS' OWN PRESS-NOTICES COMPANY LIMITED.

"Then came each actor with his Association."
Shakespeare, New Reading.

CAPITAL—quite excellent. The usual thing in sharing terms.

DIRECTORS.

The Managers of London who live at home at ease.

The Actors of England who have a pretty taste for literature.



BANKERS.—The Wild Time Bank, late PUCK'S Limited.

SOLICITORS.—Messrs. BOX AND COX, Bouncer Buildings.

AUDITORS.—Messrs. HEXTRA, SUPER, NUMERY & CO., Mum Street, E.C.

SECRETARY (*pro tem.*).—A. PLYACK TORR.

OFFICES.—In the Adelphi.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed for the purposes of establishing a thoroughly reliable newspaper in the interests of the Drama, and the shareholders belonging to the Theatrical Profession of the United Kingdom.

1. To uphold every Shareholder's claim to Acting as an Art.

2. To secure the best possible criticism by enabling every shareholder to write the notices of his own performances.

3. To take cognisance of the literature that grows up around the Stage, especially criticism in other quarters.

4. To notice the Drama all the world over, when space permits.

5. To support the work of the Profession in general, and the Shareholders in particular.

6. To afford a means of exercising hobbies.

7. To contain Articles by any of the recognised critics ("distinguished writers of the day").

8. To serve as a Directory, or *Vade Mecum*, or Press-notes container for the benefit of the Shareholders.

Many leading theatrical lessees, managers, and actors, have expressed themselves strongly in favour of the necessity of establishing a paper, written by themselves, for themselves, to read. Without such an organ it is impossible that they can be adequately represented.

The need of such a journal has long been felt by those whose theatrical notices have been the reverse of satisfactory.

A large number of prominent players have promised to take shares, and advertise, not only in the advertisement columns, but in other parts of the proposed paper.

The price of the paper will be hereafter settled by the Directors, who feel that this is a mere matter of detail. The charge for advertisements will be very moderate, to suit the requirements of the shareholders.

Pictures and all sorts of clever things will be introduced when the capital is subscribed, but it's no use making promises until the bankers have got the money.

If there is a rush for shares (as anticipated), those who come first will have the preference.

It may be stated that lots of people have promised to become shareholders which is satisfactory. But it is necessary to add that no one will be permitted to become a contributor to the paper even of the most interesting

nature (*i.e.*, Press notices, &c.), until he has contributed to its capital.

It is the intention of the Promoters that the majority of the shares that be allotted to persons in or connected with the profession, so that there shall be no nonsense from outsiders.

No promotion money will be paid to anyone. The only preliminary expenses will be those connected with law and stationery.

It is proposed to start the Journal at once, per contract. The Promoters are in communication with a gentleman who will make a first-rate Editor, and who will (they believe) be delighted to accept such an appointment if offered to him. Special arrangements will be made for the insertion of such advertisements as "Wigs on the Green" and "Curtain Razors."

As the paper will be sent about largely, it should have a good circulation, and the Promoters give as a standing toast, "Success to the Advertisement Department!"

Under such brilliant auspices, both the Company and the paper (as the legal advisers, Messrs. Box & Cox would say) "should be satisfied."

In the event of no money being received, the amount will be returned without deductions.

CRIES WITHOUT WOOL.

NO. 1.—"HALL THE WINNERS!"

OF all the cries this world can boast—

A loud, unconscionable host—

There's one that I detest the most—

It haunts me o'er my morning toast,

It scares my luncheon's calm and dinner's.



It dogs my steps throughout the week,
That cursed crescendo of a shriek;
I cannot read, or write, or speak,
Undeafened by its howl unique,
That demon-yell of "Hall the Winners!"

I'm not, I own, a racing man;
I never loved a horse that ran,
And betting is a vice I ban;
Still, to the sporting caravan—

Or good, or bad, or saints, or sinners—
I bear no malice; nor would take
A leaf from any books they make;
Why then, should *they*, for mercy's sake,
Pursue me till my senses ache

With that relentless "Hall the Winners?"

If it were only but a few,
But "*Hall the Winners!*"—why, the crew
Must winning be the whole year through!

Why can't a veteran or two

Retire in favour of beginners?

I'd rather welcome e'en the strain

Of "*Hall the Losers!*" than remain

A martyr frenzied and profane

To that importunate refrain

Of (There! they're at it!!) "*Hall the Winners!*"

THE HONOUR OF THE BAR.

To the Editor of *Punch*.

SIR,—As the *London Charivari* is recognised all the world over as the universally acknowledged organ of the legal profession in England, will you permit me to make an explanation nearly touching my professional reputation. A few days since, a Correspondent to one of your contemporaries complained that the leading Counsel of the epoch were in the habit of accepting fees they never intended to earn. He more than hinted that we, Barristers were prone to receive cheques for briefs that we knew we would never attend to; that we were ready to be paid for being present in one Court, when we knew that we were sure to be engaged in another. And so and so on.

Now there can be but one interpretation to such a statement. I am reluctantly compelled to believe that some learned friend or other, annoyed at my increasing practice, has levelled this blow at me, with a view to lessening my prosperity. Will you let me say then, once and for all, I have never received fees for briefs to which I have paid no attention; that my presence has never been required in one Court when I have been professionally engaged in another? My Clerk, PORTINGTON, who has been with me for many years, will tell anyone interested in the matter, that I am most careful not to accept papers promiscuously. In conclusion, anyone who knows me will refuse to believe that I have ever accepted more business than that to which I have been able to give proper attention. It is not my custom to crowd my mantelpiece with papers appealing to me in vain for my consideration. At this moment I have not a single matter demanding my care, except a bundle sent in to me three years ago by a madman.

Believe me, yours most truly,

(Signed) A BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump-Handle Court,
January 18, 1892.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.—*Mr. Punch* is glad to congratulate everybody on the improvement in the health of JOHN LAWRENCE TOOLE, comedian. It may be remembered that Mr. TOOLE, being at Mr. EDMUND ROUTLEDGE's house, and suddenly feeling unwell, was pressed by his kind host to stay there the night. He accepted and stopped about three weeks. Mr. J. L. TOOLE recommends the "ROUTLEDGE Treatment" to everybody. He is enthusiastic on the subject. So many persons have acted on his advice, and when calling on Mr. ROUTLEDGE, in quite a casual and friendly way, apparently, have been suddenly taken worse, that the benevolent publisher who feels deeply the necessity of showing these distressing visitors at once to the door, wishes it generally to be known that "Open House" is closed as a "Casual Ward," and that he is not at home to anybody except *bonâ fide* visitors who will give their written word, under penalties, not to be taken ill during their brief interview with him.

CONFESSIONS OF A DUFFER.

III.—THE LITERARY DUFFER.

WHY I am not a success in literature it is difficult for me to tell; indeed, I would give a good deal to anyone who would explain the reason. The Publishers, and Editors, and Literary Men decline to tell me *why* they do not want my contributions. I am sure I have done all that I can to succeed. When my Novel, *Geoffrey's Cousin*, comes back from the Row, I do not lose heart—I pack it up, and send it off again to the Square, and so, I may say, it goes the round. The very manuscript attests the trouble I have taken. Parts of it are written in my own hand, more in that of my housemaid, to whom I have dictated passages; a good deal is in the hand of my wife. There are sentences which I have written a dozen times, on the margins, with lines leading up to them in red ink. The story is written on paper of all sorts and sizes, and bits of paper are pasted on, here and there, containing revised versions of incidents and dialogue. The whole packet is now far from clean, and has a business-like and travelled air about it, which should command respect. I always accompany it with a polite letter, expressing my willingness to cut it down, or expand it, or change the conclusion. Nobody can say that I am proud. But it always comes back from the Publishers and Editors, without any explanation as to why it will not do. This is what I resent as particularly hard. The Publishers decline to tell me what their Readers have really said about it. I have forwarded *Geoffrey's Cousin* to at least five or six notorious authors, with a letter, which runs thus:—

DEAR SIR,—You will be surprised at receiving a letter from a total stranger, but your well-known goodness of heart must plead my excuse. I am aware that your time is much occupied, but I am certain that you will spare enough of that valuable commodity to glance through the accompanying MS. Novel, and give me your frank opinion of it. Does it stand in need of any alterations, and, if so, what? Would you mind having it published *under your own name*, receiving one-third of the profits? A speedy answer will greatly oblige."

Would you believe it, *Mr. Punch*, not one of these over-rated and over-paid men has ever given me any advice at all? Most of them simply send back my parcel with no reply. One, however, wrote to say that he received at least six such packets every week, and that his engagements made it impossible for him to act as a guide, counsellor, and friend to the amateurs of all England. He added that, if I published the Novel at my own expense, the remarks of the public critics would doubtless prove most valuable and salutary.

This decided me; I *did* publish, at my own expense, with Messrs. SAUL, SAMUEL, Moss & Co. I had to pay down £150, then £35 for advertisements, then £70 for Publisher's Commission. Other expenses fell grievously on me, as I sent round printed postcards to everyone whose name is in the Red Book, asking them to ask for *Geoffrey's Cousin* at the Libraries. I also despatched six copies, with six anonymous letters, to Mr. GLADSTONE, signing them, "A Literary Constituent," "A Wavering Anabaptist," and so forth, but, extraordinary to relate, I have received no answer, and no notice has been taken of my disinterested presents. The reviews were of the most meagre and scornful description. Messrs. SAUL, SAMUEL, Moss & Co. have just written to me, begging me to remove the "remainder" of my book, and charging £23 15s. 6d. for warehouse expenses. Yet, when I read *Geoffrey's Cousin*, I fail to see that it falls, in any way, beneath the general run of novels. I enclose a marked copy, and solicit your earnest attention for the passage in which *Geoffrey's Cousin* blights his hopes for ever. The story, Sir, is one of controversy, and is suited to this time. *Geoffrey McPhun* is an Auld Licht (see Mr. BARRIE's books, *passim*). His cousin is an Esoteric Buddhist. They love each other dearly, but *Geoffrey*, a

rigid character, cannot marry any lady who does not burn, as an Auld Licht, "with a hard gem-like flame." *Violet Blair*, his cousin, is just as staunch an Esoteric Buddhist. Nothing stands between them but the differences of their creed.

"How can I contemplate, *Geoffrey*," said *VIOLET*, with a rich blush, "the possibility of seeing our little ones stray from the fold of the Lama of Thibet into a chapel of the Original Secession Church?"

They determine to try to convert each other. *Geoffrey* lends *Violet* all his theological library, including WODROW's *Analecta*. She lends him the learned works of Mr. SINNETT and Madame BLAVATSKY. They retire, he to the Himalayas, she to Thrums, and their letters compose Volume II. (Local colour à la KIPLING and BARRIE.) On the slopes of the Himalayas you see *Geoffrey* converted; he becomes a Cheela, and returns by overland route. He rushes to Ramsgate, and announces his complete acceptance of the truth as it is in Mahatmaism. Alas! alas! *Violet* has been over-

persuaded by the seductions of Presbyterianism, she has hurried down from Thrums, rejoicing, a full-blown Auld Licht. And, in her *Geoffrey*, she finds a convinced Esoteric Buddhist! They are no better off than they were, their union is impossible, and Vol. III. ends in their poignant anguish.

Now, *Mr. Punch*, is not this the very novel for the times; rich in adventure (in Kafiristan), teeming with philosophical suggestiveness, and sparkling with all the epigrams of my commonplace book. Yet I am about £300 out of pocket, and, moreover, a blighted being.

I have taken every kind of pains; I have asked London Correspondents to dinner; I have written flattering letters to everybody; I have attempted to get up a deputation of Beloochis to myself; I have tried to make people interview me; I have puffed myself in all the modes which study and research can suggest. If anybody has, I have been "up to date." But Fortune is my foe, and I see others flourish by the very arts which fail in my hands.

I mention my Novel because its failure really is a mystery. But I am not at all more fortunate in the reception of my poetry. I have tried it every way—ballades by the bale, sonnets by the dozen, loyal odes, seditious songs, drawing-room poetry, an Epic on the history of Labducuio, erotic verse, all fire, foam, and fangs, reflective ditto, humble natural ballads about signal-men and newspaper-boys, Life-boat rescues, Idyls, Nocturnes in rhyme, tragedies in blank verse. Nobody will print them, or, if anybody prints them, he regrets that he cannot pay for them. My moral and discursive essays are rejected, my descriptions of nature do

not even get into the newspapers. I have not been elected by the Sydenham Club (a clique of humbugs); I have let my hair grow long; I have worn a cloak and a Tyrolese hat, and attitudinised in the picture-galleries, but nobody asked who I am. I have endeavoured to hang on to well-known poets and novelists—they have not welcomed my advances.

My last dodge was a Satire, the *Logrolliad*, in which I lashed the charlatans and pretenders of the day.

While hoary statesmen scribble in reviews
And guide the doubtful verdict of the Blues,
While HAGGARD scrawls, with blood in lieu of ink,
While MALLOCK teaches Marquises to think,

so long I have rhythmically expressed my design to wield the dripping scourge of satire. But nobody seems a penny the worse, and I am not a paragraph the better. Short stories of a startling description fill my drawers, nobody will venture on one of them. I have closely imitated every writer who succeeds, but my little barge may attendant sail, it pursues the triumph, but does not partake the gale.

I am now engaged on a Libretto for an heroic opera.
What offers?



"I have worn a cloak and a Tyrolese hat, and attitudinised in the Picture-galleries."



THE IMPERIAL JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

Chorus (Everybody). "EVERYTHING IN ORDER EVERYWHERE! O! WHAT A SURPRISE! SOLD AGAIN!"

THE IMPERIAL JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

A SONG FOR THE SHOUTING EMPEROR.

AIR—"The Major-General."

I AM the very pattern of a Modern German Emperor,
 [to temper, or Omniscient and omnipotent, I ne'er give way
 If now and then I run a-muck in a Malay-like fashion,
 [purpose in my passion. As there's method in my madness, so there's
 'Tis my aim to manage *everything* in order categorical—
 [historical. My fame as Cosmos-maker I intend shall be
 I know they call me *Paul Pry*, say I'm fussy and pragmatical—
 But that's because sheer moonshine always hates the mathematical.
 I'm not content to "play the King" with an imperial pose in it—
 Whatever is marked "Private" I shall up and poke my nose in it.

ALL.

He won't let drowsing dogs lie, he'll stir up the tabby sleeping Tom—
 In fact, he is the model of a modern German Peeping Tom!

I bounce into the Ball-Room when they think I'm fast asleep at home,
 And measure steps and skirts and things and mark what state folks keep at home;
 Watch the toilette of young Beauty on the very strictest Q.T. too,
 Evangelise the Army and keep sentries to their duty, too,
 On the Navy, and the Clergy, and the Schools, my wise eyes shoot lights, Sir.
 I'm awfully particular to regulate the foot-lights, Sir.
 I preach sermons to my soldiers and arrange their "duds" and duels, too,
 And tallow their poor noses, when they've colds, and mix their gruels, too;
 I'll make everybody moral, and obedient, and frugal, Sir—
 In fact I'm an Imperial edition of McDougall, Sir!

ALL.

He'd compel us to drink water and restrain us when to wed agog;
 [pedagogue. In fact he is the model of a Modern German

I've all the god-like attributes, omniscient, ubiquitous,
 [commonly iniquitous. I mean to squelch free impulse, which is But what's the good of being Chief Inspector of the Universe,
 And prying into everything from pompous Law to puny verse,
 [tendency If everything or nearly so, shows a confounded To go right of its own accord? My Masterful Resplendency
 [gaze on trustingly Would radiate aurorally, a world would If only things in general wouldn't go on so disgustingly.
 [autocratical, Where is the pull of being Earth's Inspector When the Progress I'd be motor of seems mainly automatic?

ALL.

Hooray! My would-be Jupiter, a *parvenu* is told again
 He's not the true Olympian, Jack-in-the-Box is "Sold Again!!!"

"ARTIFICIAL OYSTER-CULTIVATION," read Mrs. R., as the heading of a par in the *Times*. "Good gracious!" she exclaimed, "who on earth would ever think of eating 'artificial oysters!'"

NOTHING is certain in this life except Death, Quarter Day and stoppage for ten minutes at Swindon Station.



SO CONVENIENT!

Young Wife. "WHERE ARE YOU GOING, REGGIE DEAR?"
Reggie Dear. "ONLY TO THE CLUB, MY DARLING."
Young Wife. "OH, I DON'T MIND THAT, BECAUSE THERE'S A TELEPHONE THERE, AND I CAN TALK TO YOU THROUGH IT, CAN'T I?"
Reggie. "Y-YES—BUT—ER—YOU KNOW, THE CONFOUNDED WIRES ARE ALWAYS GETTING OUT OF ORDER!"

PARLIAMENT À LA MODE DE PARIS.

SCENE—The Chamber during a Debate of an exciting character. Member with a newspaper occupying the Tribune.

Member. I ask if the report in this paper is true? It calls the Minister a scoundrel!

[*Frantic applause.*
President. I must interpose. It is not right that such a document should be read.

Member. But it is true. I hold in my hand this truth-telling sheet. (*Shouts of "Well done!"*) This admirable journal describes the Minister as a trickster, a man without a heart!

[*Tells of approbation.*
President. I warn the Member that he is going too far. He is outraging the public conscience.

[*Hear! hear!*
Member. It is you that outrage the public conscience.

President. This is too much! If I hear another word of insult, I will assume my hat.

[*Profound and long-continued agitation.*

Member. A hat is better than a turned coat! (*Thunders of applause.*) I say that this paper is full of wholesome things, and that when it denounces the Minister as a good-for-nothing, as a slanderer, as a thief—it does but its duty.

[*Descends from the Tribune amidst tumultuous applause, and is met by the Minister. Grand altercation, with results.*

Minister's Friends. What have you done to him?

Minister (with dignity). I have avenged my honour—I have hit him in the eye!

[*Scene closes in upon the Minister receiving hearty congratulations from all sides of the Chamber.*

PRESERVED VENICE.

(Specially Imported for the London Market.)

A SATURDAY NIGHT SCENE AT OLYMPIA.

IN THE PROMENADE.

A Pessimistic Matron (the usual beady and bugle-y female, who takes all her pleasure as a penance). Well, they may call it "Venice," but I don't see no difference from what it was when the Barnum Show was 'ere—except—(regretfully)—that then they 'ad the Freaks o' Nature, and Jumbo's skelinton!

Her Husband (an Optimist—less from conviction than contradiction). There you go, MARIA, finding fault the minute you've put your nose inside! We ain't in Venice yet. It's up at the top o' them steps.

The P. M. Up all them stairs? Well, I 'ope it'll be worth seeing when we do get there, that's all!

An Attendant (as she arrives at the top). Not this door, Ma'am—next entrance for Modern Venice.

The Opt. Husb. You needn't go all the way down again, when the steps join like that!

The P. M. I'm not going to walk sideways—I'm not a crab, JOE, whatever you may think. (JOE assents, with reservations.) Now wherever have those other two got to? 'urrying off that way! Oh, there they are. 'Ere, LIZZIE and JEM, keep along o' me and Father, do, or we shan't see half of what's to be seen!

Lizzie. Oh, all right, Ma; don't you worry so! (To JEM, her fiancé.) Don't those tall fellows look smart with the red feathers in their cocked 'ats? What do they call them?

Jem (a young man, who thinks for himself). Well, I shouldn't wonder if those were the parties they call "Doges"—sort o' police over there, d'ye see?

Lizzie. They're 'andsomer than 'elmets, I will say that for them. (They enter Modern Venice, amidst cries of "This way for Gondola Tickets! Pass along, please! Keep to your right!" &c., &c.) It does have a foreign look, with all those queer names written up. Think it's like what it is, JEM?

Jem. Bound to be, with all the money they've spent on it. I daresay they've idle-ised it a bit, though.

The P. M. Where are all these kinals they talk so much about? I don't see none!

Jem (as a break in the crowd reveals a narrow olive-green channel). Why, what d'ye call that, Ma?

The P. M. That a kinal! Why, you don't mean to tell me any bare 'ud—

The Opt. Husb. Go on!—you didn't suppose you'd find the Paddington Canal in these parts, did you? This is big enough for all they want. (A gondola goes by lurchily, crowded with pot-hatted passengers, smoking pipes, and wearing the uncomfortable smile of children enjoying their first elephant-ride.) That's one o' these 'ere gondolers—it's a rum-looking concern, ain't it? But I suppose you get used to 'em—(philosophically)—like everything else!

The P. M. It gives me the creeps to look at 'em. Talk about 'earses!

The Opt. Husb. Well, look 'ere, we've come out to enjoy ourselves—what d'ye say to having a ride in one, eh?

The P. M. You won't ketch me trusting myself in one o' them tituppy things, so don't you deceive yourself!

The Opt. Husb. Oh, it's on'y two foot o' warm water if you do tip over. Come on! (Hailing Gondolier, who has just landed his cargo.) 'Ere, 'ow much 'll you take the lot of us for, hey?

Gondolier (gesticulating). Teekits! you tek teekits—la—you wait!

Jem. He means we've got to go to the orifice and take tickets and stand in a cue, d'yer see?

The P. M. Me go and form a cue down there and get squeezed like at the Adelphi Pit, all to set in a rickety gondolier! I can see all I want to see without messing about in one o' them things!

The Others. Well, I dunno as it's worth the extry sixpence, come to think of it. (They pass on, contentedly.)

Jem. We're on the Rialto Bridge now, LIZZIE, d'ye see? The one in SHAKESPEARE, you know.

Lizzie. That's the one they call the "Bridge o' Sighs," ain't it? (Hazily.) Is that because there's shops on it?

Jem. I dessay. Shops—or else suicides.

Lizzie (more hazily than ever). Ah, the same as the Monument. (They walk on with a sense of mental enlargement.)

Mrs. Lavender Salt. It's wonderfully like the real thing, LAVENDER, isn't it? Of course they can't quite get the true Venetian atmosphere!

Mr. L. S. Well, MIMOSA, they'd have the Sanitary Authorities down on them if they did, you know!

Mrs. L. S. Oh, you're so horribly unromantic! But, LAVENDER, couldn't we get one of those gondolas and go about. It would be so lovely to be in one again, and fancy ourselves back in dear Venice, now wouldn't it?

Mr. L. S. The illusion is cheap at sixpence; so come along, MIMOSA!

[He secures tickets, and presently the LAVENDER SALTS, find themselves part of a long queue, being marshalled between barriers by Italian gendarmes in a state of politely suppressed amusement.]

Mrs. L. S. (over her shoulder to her husband, as she imagines). I'd no idea we should have to go through all this! Must

we really herd in with all these people? Can't we two manage to get a gondola all to ourselves?

A Voice (not LAVENDER'S—in her ear). I'm sure I'm 'ighly flattered, Mum, but I'm already suited; yn't I, DYSY?

[DYSY corroborates his statement with unnecessary emphasis.]

A Sturdy Democrat (in front, over his shoulder). Pity yer didn't send word you was coming, Mum, and then they'd ha' kep' the place clear of us common people for yer! [Mrs. L. S. is sorry she spoke.]

IN THE GONDOLA.—Mr. and Mrs. L. S. are seated in the back seat, supported on one side by the Humorous 'ARRY and his Françée, and on the other by a pale, bloated youth, with a particularly rank cigar, and the Sturdy Democrat, whose two small boys occupy the seat in front.

The St. Dem. (with malice aforethought). If you two lads ain't





ABOMINATIONS OF MODERN SCIENCE.

MARIANA ARRIVES AT THE MOATED GRANGE (AFTER A LONG, DAMP JOURNEY) JUST IN TIME TO DRESS FOR DINNER, AND FINDS, TO HER SORROW, THAT HER ROOM IS WARMED BY HOT WATER PIPES AND LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY.

got room there, I desay this lady won't mind takin' one of yer on her lap. (To Mrs. L. S., who is frozen with horror at the suggestion.) They're 'umin beans, Mum, like yerself!

Mrs. L. S. (desperately ignoring her other neighbours). Isn't that lovely balcony there copied from the one at the Pisani, LAVENDER—or is it the Contarini? I forget.

Mr. L. S. Don't remember—got the Rialto rather well, haven't they? I suppose that's intended for the dome of the Salute down there—not quite the outline, though, if I remember right. And, if that's the Campanile of St. Mark, the colour's too brown, eh?

The Hum. 'Arry (with intention). Oh, I sy, DYXY, yn't that the Kempynolly of Kennington Oval, right oppersite? and 'aven't they got the Grand Kinel in the Ole Kent Road proper, eh?

Dyxy (playing up to him, with enjoyment). Jest 'aven't they! On'y I don't quoite remember whether the colour o' them gas-lamps is correct. But there, if we go on torkin' this w'y, other parties might think we wanted to show off!

Mrs. L. S. Do you remember our last gondola expedition, LAVENDER, coming home from the Giudecca in that splendid sunset?

The Hum. A. Recklect you and me roidin' 'ome from Walworth on a rhinebow, DYXY, eh?

Chorus of Chaff from the bridges and terraces as they pass. 'Ullo, 'ere comes another boat-load! 'Igher up, there! . . . Four-wheeler! . . . Ain't that toff in the tall 'at enjoyin' himself? Quite a 'appy funeral! &c., &c.

Mrs. L. S. (faintly, as they enter the Canal in front of the Stage). LAVENDER, dear, I really can't stand this much longer!

Mr. L. S. (to the Bloated Youth). Might I ask you, Sir, not to puff your smoke in this lady's face—it's extremely unpleasant for her!

The B. Y. All right, Mister, I'm always ready to oblige a lydy—but—(with wounded pride)—as to its bein' unpleasant, yer know, all I can tell yer is—(with sarcasm)—that this 'appens to be one of the best tuppenny smokes in 'Ammersmith!

Mr. L. S. (diplomatically). I am sure of that—from the aroma, but if you could kindly postpone its enjoyment for a little while, we should be extremely obliged!

The B. Y. Well, I must keep it aloive, yer know. If there's any-one 'ere that understands cigars, they'll bear me out as it never smokes the same when you once let it out.

[The other Passengers confirm him in this epicurean dictum, whereupon he sucks the cigar at intervals behind Mrs. L. S.'s back, during the remainder of the trip.]

Mr. L. S. (to Mrs. L. S. when they are alone again). Well, MIMOSA, illusion successful, eh? Mrs. L. S. Oh, don't!

TO MY CIGARETTE.

My own, my loved, my Cigarette,
My dainty joy disguised in
tissue, [regret
What fate can make your slave
The day when first he dared to
kiss you?
I had smoked briars, like to most
Who joy in smoking, and had
been a
Too ready prey to those who boast
Their bonded stores of Reina
Fina.
In honeydew had steeped my soul
Had been of cherry pipes a
cracker,
And watched the creamy, meers-
schaum's bowl
Grow weekly, daily, hourly
blacker.

The strong I found too apt to
burn [temper.
My tongue, the week to try my
And all were failures, and I grew
More tentative and undecided,
Consulted friends, and found they
knew
As little as or less than I did.
Havannah yielded up her pick
Of prime cigars to my fruition;
I bought a case, and some went
"sick,"
The rest were never in condition.
Until in sheer fatigue I turned
To you, tobacco's white-robed
tyro, [learned
And from your golden legend
Your maker dwelt and wrought
in Cairo.



Read CALVERLEY and learnt by
heart [weed in;

The lines he celebrates the
And blew my smoke in rings, an
art [in.

That many try, but few succeed
In fact of nearly every style

Of smoke I was a kindly critic,
Though I had found Manillas vile,
And Trichinopolis mephitic.

The stout tobacco-jar became
Within my smoking-room a
fixture;

I heard my friends extol by name
Each one his own peculiar
mixture.

And tried them every one in turn
(© varium, tobacco, semper!);

O worshipped wheresoe'er I roam,
As fondly as a wife by some is,
Waif from the far Egyptian home
Of Pharaohs, crocodiles, and
mummies;

Beloved, in spite of jeer and
frown; [you,

The more the Philistines assail
The more the doctors run you
down, [you,

The more I puff you—and inhale
Though worn with toil and vexed
with strife

(Ye smokers all, attend and
hear me),

Undaunted still I live my life,
With you, my Cigarette, to
cheer me.



SOMETHING WRONG SOMEWHERE.

"HOW CHARMING YOU LOOK, DEAR MRS. BELLAMY—AS USUAL! *WOULD YOU MIND TELLING ME WHO MAKES YOUR LOVELY FROCKS? I'M SO DISSATISFIED WITH MY DRESS-MAKER!*" "OH, CERTAINLY. MRS. CHIFFONNETTE, OF BOND STREET." "CHIFFONNETTE! WHY, I'VE BEEN TO HER FOR YEARS! THE WRETCH! I WONDER WHY SHE SUITS YOU SO MUCH BETTER, NOW!"

A TALK OVER THE TUB;

Or, Legal Laundresses in Council.

[*"The whole legal machinery is out of gear, and the country is too busy to put it right."*—*Law Times.*]

A Leading Laundress.

WICH I say, Missis 'ALSURRY, Mum, We are all getting into a quand'ry; You and me can no longer be dumb, Seein' how we're the heads of the Laundry:

It is all very well to stand 'ere, Sooperintending the soaping and rinsing; Old pleas for delay, I much fear, Are no longer entirely convincing. Just look at the Linen—in 'eaps! And no one can say it ain't dirty! Our clients, a-grumbling they keeps, And some of 'em seem getting shirty. Wotever, my dear, shall we do? Two parties 'as axed me that question; And now I just puts it to you, And I 'ope you can make some sugges-tion.

Head Laundress.

My dear Missis COLEY, I own I ain't heard from the parties you 'int at. But them Linen-'eaps certny *has* grown, Wich their bulk I 'ave just took a squint at. We sud, and we rub, and we scrub, And the pile 'ardly seems to diminish. It tires us poor Slaves of the Tub, And the doose only knows when we'll finish.

A Leading Laundress.

Percisely, my dear, but it's *that*, As the Public insists upon knowin', Missis MATHEW 'as told me so, pat, Wich likewise 'as good Missis BOWEN. You can't floor their argyments, quite, 'Owsomever you twirl 'em or 'twist 'em; They say, and I fear they are right, There is somethink all wrong with our System!

Head Laundress.

Our System! Well, well, my good soul, You know 'twasn't *us* as inwented it. We wouldn't have got into this 'ole, If you and me could 'ave perwented it. I know there's no end of a block, That expenses is running up awfully; The sight of it gives me a shock, But 'ow can we alter it—*lawfully*?

A Leading Laundress.

I fear, Mum, I very much fear, That word doesn't strike so much terror As once on the dull public ear; [error! Times change, Mum, they do, make no Our clients complain of the cost, And lots of Commercials is leaving us. I think, Mum, afore more is lost, We had best own the block is—well grieving us!

Head Laundress.

There can't be no 'arm, dear, in *that*. Let's write to the papers and 'int it. I know with your pen you are pat, And the *Times* will be 'appy to print it. If we are to git through *that* lot, [notion! We must 'ave some more 'elp—that's my Let's strike whilst the iron is 'ot, The Public may trust our devotion. We'll call the chief Laundresses round; Some way we no doubt shall discover. At least, dear, 'twill 'ave a good sound, If we meet, and—well *talk the thing over!* [*Left doing so.*]

A MENU FROM HATFIELD.

POTAGES.

Consommé de Neveu aux Balles de Golf.
Au Jo poché.

ENTRÉES.

Suprême de Livres Bleus.
Irlandais Sauvages en Culottes.
Filou Mignon Randolph, Sauce Tartarin.
Dégoût de Goschen à la Financière.

RÔTS.

Canards Portugais.
Entrecôte d'Afrique à l'Allemande.

RELEVÉS.

Terrine de Fermes Vendues à la Parnell
Pâté de Loi à l'Ordre Publique.

LÉGUMES.

Petits Soupçons Français, Sauce Égyptienne.
Vèpres Céciliennes.

ENTREMETS.

Absorbé de Birmingham.
Succès de Whitehall aux Affaires Étrangères.

DESSERT.

Amendes Parlementaires.
Raisons de Plus en Défaites.



“SHORT ‘ANDED.”

Mrs. H-ISH-ER. “I TELL YOU WHAT IT IS, MRS. COLEY, MUM,—IF ALL THIS ‘ERE DIRTY LINEN’S TO BE GOT THROUGH, WE MUST ‘AVE ‘ELP, MUM!”

"THE MUSIC IN OUR STREET."

(A word from a Girl who lives in it.)



DID you ever 'ear our music? What, never? *There's a shame*; I tell yer it's golopshus, we do 'ave such a game. When the sun's a-shinin' brightly, when the fog's upon the town, When the frost 'as bust the water-pipes, when rain comes pourin' down;

In the mornin' when the costers come a-shoutin' with their mokes, In the evenin' when the gals walk out a-spoonin' with their blokes, When Mother's slappin' BILLY, or when Father wants 'is tea, When the boys are in the "Spotted Dog" a 'avin' of a spree, No matter what the weather is, or what the time o' day, *Our music allus visits us, and never goes away.* And when they 've tooned themselves to-rights, I tell yer it's a treat Just to listen to the lot of 'em a-playin' in our street.

There's a chap as turns the organ—the best I ever 'eard— Oh lor' he does just jabber, but you can't make out a word. I can't abear Italians, as allus uses knives, And talks a furrin lingo all their miserable lives. But this one calls me BELLA—which my Christian name is SUE— And 'e smiles and turns 'is organ very proper, that he do. Sometimes 'e plays a polker and sometimes it's a march, And I see 'is teeth all shinin' through 'is lovely black mustarch. And the little uns dance round him, you 'd laugh until you cried If you saw my little brothers do their 'ornpipes side by side, And the gals they spin about as well, and don't they move their feet, When they 'ear that pianner-organ man, as plays about our street.

There's a feller plays a cornet too, and wears a ulster coat, My eye, 'e does puff out 'is cheeks a-tryin' for 'is note. It seems to go right through yer, and, oh, it's right-down rare When 'e gives us "*Annie Laurie*" or "*Sweet Spirit, 'ear my Prayer*";

'E's so stout that when 'e's blowin' 'ard you think 'e must go pop; And 'is nose is like the lamp (what's red) outside a chemist's shop. And another blows the penny-pipe,—I allus thinks it's thin, And I much prefers the cornet when 'e ain't bin drinkin' gin. And there's Concertina-JIMMY, it makes yer want to shout When 'e acts just like a windmill and waves 'is arms about. Oh, I'll lay you 'alf a tanner, you'll find it 'ard to beat The good old 'eaps of music that they gives us in our street.

And a pore old ragged party, whose shawl is shockin' torn, She sings to suit 'er 'usband while 'e plays on so forlorn. 'Er voice is dreadful wheezy, and I can't exactly say I like 'er style of singin' "*Tommy Dodd*" or "*Nancy Gray*." But there, she does 'er best, I'm sure; I musn't run 'er down, When she's only tryin' all she can to earn a honest brown. Still, though I'm mad to 'ear 'em play, and sometimes join the dance, I often wish one music gave the other kind a chance. The organ might have two days, and the cornet take a third, While the pipe-man tried o' Thursdays 'ow to imitate a bird. But they allus comes together, singin' playin' as they meet With their pipes and 'orns and organs in the middle of our street.

But there, I can't stand chatterin', pore mother's mortal bad, And she's got to work the whole day long to keep things straight for dad.

Complain? Not she. She scrubs and rubs with all 'er might and main,

And the lot's no sooner finished but she's got to start again. There's a patch for JOHNNY's jacket, a darn for BILLY's socks, And an hour or so o' needlework a mendin' POLLY's frocks; With floors to wash, and plates to clean, she 'd soon be skin and bone ('Er cough 's that aggravatin') if she did it all alone. There 'll be music while we 're workin' to keep us on the go—I like my tunes as fast as fast, pore mother likes 'em slow— Ah! we don't get much to laugh at, nor yet too much to eat, And the music stops us thinkin' when they play it in the street.

"MARIE, COME UP!"—When Miss MARIE LLOYD, who, unprofessionally, when at home, is known as Mrs. PERCY COURTENAY, which her Christian name is MATILDA, recently appeared at Bow-Street Police Court, having summoned her husband for an assault, the Magistrate, Mr. LUSHINGTON, ought to have called on the Complainant to sing "*Whacky, Whacky, Whack!*" which would have come in most appropriately. Let us hope that the pair will make it up, and, as the story-books say, "*live happily ever afterwards.*"

NIGHT LIGHTS.—Rumour has it that certain Chorus Ladies have objected to wearing electric glow-lamps in their hair. Was it for fear of becoming too light-headed?



THE POLITICAL WIREPULLER AT WORK.

POLITE LITERATURE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Having seen in the pages of one of your contemporaries several deeply interesting letters telling of "the Courtesy of the CAVENDISH," I think it will be pleasing to your readers to learn that I have a fund of anecdote concerning the politeness—the true politeness—of many other members of the Peerage. Perhaps you will permit me to give you a few instances of what I may call aristocratic amiability.

On one occasion the Duke of DITCHWATER and a Lady entered the same omnibus simultaneously. There was but one seat, and noticing that His Grace was standing, I called attention to the fact. "Certainly," replied His Grace, with a quiet smile, "but if I had sat down, the Lady would not have enjoyed her present satisfactory position!" The Lady herself had taken the until then vacant place!

Shortly afterwards I met Viscount VERMILION walking in an opposite direction to the path I myself was pursuing. "My Lord," I murmured, removing my hat, "I was quite prepared to step into the gutter." "It was unnecessary," returned his Lordship, graciously, "for as the path was wide, there was room enough for both of us to pass on the same pavement!"

On a very wet evening I saw My Lord TOMNODDICOMB coming from a shop in Piccadilly. Noticing that his Lordship had no defence against the weather, I ventured to offer the Peer my *parapluie*.

"Please let me get into my carriage," observed his Lordship. Then discovering, from my bowing attitude, that I meant no insolence by my suggestion, he added,— "And as for your umbrella—surely on this rainy night you can make use of it yourself?"

Yet again. The Marchioness of LOAMSHIRE was on the point of crossing a puddle.

Naturally I divested myself of my great-coat, and threw it as a bridge across her Ladyship's dirty walk.

The Marchioness smiled, but her Ladyship has never forgotten the circumstance, and I have the coat still by me.

And yet some people declare that the wives of Members of the House of Lords are wanting in consideration!

Believe me, dear Mr. Punch,

Yours enthusiastically, S. NOB.

The Cringeries, Low Boington.



NOTICE.—No. XXV. of "Travelling Companions" next week.

FANCY PORTRAIT.



SEÑOR DRUMMONDO WOLFFEZ,

REPRESENTING THE JOHN BULLFIGHTER AT MADRID.

"TORÉADOR CONTENTO!"

THE JUDGES IN COUNCIL.

"All the judicial wisdom of the Supreme Court has met in solemn and secret conclave, heralded by letters from the heads of the Bench, admitting serious evils in the working of the High Court of Justice; a full working day was appropriated for the occasion; the learned Judges met at 11 A.M. (nominally) and rose promptly for luncheon, and for the day, at 1:30 P.M. Two-and-a-half hours' work, during which each of the twenty-eight judicial personages no doubt devoted all his faculties and experience to the discovery, discussion, and removal of the admittedly numerous defects in the working of the Judicature Acts! Two-and-a-half hours, which might have been stolen from the relaxations of a Saturday afternoon! Two-and-a-half hours, for which the taxpayers of the United Kingdom pay some eight hundred guineas! Truly the spectacle is eminently calculated to inspire the country with confidence and hopes of reform."—Extract from Letter to the Times.]

SCENE—A Room at the Royal Courts. Lord CHANCELLOR, Lord CHIEF JUSTICE, MASTER of the ROLLS, Lords Justices, Justices.

L. C. Well, I'm very glad to see you all looking so well, but can anyone tell me why we've met at all?

L. C. J. Talking of meetings, do you remember that Exeter story dear old JACK TOMPKINS used to tell on the Western Circuit?

[Proceeds to tell JACK TOMPKINS's story at great length to great interest of Chancery Judges.

M. R. (who has listened

with marked impatience). Why, my dear fellow, it isn't a Western Circuit story at all. It was on the Northern Circuit at Appleby.

[Proceeds to tell the same story all over again, substituting Appleby for Exeter. At the conclusion of story, Great laughter from Chancery Judges. Common Law Judges look bored, having all told same story on and about their own Circuits.

L. C. Very good—very good—used to tell it myself on the South Wales Circuit—but what have we met for?

Lord Justice A. I say, what do you think about this cross-examination fuss? It seems to me—

L. C. J. Talking of cross-examination—do you fellows remember the excellent story dear old JOHNNIE BROWBEAT used to tell about the Launceston election petition?

[Proceeds to tell story in much detail. L. C. looks uncomfortable at its conclusion.



Fee-simple.

M. R. (cutting in). Why, my dear fellow, it wasn't Launceston at all, it was Lancaster, and—

[*Tells story all over again to the Chancery Judges.*]

L. C. Yes—excellent. I thought it took place at Chester—but really, now, we must get to business. So, first of all, will anyone kindly tell me what the business is?

Mr. Justice A. (a very young Judge). Well, the fact is, I believe the Public—

Chorus of Judges. The what?

Mr. Justice A. (with hesitation). Why—I was going to say there seems to be a sort of discontent amongst the Public—

L. C. (with dignity). Really, really—what have we to do with the Public? But in case there should be any truth in this extraordinary statement, I think we might as well appoint a Committee to look into it, and then we can meet again some day and hear what it is all about.

L. C. J. Yes, a Committee by all means; the smaller the better. "Too many cooks," as dear old HORACE puts it.

M. R. Talking of cooks, isn't it about lunch time?

[*General consensus of opinion in favour of luncheon. As they adjourn, L. C. J. detains Chancery Judges to tell them a story about something that happened at Bodmin, and, to prevent mistakes, tells it in West Country dialect. M. R. immediately repeats it in strong Yorkshire, and lays the venue at Bradford. Result: that the whole of HER MAJESTY'S Courts in London were closed for one day.*]

THE LAY OF THE LITIGANT.

(*After Hood. Also after Coleridge's (C.J.) Letter to the Lord Chancellor on the decay of Legal Business.*)

I REMEMBER, I remember
The Law when I was born,
The Serjeants, brothers of the coif,
The Judges dead and gone.
The Judicature Acts to them
Were utterly unknown;
It was a fearful ignorance—
Oh, would it were my own!

I remember, I remember
The worthy "Proctor" race,
The "Posteas," and the "Elegits,"
The "Actions on the Case."
The "Error" each Attorney's Clerk
Did wilfully abet,
The days of "Bills" in Equity—
Some bills are living yet!

I remember, I remember
The years of "Jarndyce" jaw,
The lively game of shuttlecock
'Twixt Equity and Law.
Tribunals then were "Courts" indeed
That are "Divisions" now,
And Silken Gowns have feared the frowns
Upon a "Baron's" brow.

We remember, we remember
The flourishing of trumps,
When Parliament took up our wrongs,
And manned the legal pumps.
Those noble Acts (they said) would end
Obstructions and delay,
And ne'er again would litigants
The piper have to pay.

I remember, I remember
Expenses, mountains high;
I used to think, when duly "taxed,"
They'd vanish by-and-by.
It was a foolish confidence,
But now 'tis little joy
To know that Law's as slow and dear
As when I was a boy!

THE HERO OF THE SUMMER SALE.

(*By our own Private and Confidential Poetess.*)

I WOULD I loved some belted Earl,
Some Baronet, or K.C.B.,
But I'm a most unhappy girl,
And no such luck's in store for me!
I would I loved some Soldier bold,
Who leads his troops where cannons pop,
But if the bitter truth be told—
I love a man who walks a shop!
For oh! a King of Men is he—
With princely strut and stiffened spine—
So his, and his alone, shall be,
This fondly foolish heart of mine!



On Remnant Days—from morn till night,
When blows fall fast, and words run high,
When frenzied females fiercely fight
For bargains that they long to buy—
From hot attack he does not flinch,
But stands his ground with visage pale,
And all the time looks every inch
The Hero of that Summer Sale!
For oh! a King of Men is he—
Whom shop-assistants call to "Sign!"
So his, and his alone, shall be
This fondly foolish heart of mine!

MONDAY, Jan. 18, 1892. "Bath and West of England's Society's Cheese School at Frome." Of this School, the *Times*, judging by results, speaks highly of "the practical character of the instruction given at the School." This is a bad look-out for Eton and Harrow, not to say for Winchester and Westminster also. All parents who wish their children to be "quite the cheese" in Society generally, and particularly for Bath and the West of England, where, of course, Society is remarkably exclusive, cannot do better, it is evident, than send them to the Bath and West of England Cheese School.

ON THE TRAIL.—It is suggested that in future M.P. should stand for Minor Poet. Would this satisfy Mr. LEWIS MORRIS? Or would he insist on being gazetted as a Major?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ONE of the Baron's Deputy-Readers has been looking through Mr. G. W. HENLEY's *Lyra Heroica; a Book of Verse for Boys*. (DAVID NUTT, London.) This is his appreciation:—Mr.

HENLEY has tacked his name to a collection which contains some noble poems, some (but not much) trash, and a good many pieces, which, however poetical they may be, are certainly not heroic, seeing that they do not express "the simpler sentiments, and the more elemental emotions" (I use Mr. HENLEY's prefatory words), and are scarcely the sort of verse that boys are likely, or ought to care about. To be sure, Mr. HENLEY guards himself on the score of his "personal equation"—I trust his boys understand what he means. My own personal equation makes me doubt whether Mr. HENLEY has done well in including such pieces as, for instance, HERBERT's "*Memento Mori*," CURRAN's "*The Deserter*," SWINBURNE's "*The Oblation*," and ALFRED AUSTIN's "*Is Life Worth Living?*" If Mr. HENLEY, or anybody else who happens to possess a personal equation, will point out to me the heroic quality in these poems, I shall feel deeply grateful. And how, in the name of all that is or ever was heroic, has "*Auld Lang Syne*" crept into this collection of heroic verse? As for Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN, I cannot think by what right he secures a place in such a compilation. I have rarely read a piece of his which did not contain at least one glaring infelicity. In "*Is Life Worth Living?*" he tells us of "blithe herds," which (in compliance with the obvious necessities of rhyme, but for no other reason)

"Wend homeward with unwearied feet,
Carolling like the birds."

Further on we find that

"England's trident-sceptre roams
Her territorial seas,"

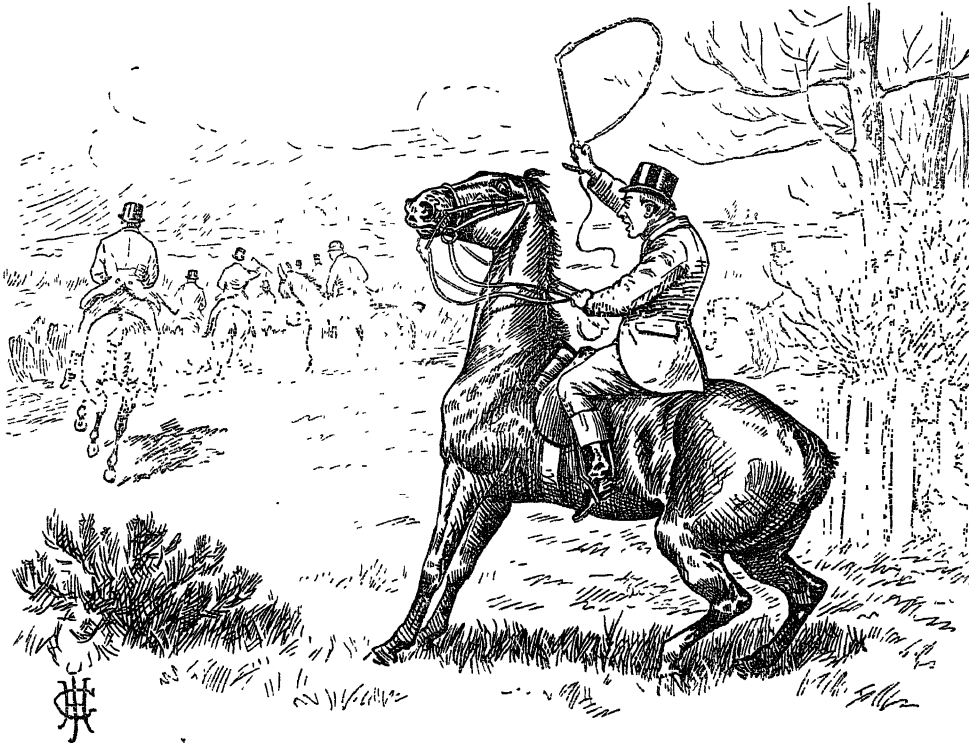
merely because the unfortunate sceptre has to rhyme somehow to "English homes."

But I have a further complaint against Mr. HENLEY. He presumes, in the most fantastic manner, to alter the well-known titles of celebrated poems. "*The Isles of Greece*" is made to masquerade as "*The Glory that was Greece*"; "*Auld Lang Syne*" becomes "*The Goal of Life*," and "*Tom Bowline*" is converted into "*The Perfect Sailor*." This surely (again I use the words of Mr. HENLEY) "is a thing preposterous, and distraught." On the whole, I cannot think that Mr. HENLEY has done his part well. His manner is bad. His selection, it seems to me, is open to grave censure, on broader grounds than the mere personally equational of which he speaks, and his choppings, and sub-titles, and so forth, are not commendable. The irony of literary history has apparently ordained that Mr. HENLEY should first patronise, and then "cut," both CAMPBELL and MACAULAY. Was the shade of MACAULAY disturbed when he learnt that Mr. HENLEY considered his "*Battle of Naseby*" both "vicious and ugly"?

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.



The following Page.



"A GOOD STAYER."

THE DEALER SAID, "THE MARE COULD STAY FOR EVER." SHE SEEMED INCLINED TO DO SO WHEN JONES WISHED TO BE AFTER THE HOUNDS.

RECEIPT AGAINST INFLUENZA.

DEAR SIR,—I send you this gratis. It is for everybody's benefit,
Yours.

GEORGE GUZZLETON, X.M.D.

P.S.—I give "*Cænæ prescriptio-nem*" only, as the "*Prescrip: prun-dialis*" can be taken out of this with variations.

Ostr: frigid: 1½ doz.

Pisc: anima: locus aut } āāā xvi 3
quid: ali: }

Cum: pom: terr: ferves: . . . f 83

Ad Hoc: bib: sextarium . . . ½ m x.

Ovem: torrid: 3 ss.
virides: ad. lib.

Per: dix: anas: agrestis: } f3ij.

Condim: pan: aut aliquid: } fvijs.

Prunus: botulus: āā f 3vj.

Condim: prand: aut laot: } f 3j.

Devonii: }

Liq. Pomm: et Gr: '84 Oj 4

Aut Mo: et Chand: '84 }

Fiat haust: sec: vel test: quāque horā: extra horā cænæ: regul- lariter sumendum.

Si opus sit: Misce: aq: sodæ . . 3℥.

Misce: ot: grog: h.s.s. Si opus sit aut non.

LITERARY GARDENING.—A Cor- respondent, signing himself "STUL- TUS IN HORTU OR HORT-U-NOT?" writes, "Please, Sir, if my boy JOHN plant 'a slip of a pen,' what will it come up?" *Answer paid*—A Jon- quill.

TO THE QUEEN.

(From the Nation.)

QUEENLY as womanly, those words that start From sorrow's lip strike home to sorrow's heart.

Madam, our griefs are one;
But yours, from kinship close and your high place, [grace
The keener, mourning him in youth's glad
Who loved you as a son.

We mourn him too. Our wreaths of votive flowers
Speak, mutely, for us. The deep gloom that lowers

To-day across the land
Is no mere pall of ceremonial grief.
'Tis hard in truth, though reverent belief
Bows to the chastening hand.

Hard—for his parents, that young bride, and you,
Bearer of much bereavement, woman true,
And patriotic QUEEN! [pain,
We hear the courage striking through the
As always in your long, illustrious reign,
Which shrinking ne'er hath seen,—

Shrinking from high-strung duty, the brave way
Of an imperial spirit. So to-day
Your People bow—in pride.
The sympathy of millions is your own.
May Glory long be guardian of your Throne,
Love ever at its side!

ENTIRELY UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIAL.—
"Dartmoor.—Gentlemen,—Two years ago I wrote somebody else's name with one of your pens. Since then I have used no other.
Yours faithfully, A. F. ORGER.
"To Messrs. STEAL, KNIBBS & Co."

"LA GRIPPE."

("I'm a devil! I'm a devil!" croaked Barnaby Rudge's Raven 'Grip': And this is a raven-mad sort of Edgar-Allan-Poem by Un qui est Grippe.)

ONCE upon a midnight dreary
Coming home I felt so weary,
Felt, oh! many a pain; so curious,
Which I'd never felt before.
Then to bed,—no chance of napping,
Blankets, rugs about me wrapping,
Feverish burning pains galore.
"Oh! I've got it! oh!" I muttered,
"Influenza!! what a bore!!"
Only this!!—Oh!!—Nothing more!!

Oh! my head and legs are aching!
Now I'm freezing! Now I'm baking!
Clockwork in my cerebrum!
Oh! all over me I'm sore!
In my bed I'm writhing, tossing,
Yet I'm in a steamer, crossing.
While KIRALFY'S Venice bossing,
I'm "against" and RUSSELL "for"
In a case about the *Echo*,
Somewhere out at Singapore!
It's delirium!!! Nothing more.

Then a Doctor comes in tapping
Me all over, tapping, rapping,
And with ear so close and curious
Pressed to stethoscope, "Once more,"
Says he, "sing out ninety-ninely,
Now again! You do it finely!
Yes! Not bigger than a wine lee,
There's the mischief, there's the corps
Of the insect that will kill us,
Hiding there is the Bacillus;
Only that, and nothing more!"

"Why's he here with fear to fill us?
Will he leave me, this Bacillus?
Not one bone do I feel whole in,
And of strength I've lost my store."
Thus I to the Doctor talking,
Ask "When shall I go out walking?"

H, my earnest queries baulking,
Says, "When all this trouble's o'er."
"Monday? Tuesday? Wednesday? Thurs-
Friday? Saturday? Sunday? or [day?
In a week?" "Um!—not before."



"Doctor!" cried I, "catch this evil
Fiend! Bacillus!! Microbe!! devil!!
Second syllable in Tem-pest!
Send him to Plutonian Shore.
Send him back to where he came from,
To the place he gets his fame from,
To the place he takes his name from;
Kick him out of my front door!"
So the Doctor feels my pulse, and,
As I drop upon the floor,
Quoth the Doctor, "Some days more."



"OUT IN THE COLD!"

'I AM LIKE A TRAVELLER LOST IN THE SNOW, WHO BEGINS TO GET STIFF WHILE THE SNOWFLAKES COVER HIM.'

Speech of Prince Von Bismarck at Friedrichsruhe.

"OUT IN THE COLD!"

"I am like a traveller lost in the snow, who begins to get stiff and to sink down while the snowflakes cover him. In fact, I am gradually losing interest in politics, but the feeling, like that of the traveller sinking under the snow, is a pleasant one."—*Prince Bismarck to the Deputation of Leipsic Students.*

ATR—"Excelsior!"

THE century was waning fast,
As through a wintry waste there passed
A man, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excel no more!

His brows were blanched; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath;
Red fields had heard his armour clang.
But now he smiled and softly sang,
Excel no more!

In barracks huge he saw the might
Of mailed hosts arrayed for fight;
Afar the fierce Frank bayonets shone,
And from his lips escaped a moan,
Excel no more!

"Think of the Past!" the young men said,
"Like SAUL you towered by the head
Midst those three Titans, Prussia's pride!"
Softly that once stern voice replied,
"Excel no more!"

"Oh, stay," the young men cried, "and mix
Once more in Teuton Politics!"
"Nay," said the Titan, "I grow old,
And, like poor TOM, I am a-cold!
Excel no more!"

"Beware the snow-encumbered branch!
Beware the whelming avalanche!"
"Thanks!" he replied. "I know, I know.
But—well, I rather like the snow!
Excel no more!"

"Lost in the snow! An easy death!
Gentle surcease of mortal breath!
I sink, I stiffen, I'm foredone!
The feeling though 's a pleasant one;
Excel no more!"

The traveller by his faithful hound
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still muttering from a mouth of ice
That banner's late and strange device,
Excel no more!

There in the snow-drift cold and grey,
Silent, but stalwart, still he lay,
Great "Blood-and-Iron," brave and bold,
But—for the nonce—"Out in the Cold!"
Excel no more!

PARLIAMENT IN SPORT;

Or, A Meeting in Earnest.

["Perhaps the popularity of the competition in national sport between the different parts of the Empire is worthy of the serious attention of statesmen... Mr. ASTLEY COOPER proposes rowing, running and cricket... There is something fascinating in the idea of such a Pan-Britannic gathering."—*Daily Paper.*]

THE SPEAKER, having taken his seat in the Pavilion, the Minister for Cricket rose to move the third reading of The Six-balls-to-an-over Bill.

The Right Hon. Gentleman said that the amount of time wasted in changing sides, although the field did their best to minimise the loss by assuming a couple of positions alternately, was very serious—especially in a first-class match.

The Member for Melbourne begged to ask what was a first-class match?

The Member for Sydney replied, certainly not a match between Canada and Victoria. (*Laughter.*) Now everyone was aware that



TRUTHFUL BUT NOT CONSCIENTIOUS.

Elderly Dowager. "Now, PERKINS, I REQUIRE YOUR HONEST OPINION. DON'T YOU THINK THIS DRESS SUITS ME?"

Perkins (who has been cautioned always to speak the truth, on pain of losing her place, warily). "OH YES, MY LADY, IT SUITS YOUR LADYSHIP QUITE—AS ONE MAY SAY—QUITE 'DOWN TO THE GROUND!'"

New South Wales— ("Question! Order! Order!") He begged pardon, he was in order.

THE SPEAKER. I really must request silence. The Minister for Cricket is introducing a most important measure, and the least we can do is to receive his statement with adequate attention. (*General cheering.*)

The Minister for Cricket continued, and said that the measure he had the honour to commend to their careful consideration would not only lengthen the over, but also allow Cricket to be played all the year round.

The Minister for Football begged to remind his Right Hon. friend that he had promised to consider that matter in Committee. What would become of Football were Cricket to be played continuously? (*Hear, hear!*)

The Member for Bombay thought that a matter of no moment. In India Polo was of infinitely more importance than Football, and he could not help remarking that, in the

Imperial Parliament, representing so many sports, and so many Colonies, where every great interest was represented, and well represented, Polo was absolutely ignored. (*Cheers.*)

The Minister for Aquatic Sports agreed with the Hon. Member. Polo was entirely of sufficient interest to warrant the creation of a special department for its guardianship. But at present he was responsible for it. He hoped soon to be able to welcome a colleague who would make its interests his continual study. (*Hear, hear!*)

The Minister for Cricket concluded by thanking the House for the attention the Hon. Members had given to the subject, and sat down amidst loud applause.

A division being taken, the Bill was carried by 127 to 96. The majority were composed of Australians and Canadians, and the minority were Africans, Indians, and miscellaneous Colonists. The House then adjourned.

THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

No. XXV.

SCENE—Near Torcello. CULCHARD and PODBURY are seated side by side in the gondola, which is threading its way between low banks, bright with clumps of Michaelmas daisies and pomegranate-trees laden with red fruit. Both CULCHARD and PODBURY are secretly nervous and anxious for encouragement.

Podbury (humming "In Old Madrid" with sentiment). La-doodle-um-La-doodle-oo: La-doodle-um-te-dumpty-looodle-oo! I think she rather seemed to like me—those first days at Brussels, don't you?

Culchard (absently). Did she? I daresay. (Whistling "The Wedding March" softly.) Few-fee; di-fee-fee-few-few; few-fiddley-fee-fiddley-few-few-few-fee. I fancy I'm right in my theory, eh?

Podb. Oh, I should say so—yes. What theory?

Culch. (annoyed). What theory? Why, the one I've been explaining to you for the last ten minutes!—that all this harshness of hers lately is really, when you come to analyse it, a decidedly encouraging symptom.

Podb. But I shouldn't have said Miss TROTTER was exactly harsh to me—lately, at all events.

Culch. (with impatience). Miss TROTTER! You! What an egotist you are, my dear fellow! I was referring to myself and Miss PRENDERGAST. And you can't deny that, both at Nuremberg and Constance, she—

Podb. (with careless optimism). Oh, she'll come round all right, never fear. I only wish I was half as safe with Miss TROTTER!

Culch. (mollified). Don't be too down-hearted, my dear PODBURY. I happen to know that she likes you—she told me as much last night. Did Miss PRENDERGAST—er—say anything to that effect about me?

Podb. Well, not exactly, old chap—not to me, at least. But I say, Miss TROTTER didn't tell you that? Not really? Hooray! Then it's all right—she may have me, after all!

Culch. (chillingly). I should advise you not to be over confident. (A silence follows, which endures until they reach the landing-steps at Torcello.) They are here, you see—those are evidently their gondolas, I recognise those two cloaks. Now the best thing we can do is to separate.

Podb. (springing out). Right you are! (To himself.) I'll draw the church first, and see if she's there. (Approaches the door of Santa Maria: a voice within, apparently reading aloud: "Six balls, or rather almonds, of purple marble veined with white are set around the edge of the pulpit, and form its only decoration.") HYPATIA, by Jove! Narrow shave that! [He goes round to back.

Culch. (comes up to the door). I know I shall find her here. Lucky I know that Torcello chapter in "The Stones" very nearly by heart! (Reaches threshold. A voice within. "Well, I guess I'm going to climb up and sit in that old amphitheatre there, and see how it feels!") Good heavens,—MAUD! and I was as nearly as possible—I think I'll go up to the top of the Campanile and see if I can't discover where HYPATIA is. [He ascends the tower.

In the Belfry.

Podb. (arriving breathless, and finding CULCHARD craning eagerly forward). Oh, so you came up too? Well, can you see her?

Culch. Ssh! She's just turned the corner! (Vexed.) She's with Miss TROTTER!... They're sitting down on the grass below!

Podb. Together? That's a nuisance! Now we shall have to wait till they separate—sure to squabble, sooner or later.

Miss T.'s Voice (which is perfectly audible above). I guess we'll give RUSKIN a rest now, HYPATIA. I'm dying for a talk. I'm just as enchanted as I can be to hear you've dismissed Mr. PODBURY. And I expect you can guess why.

Podb. (in a whisper). I say, CULCHARD, they're going to talk about us. Ought we to listen, eh? Better let them know we're here?

Culch. I really don't see any necessity—however— (Whistles feebly.) Feedy-feedy-feedle!

Podb. What is the use of fustling like that? (Yodels.) Lul-li-ety!



"Hypatia, by Jove!"

Miss P.'s V. Well, my dear MAUD, I confess that I—

Culch. It's quite impossible to make them hear down there, and it's no fault of ours if their voices reach us occasionally. And it does seem to me, PODBURY, that, in a matter which may be of vital importance to me—to us both—it would be absurd to be over-scrupulous. But of course you will please yourself. I intend to remain where I am.

[PODBURY makes a faint-hearted attempt to go, but ends by resigning himself to the situation.

Miss T.'s V. Now, HYPATIA PRENDERGAST, don't tell me you're not interested in him! And he's more real suited to you than ever Mr. PODBURY was. Now, isn't that so?

Culch. (withdrawing his head). Did you hear, PODBURY? She's actually pleading for me! Isn't she an angel? Be quiet, now. I must hear the answer!

Miss P.'s V. I—I don't know, really. But, MAUD, I want to speak to you about—Somebody. You can't think how he adores you, poor fellow! I have noticed it for a long time.

Podb. (beaming). CULCHARD! You heard? She's putting in a word for me. What a brick that girl is!

Miss T.'s V. I guess he's pretty good at concealing his feelings, then. He's been keeping far enough away!

Miss P.'s V. That was my fault. I kept him by me. You see, I believed you had quite decided to accept Mr. CULCHARD.

Miss T.'s V. Well, it does strike me that, considering he was adoring me all this time, he let himself be managed tolerably easy.

[PODBURY shakes his head in protestation.

Miss P.'s V. Ah, but let me explain. I could only keep him quiet by threatening to go home by myself, and dear BOB is such a devoted brother that—

Podb. Brother! I say, CULCHARD, she can't be meaning BOB all this time! She can't! Can she now?

Culch. How on earth can I tell? If it is so, you must be a philosopher, my dear fellow, and bear it—that's all.

Miss P.'s V. That does alter the case, doesn't it? And I may tell him there's some hope for him? You mustn't judge him by what he is with his friend, Mr. PODBURY. BOB has such a much stronger and finer character!

Miss T.'s V. Oh well, if he couldn't stand up more on his edge than Mr. PODBURY! Not that I mind Mr. PODBURY any, there's no harm in him, but he's too real frivolous to amount to much.

Podb. (collapsing). Frivolous! From her too! Oh, hang it all!

[He buries his head in his hands with a groan.

Miss T.'s V. Well, see here, HYPATIA. I'll take your brother on trial for a spell, to oblige you—there. I can't say more at present. And now—about the other. I want to know just how you feel about him.

Culch. The other!—that's Me! I wish to goodness you wouldn't make all that noise! PODBURY, just when it's getting interesting!

Miss P.'s V. (very low). What is, the good? Nothing will bring him back—now!

Culch. Nothing? How little she knows me!

Miss T.'s V. I hope you don't consider me nothing. And a word from me would bring him along pretty smart. The only question is, whether I'm to say it or not?

Miss P.'s V. (muffled). Dar-ling!

Culch. I really think I might almost venture to go down, now, eh, PODBURY? (No answer.) Selfish brute!

Miss T.'s V. But mind this—if he comes, you've got to care for him the whole length of your boa—you won't persuade him to run in couples with anybody else. That's why he broke away the first time—and you were ever so mad with me because you thought I was at the bottom of it. But it was all his pride. He's too real independent to share chances with anybody alive.

Culch. How thoroughly she understands me!

Miss T.'s V. And I guess CHARLEY will grow out of the great Amurcan Novel in time—it's not going ever to grow out of him, anyway!

Culch. (bewildered). CHARLEY? I don't see why she should mention VAN BOODELEER now!

Miss T.'s V. I like CHARLEY ever so much, and I'm not going to have him cavort around along with a circus of suitors under

vows. So, if I thought there was any chance of—well, say Mr. CULCHARD—

Miss P.'s V. (*indignant*). MAUD! how can you? That odious hypocritical creature! If you knew how I despised and—!

Miss T.'s V. Well, my dear, he's pretty paltry—but we'll let him go at that—I guess his shares have gone down considerable all round.

Culch. POBBURY, I—I—this conversation is evidently not intended for—other—ears. I don't know whether *you* have heard enough, I shall go down!

Podb. (*with a ghastly chuckle*). Like your shares, eh, old chap? And mine too, for that matter. Well, I'm ready enough to go. Only, for goodness' sake, let's get away without being seen!

[*They slip softly down the series of inclined planes, and out to the steps, where they re-embark. As their gondola pushes off,*

Mr. TROTTER and BOB PRENDERGAST appear from the Museum.

Mr. T. Why, land sakes! ain't that Mr. POBBURY and Mr. CULCHARD? Hi! You ain't ever going away? There's my darter and Miss HYPATIA around somewhere.—They'll be dreadful disappointed. to have missed you!

Podb. (*with an heroic attempt at cheeriness*). We—we're awfully disappointed to have missed *them*, Mr. TROTTER. Afraid we can't stop now! Goodbye!

[CULCHARD pulls his hat-brim over his eyes and makes a sign to the gondoliers to get on quickly; Mr. TROTTER comments with audible astonishment on their departure to BOB, who preserves a discreet silence.

A PALMY DAY AT ST. RAPHAEL.

Villa Magali.—Delicious climate! STUART-RENDEL says it "reminds him of Devonshire, without the damp." Mention of Devonshire reminds me of the DUKE. Try to point out to my friends that the Rossendale Election shows conclusively—Curious! Friends all get up and go out! Seems that ANDREW CLARKE specially told them I was to "avoid all excitement, over-exertion, and talk about politics!" Wish CLARKE would not be so unreasonable. *Must* talk about Rossendale to somebody.

Off to Hyères—to see CHILDERS. Find CHILDERS tolerably chatty. Doesn't seem to care so much about Rossendale result as I should have expected. STUART-RENDEL comes to fetch me. Ahem! Off.

At Monte Carlo.—Feel so well, have looked in here. Meet WELLS, the "Champion Plunger." Asks me if I've got a system; he's "been losing heavily, and would be glad of any hint." Suggest his putting on the numbers of Rossendale Majority. WELLS seems pleased at idea. Does so at once, and loses 10,000 francs straight off. Meet him in grounds afterwards, and try to explain real significance of Rossendale election. WELLS disappears. Curious! Can ANDREW CLARKE have got at WELLS?

Golfo San Juan.—French war-ships in Bay. Admiral might like to know my views on Rossendale and politics generally. Taken on board. Admiral much interested in MADEN's victory. Admiral asks if it was the "Grand Prix" that MADEN won? Find he thinks MADEN is a horse. Disappointing. [*Query—ANDREW CLARKE again?*] Sent on shore in boat, amid cheers from sailors. Gratifying.

Back to St. Raphael.—Tired, but on the whole gratified with my day. Friends pained to hear what I've done, and threaten to telegraph for Sir ANDREW! Shall pack up and return. Letter from MORLEY begging me to stay where I am. Odd! Can Sir ANDREW have got at JOHN MORLEY? Bed, and think it over.

BROTHER BRUSH, A.R.A.—Stan' up, STANHOPE FORBES! and receive our congratulations on your election. STANHOPE deferred maketh the painter's 'art sick of waiting, and now A FORBES, not THE FORBES (which his name is JAMES STAATS, C. L. C. & D. R., &c., &c.), but the STANHOPE A-foresaid, has obtained his first grade. With what pleasure will the Art-loving Chairman see his STANHOPE "on the line!" In Burlington House, of course we mean, as elsewhere, the situation would be one of no slight danger.

"PLEASED AS PUNCH."—A paragraph in the *D. T.* informed Mr. P. and the public generally, that "Dr. ROBSON ROOSE and Mr. ALLINGHAM are contented with Mr. EDWARD LAWSON's progress." "If Box"—"And Cox"—"are satisfied," then of all Mr. E. L.'s friends in front none will be more delighted to hear of his complete recovery than his neighbour, Mr. Punch, of 85, Fleet Street.

SOMETHING NEW IN SOAP.—The Soap Trade is still booming. Almost every week appears a fresh candidate for public favour, its claim based upon some alluring speciality. We hear of a newcomer likely to take the cake (of soap). On all the walls, and in most of the advertisement columns, will presently blaze forth its proud legend:—"The Satisfactory Soap—Won't Wash Anything."



LEGAL IMPROVEMENTS.

IN ORDER TO HUSBAND OUR JUDICIAL STAFF, IN FUTURE A JUDGE WILL BE EXPECTED TO HEAR TWO CASES AT THE SAME TIME.

PORTRAIT OF A JUDGE TRYING A THEATRICAL "CAUSE CÉLÈBRE," AND A NICE QUESTION AS TO A "REMAINDER-MAN" AND A "TENANT IN TAIL MALE."

HIGH (BEERBOHM) TREESON!

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I see that Mr. BEERBOHM TREE in his recent production of *Hamlet* has introduced a novelty into the tragedy by inventing fresh business. Unauthorised by the text, he has included *Ophelia* amongst the Court "attendants," and, finding her on the stage, has indulged in a dignified flirtation (in dumb show), worthy of the hero of *L'Enfant Prodigue* himself. Now I think this a great improvement, and were the masterpiece to be "written up" throughout on the same lines, I am sure the representation would be received with enthusiasm. It might be, that the performance would be a little longer, but think of the enormous gain in interest. To show you what I mean, I take the first five lines of the opening Act:—

SHAKESPEARE'S VERSION.

SCENE I.—*Elsinore. A Platform before the Castle. FRANCISCO on his post. Enter to him BERNARDO.*

Bernardo. Who's there?

Francisco. Nay answer me: stand and unfold yourself!

This passage, furnished with proper business, might be rendered the means of showing the sort of life led by *Laertes*, justifying the advice subsequently given to him by *Polonius* more appropriate to the conditions of the case as now (for the first time) fully divulged. Thus—I give my view of the matter:—

AMENDED VERSION.

SCENE I.—*Elsinore. A Platform before the Castle. As the Curtain rises, shouts and laughs are heard without. A Village Maiden rushes in, as if pursued. She hides herself behind the sentry-box, and then escapes. FRANCISCO, who is on his post, looks about, and is surrounded by Danish Gallants, who have come in pursuit of the Maiden. He threatens them with his arms, and only one remains, who seems overcome by wine. The intoxicated Gallant is masked, and evidently very much the worse for liquor. He clumsily draws his sword. FRANCISCO is about to despatch him, when the mask falls, and in the dissipated reveller the Sentry recognises the bloated features of LAERTES. He immediately presents arms, as LAERTES is his superior officer. LAERTES, half-sobered by this suggestion of discipline, wishes to retire unseen, and gives largesse to FRANCISCO. The Sentry is greatly gratified, when to them enters BERNARDO.*

Ber. Who's there?

Fran. (*sheltering LAERTES, who stealthily retires by a rope-ladder which falls from the battlements to the moat below*). Nay, answer me. Stand and unfold yourself!

By my version I really introduce a most interesting underplot, which, in my opinion, is equally pleasing and quite as defensible as Mr. BEERBOHM TREE's business with *Ophelia*.

Yours,

A STICKLER.

HUMAN NATURE.

Jones has always professed the greatest Indifference to (and contempt for) all Press Criticisms on his Work (although he takes in all the Papers).



YET THIS IS WHAT HE LOOKED LIKE WHEN HIS NEW NOVEL WAS PRONOUNCED A WORK OF GENIUS BY THE UPPER TOOTING EXPRESS.



AND THIS IS HOW HE APPEARED WHEN THE NORTH CLAPHAM GAZETTE DISMISSED THAT IMMORTAL BOOK AS A PIECE OF DRIVELLING SENILE TWADDLE.



AND THIS IS THE WAY HE TREATS ALL NEWSPAPERS, REVIEWS, PERIODICALS, &C., &C., THAT LEAVE THE IMMORTAL BOOK UNNOTICED!

THE ATTACK ON THE "CAPITAL."

A Lay of Modern London.

[Arrangements have been made for great political meetings in the Metropolis, at which the Liberal Leaders will be the principal speakers.]

HARCURIUS of the triple chin, by the Nine Points he swore
The Capital should suffer from Tory sway no more;
By the Nine Points he swore it, and named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth east and west, and south and north,
To summon his array.

East and west, and south and north the messengers ride fast;
From Kennington to Poplar they've heard the trumpet's blast.
Shame on the false Caucasian who loiters in his Club
When triple-chin'd HARCURIUS prepares the foe to drub!
Too long the Capital hath borne the stubborn Tory yoke,
Too long the Liberals have failed to strike a swashing stroke.
Betrayed to Tory clutches by traitors shrewd and strong,
The banded foes have held it all too firmly and too long.
SALISBURIUS and GOSCHENIUS have struck unholy pact,
Foes long in dubious seeming, but ever friends, in fact,
Devonian CAVENDISH, he of the broad and bovine jowl,
Who smiled but coldly ever, now on our cause doth scowl.
Cock-nosed CUBICULARIUS, once a Captain of our host,
Now chums with bland BALFOURIUS, and makes that bond his boast.
Oh, was there ever such a gang, so motley and so mixed,
To garrison a Citadel on which all hopes are fixed?
Oh, was there ever such a call to strike one mighty blow,
To snatch the Capital once more, and lay the traitors low?

HARCURIUS hurries onward, he waves the Grand Old Flag,
And when that banner flouts the breeze, what slave so base as lag?
GLADSTONE at his elbow,—not he the Old, the Grand,—
He shuns the fogs of winter in a far-off sunny land,
Nursing his force for the great fray that may right soon come on,—
This is not he of Hawarden, but the old hero's son:
There's OTTO, of the brindled beard, RUSSELLIUS swift of tongue,
REPONTIUS and LEFEVRIUS into the fray have flung.
Sleek-haired STANSFELDUS also, MUNDELLA of the Beak,
That CORVUS of the legion, good both to fight and speak,
LEO PLAYFAIRIUS follows, and brave BANNERMANUS bears
The flag he's fond of flaunting, there gallant AUCEPS dares

All that becomes a hero, whilst last, but oh, not least!
KIMBERLEYUS fares forth to the fight as others to a feast.
"Now, up!" cried stout HARCURIUS, "Up! and we yet shall trap 'em!
Kennington calls, and Hackney, with Fulham, too, and Clapham.
I hear the cry of Chelsea, Islington North and West
Raise wails that find an echo in this mail-covered breast.
Bermondsey and Whitechapel upraise a piteous plaint:
'Wy don't our 'eroes wisit *hus*? We looks and there they ain't!'
North Lambeth long neglected, and Wandsworth far South-West,
(If I know where these places be I wish I may be blest!)
Appeal to us for succour: then Peckham, gallant Peckham,
Makes a far cry from her famed Rye. O brethren, shall we check 'em,
These brave suburban stalwarts whose home is in the waste
Afar from Pall Mall portals, swell Clubs, and homes of taste,
But who have Votes, my brethren? Nay, shout ye men of pith,
And strike for pining Poplar and hapless Hammersmith!"
"Quite so!" cries 'cute MUNDELLA, the corvine chief and conky,
"But he who maketh too much noise may show himself a donkey.
The Capital seems quiet, Sir, the garrison is still,
Suppose we try that old Gaul game!" HARCURIUS cries, "I will!"
Then silently and slowly, and all in single file,
They climb towards the Citadel. HARCURIUS, with a smile,
Bath his head o'er the ramparts, when—Great CÆSAR, what is this?
They're greeted with one loud, prolonged, and universal hiss!
The sudden sibilation out of silence startles all,
HARCURIUS clangs his buckler, OTTO nearly hath a fall,
"Great gods, the Geese are on us, those confounded Sacred Geese,
See their long necks, twig their broad beaks! Cease, senile cacklers,
cease!"

So gaspeth great HARCURIUS, but gaspeth all in vain.
The gaff is blown, the anserine guard gives tongue with might and main.

A stir, a tramp of mailed feet, a torch-flare! Whillaloo!
"Say, is this MARCUS MANLIUS? No, hang it, there be two,
SALISBURIUS and GOSCHENIUS, with a host, no doubt, behind,
They're on their guard, whate'er may chance, we shall not 'catch 'em blind'.

Like gudgeon. No! there's not a chance of a surprise by night;
If the Gauls take the Citadel, ye gods, they'll have to fight."
How history repeats itself! At least we must agree,
The Geese have roused the Capital? And saved it? We shall see



THE ATTACK ON THE “CAPITAL.”



SO ARTLESS!

SCENE—A Cinderella Dance.

Swell (to ingenious Maiden). "ARE YOU ENGAGED?"

Ingenuous Maiden. "NO—BUT—I SHOULD SO LIKE TO BE!"

[And, as the old game has it, the consequences were—?]

A PARAGON FRAME (OF MIND).

["I never took anybody's umbrella."—Plaintiff
(a Cook) in a recent Breach of Promise Case.]COMMON are Cooks, professed, plain alike
And common, youths their sustenance who
feed on,Common (I'm told) a breach of promise suit,
And common, damages, in courts agreed on;
Common are briefs as blackberries; and fees
Are common quite as "leather and prunella";Common are "unprotected" witnesses
("Credat"—as HORACE somewhere sings—
"Apella.")But most uncommon seems a lowly Cook
Who with sincerity can kiss the book
And swear (to shame her betters!) ne'er she
tookBy sad "mistake or otherwise," by hook;
Or, as will eventuate, by crook,
Be it silk or gingham—anyone's umbrella!

MRS. RAM ON CURRENT POLITICS.—"Politics," says Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, "is one of the few things I know nothing about. But it does seem to me that Lord GRANDOLPH CHURCHILL is a white elephant tied round the neck of Lord SALISBURY."

"HEAVENS!"—Recently in the *Athenaeum*, and copied elsewhere, appeared the most interesting intelligence that has been received on earth for some time. "The small planet No. 315"—no further address is given, an omission which will, no doubt, be rectified in the next issue—"which was discovered at Nice by M. CHARLOIS on the 4th September, 1891,"—the small planet, of course, not being out of the nurse's arms, was not responsible for being at Nice at an unfashionable time, but this, of course, is the fault of her parents and guardians—"has been named Constantia." Rather late to delay the christening for nearly five months. Of course, the brilliant infant will not stay at Nice, except by medical advice, but will probably return to No. 315, Milky Way (or elsewhere), on the first opportunity. *Sic itur ad astra!*

"A STUDENT OF HISTORY" writes to us:—"Sir,—I have been reading a great deal lately on ecclesiastical subjects, and shall be very much obliged if you will explain to me briefly what 'Inclosed Orders' are." [If "A STUDENT" will send us, under cover to our office, two P. O. Orders for two pounds ten shillings each respectively, further explanation than that conveyed by our receipt for the same will be unnecessary.—ED.]

"COME HITHER, HUBERT!"

WE are able to present our readers with a few notes of a lecture to be given by Professor HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A. (by the kind permission of AUTHOR PINERO, Esq.), to all managers, actors, actresses, scene-painters, authors, composers, musicians, costumiers, and wig-makers who will honour him with their attention. On this occasion the Professor will (among other things) explain, by the aid of a Magic Lantern (an entirely new invention recently discovered by Professor H. H.) how to enlighten the stage darkness generally. The Professor will also combat the erroneous impression derived from the dark ages of SHAKESPEARE's time, that the Moon, or the Man in it,—probably a lime-lighterman,—ought servilely to follow the movements, in order to throw light upon them, of the Principal Performer. The Professor will observe—"Such a course, on the part of the Direction of the Moon, can only be considered beneficial to Art, when it is directed against 'The Star System.' As each theatrical Star has its own particular brilliancy, why lug in the Moon? SHAKESPEARE, no doubt, had the Stage Moon in full view when he makes *Juliet* roundly exclaim, 'Oh, swear not by the Moon, the inconstant Moon!' as, of course, a Moon bound to illuminate the business of any one actor must follow him about, and so, though 'constant' to him individually, would be open to a general charge of inconstancy from the spectators in front. Such a course for the Moon to take is, as some of the better instructed among you may possibly be aware, quite unwarranted by the lunar laws of Nature, &c., &c."

This interesting entertainment will wind up with a dialogue between *Arthur* (JONES) and *Hubert* (HERKOMER), of which we give an extract. It represents *Arthur* as wishing to produce a piece, which *Hubert* forewarns him will be a failure unless he (HUBERT) paints the scenery and manages it generally.

Arthur. Is there no remedy?*Hubert*.None, but to use *my* eyes.*Arthur*. O HUBERT! If you will, cut down my 'lengths.'And I'll be merry as the day is long,
So you don't interfere. You've other irons
Hot in the fire.*Hubert* (aside). With his innocent prate

He will awake my mercy which lies dead.

(Aloud.) Read this, young ARTHUR!

[Gives him a Manuscript.]

Arthur (opens it. Starts). What! a play by you!

To be produced by me! O HUBERT!! [Faints.]

We regret that want of space prevents our giving any more of this charming work at present, but no doubt it will not be long ere the Public has the gratification of hearing and seeing it all.

A RIDDLE.

I'm underneath your feet
In the streets of London Town,
From town take "t,"
Then give it to me,
And you'll sell me for a crown.

MRS. R. AND THE PREVAILING EPIDEMIC.—Our excellent friend is now convalescent. "Like CÆSAR or CÆSAR's wife, I forget which it was," she says, "I have passed the Barbican!" Some one having suggested that probably she meant "the Rubicon," Mrs. R. thanked him politely, but added, that she perfectly well knew what she was talking about, and that everyone who was acquainted with history would understand her classical delusion.

PUZZLER FOR A COSTUMIER.—A Gentleman going to a Fancy Dress Ball wants to know how he can make up for Lost Time?

NAMES for the next pair of Tailed Monkeys sent to the Zoo—"Mr. and Mrs. CAUDAL."

N.B.—"Confessions of a Duffer," No. IV., next week.



SHOWING THAT SOMETIMES IT IS GOOD FOR A COBBLER NOT TO STICK TO HIS LAST.

Fair Matron. "I REMEMBER YOUR ACTING 'SIR ANTHONY,' YEARS AGO, WHEN I WAS A GIRL, SIR CHARLES! YOU DID IT SPLENDIDLY!"

The Great Mathematician. "AH, WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT, THAT BIT OF ACTING BROUGHT ME MORE COMPLIMENTS THAN ANYTHING I EVER DID!"

Fair Matron. "I SHOULD THINK SO, INDEED!"

TRUE AND TRUSTY.

(A Story of the Law.)

I ALWAYS liked LAWRENCE LUCKAPENNY, and shall never forget the first time I met him. He was leaving the County Court, where I had had myself a small matter of business, and knowing the same Counsel, we foregathered. He was in great spirits. He had just won his case.

"Yes," said he, "it was a hard fight, but we came off all right. His Honour was distinctly in our favour, so now I and my co-trustees will have the satisfaction of feeling that the estate has benefited, with no greater loss than a few months' delay. Eh?" and he turned to our Counsel, who smiled, and shook his head a little doubtfully.

"Can scarcely go so far as that," the man of law observed. "You see, these matters take time, and the other side may appeal."

"Appeal! What is that?"

"I am afraid you will have the full opportunity for learning, my dear fellow."

"Well, it's all right up to now," cried LUCKAPENNY, cheerfully, and we separated.

Two or three years after this I again met the litigant, but this time in the Royal Courts of Justice. There were streaks of white in his hair, but he was still cheerful.

I asked him how he was getting on with the matter, and he replied, "As well as might

be expected." Our Counsel had been right, for the liquidators had appealed.

"But we have beaten them again, my dear Sir! Think of that,—beaten them again!"

"And now you will have no further difficulty, I suppose."

"I can't go quite so far as that," returned LUCKAPENNY, who I noticed was adopting legal phraseology. "You know they may take us up to the House of Lords, if they please!"

And again time went on. In the course of years I found that poor LUCKAPENNY had been taken to Westminster, and their Lordships had decided to give themselves time to consider their judgment.

When I met LUCKAPENNY again, the House of Lords had decided against him.

"It is very awkward," he observed, "they will not allow my costs, and so I shall have to pay them out of my own pocket! And what makes it the more annoying is that, even had we won our cause, it would have led to nothing, as the estate we were fighting is practically bankrupt."

I offered my condolences, and we separated.

The last time I saw poor LUCKAPENNY, he looked a very shadow of himself. He was haggard and thin, and was wearing clothes of an ancient cut and threadbare material. He smiled as he met me, and observed that he was still engaged on the trust matter.

"But I have come to the last stage," he said;

"I have paid the costs in full. And now I am going home."

"Going home," I repeated, and noticing that he seemed feeble, offered him the support of my arm. "I will walk as far as your residence."

"You are very good," he replied, "but I am afraid that I cannot ask you to come in."

"Never mind that; but where do you live?"

"Where should I live after a lawsuit?" he returned, with a short laugh. "Why, in the Workhouse, to be sure—in the Workhouse!"

And as a ratepayer, I have assisted to support him ever since!

A MENU FROM BIRMINGHAM.

POTAGES.

Duchesse.

Consommé de Déluge à l'Après Moi.

POISSONS.

Hors d'Eau à l'Appât convenable.

Crevettes à l'Envie.

ENTRÉES.

Petits Programmes à la Robe de

Joseph.

Filets de Vis, Sauce Monopole.

Pattes de Matou aux Griffes.

RÔTS.

Moi Même.

Dinde Fidèle de Jessé.

LÉGUMES.

Orchis en Boutonnière.

Hartijo Sauce Soumission.

RELEVÉS.

Monocle.

Salmi de Paires Filants aux Lis.

ENTREMETS.

Gâteau Rossendale.

Conserves d'Eglise Galloise.

Boudin de Labouchère à la Lanterne.

DESSERT.

Bonbons de Famille.

Hameçons de Flatterie.

Oublis.

IN STATU,—QUO ?

SHOULD CROMWELL have a statue at Westminster was a burning question some years ago. We all know the result, and nowadays, who cares? At present, the question at Oxford is, Shall Cardinal NEWMAN have a statue? and, if so, Shall it be just opposite the Martyrs' Memorial? From one point of view, the situation is happily selected, as, of course, NEWMAN was on just exactly opposite ground to CRANMER, RIDLEY, and LATIMER. The Oxford Dons are right in supposing that no statue can be erected without a previous design; a design by a hand that has not lost its cunning. The proposed site is in Broad Street, a very suggestive name as opposed to narrowness of any sort: yet so eager are the illogical Dons in the matter of preservation of spaces, that before even the base of a clay model has been commenced, they have already prepared the ground for the reception of the statue by getting up any amount of railing about the proposed site!



"WAKING-UP" FOR THE OPENING OF THE SESSION.

LETTERS TO ABSTRACTIONS.

No. X.—TO CROOKEDNESS.

OBLIQUE, BUT FORMIDABLE ONE,

You have frequently fixed your abode in high places. Are there not recorded in history the names of kings and statesmen whom an irresistible desire to scheme, and trick, and overreach, has brought to the block? The times were difficult—that much one may admit. Noble heads of honourable and upright men were lopped in profusion; and it may be argued, with some show of reason, that the man whose character was as flawless as pure crystal, was like to fare as badly as the muddiest rascal of them all, if his side sank in defeat. And yet I cannot help believing that, in some cases at least, a man might have had a happier end if he had abstained from acts of political turpitude, which were as irrational in their conception as they were ruinous in their effect; acts, that is, which, in the existing circumstances, no sane man could have undertaken unless the mere doing of these rogueries had been a supreme and a necessary pleasure to him. There was poor CHARLES THE FIRST. Surely, in spite of that melancholy, doomed face, he might have died in peace if he had only played the game fairly. JAMES THE SECOND, too, and MARLBOROUGH, the greatest Captain of his age, and BOLINGBROKE, the eloquent philosopher, the grave moralist, how different might their ends have been had not you, O CROOKEDNESS, presided at their births, and ruled their lives. But, *avant, History!* Here I am straying into a treatise, when I merely intended to remind you of little PETER SHEEF, and of his adventures.

PETER and I were freshmen together at Cambridge in the remote past before "Johnnies," and "Chappies," and "Mashers" had been heard of, before the "cof bird" had been fledged in its pink and sporting nest, or the Egyptian cigarette had asserted its universal sway. I daresay we differed but little (by "we" I mean the freshmen of our year) from those who have lately appeared for the first time in King's Parade, or Jesus Lane. We were very young—we imagined Proctors to be destitute of human feeling; we ate portentous breakfasts of many courses, and, for the most part, treated our allowances as though they had been so much pocket-money. Also we had an idea that a man who had passed his thirtieth year was absurdly old, and that nobody could be called a boy whose name had been entered on the books of a College. In fact, we were freshmen.

PETER and I were a good deal thrown together during our first term. Like me, he had come up from one of the smaller schools, and we had not, therefore, a very large number of friends to start with. PETER was one of the pleasantest fellows in the world, always cheerful, good-tempered, and obliging. He always seemed to have plenty of money. Indeed, I know that his father made him an allowance of £800 a year, a sum which was considerably more than double that received by the majority of his fellows. The parental SHEEF I have since discovered was a Solicitor, who had made his mark and his fortune by the crafty defence of shady financiers in distress, of bogus company promoters, and generally of the great race who live in the narrow border-land which divides the merely disreputable from the positively indictable. But at that time I didn't trouble my head to inquire about PETER's father, and was content as most Undergraduates are, to take my friends as I thought I found them. PETER was musical; he played several instruments with skill, and sang a capital song. With all these qualities, he soon became, to a certain extent, popular. He then set up as a giver of good and expensive dinners, kept a couple of horses in the hunting season, devoted great attention to his dress, and made himself unobtrusively agreeable to the little gods of our miniature world. In his second year he had gained a position; most people spoke well of him, and liked him. It only rested with PETER himself to maintain what he had gained, and to enter on life with troops of friends. A few moments of purposeless folly were sufficient to shatter him.

I remember that in my first term I was not very agreeably impressed by something that PETER did. A dog-fancier happened to come through the street in which we both lodged, and PETER began to bargain with him for a fox-terrier, who, according to the fancier's account, had a pedigree as long and as illustrious as that of a Norman Peer. Eventually it had been agreed that the dog was to become PETER's property in consideration of thirty shillings in cash, a pair of trousers, and a bottle of brandy. The exchange was made,

and the man departed. Thereupon PETER informed me with glee, that the trousers were a pair of his father's, which had been packed in his portmanteau by mistake, and that the brandy-bottle contained about fifty per cent. of water, that amount of brandy having been poured off before payment was made. As PETER put it, "I've done him in the eye, to prevent him doing me." I tried in vain to bring him round to the opinion that (let alone robbing one's father) cheating a cheat was one of the lowest forms of roguery. The dog-fancier soon afterwards returned, and protested, with tears in his eyes, that the shabby trick had wounded him in his tenderest feelings, but he seemed quite willing to begin a fresh bargain with "the only gentlemen, s'help me, as ever bested pore little ALEC."

All this is, however, by the way. I merely mention it to illustrate PETER's character. At the University Steeple-Chase Meeting, which took place at the end of our third October term, SHEEF had entered his animals for several races. He was a good rider, and confidently anticipated success. To celebrate the occasion, he had arranged a big dinner-party, and had invited some twenty of us to dine with him. I had been unable to go to the races myself, but at the appointed hour I turned up at SHEEF's rooms. I found the table brilliantly laid, waiters hanging about, and dozens of Champagne in readiness. SHEEF was there, but, beside myself, no other guest had appeared. And not a single one came. I forget what excuse the miserable host made, but the result was that we two solemnly dined at a table laid for ten times our number. I think I shall remember that ghastly festivity as long as I live. The next day all Cambridge knew that SHEEF had not only pulled one of his horses openly and disgracefully, but had wilfully misled both his friends and the book-makers as to the horse he intended to ride in a race for which entries were made at the post. I never heard that he stood to win more than £50 by the transaction. And for this paltry sum (paltry, that is, to a man of his means) he had wrecked his reputation, and all the possibilities of his career.

I see him slinking about London sometimes. Last year he passed, with much discredit, through the Bankruptcy Court. He has been a Director of countless Companies, for the stock of fools seems to be inexhaustible. There can only be one end for such a man as SHEEF. The cool, callous, and calculating knave may get clear through to the end; but SHEEF always was stupidly good-natured, and good-nature hangs like a millstone round the neck of rascality. I cannot myself detest him as I ought to do. He was so near to completely successful respectability. But crookedness ruined him, in spite of his better wishes. Was it altogether his own fault?

That, as Mr. BRET HARTE observes, lets me out.

I remain as before, DIOGENES ROBINSON.

A Dangerous Title.

(To Mr. Joseph Hatton, Author of "Cigarette Papers.")

CIGARETTE Papers, JOSEPH, when properly stuffed, Are meant, I suppose, to be zealously puffed. When we take them in hand, a consuming desire Attacks us to set the gay trifles on fire. Yet, the brand being good (here's the point of my joke), They are always enjoyed ere they vanish in smoke.

FROM AN X. J. P. TO LORD CHIEF JUSTICE PUNCH.—Sir,—Why complain of "the Licence of the Bar?" Of course it goes with, and is a part of, every Licence to a Public-house granted by the Middlesex Magistrates. I've retired some years myself, am a bit deaf, and don't read much; but I heard just enough to warrant me in writing to you at once on what appears to me so simple a matter.

ROBERT SHALLOW, X. J. P., M. M.

At the Sign of the Pig and Pippin.

TO THE FUTURE A.R.A.—Better luck next time, Mr. SWAN. Be satisfied that, though at present unelected, you are Swan, R.A., i.e., *Rara Avis*. As you can plume yourself on this, so "*in hoc Cygno, vinces!*" Which we caninecally and not canonically for the nonce nonce-sensically render, "In this (matter), to the Swan (we say) you will (go in and) win!"

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

'PLEASING THE PIGS!' (From a Private and Confidential Report.)

MR. CHAPLIN received a deputation on the subject of the Swine-fever last week. True to his dramatic instincts as regards the fitness of things, the Minister for Agriculture was, on this occasion, wearing a Sow-wester. He regretted that he was unable to don a pig-tail, which, as the representative of the Fine Old English Gentleman of years gone by, he should much like to do, but it was a fashion with the pig-wigs of the last century which he hoped to see revived as "a tail of old times." It was better, far better to be pig-tailed as were their great grandfathers, than to be pig-headed as were so many people with pig-cular notions, specially in Scotland.

"I am doing and have been doing," said the Ministering CHAPLIN, "my very best to please the pigs, but there are some pigs that won't be pleased when they find that everything is not going to be done for them gratis. You may take this for grunted, — I should say granted. Now let me give you an illustration. There were five pigs belonging to a well-known littery family. The first pig went to market but no one would purchase him, the second pig stayed at home (not feeling well), the third pig had pleuro-pneumonia, and the fourth pig was



in full swing — if you can imagine a pig in a swing — of swine-fever; and the fifth and quite the smallest pig of the lot, a mere sucking-pig, went 'wheeze, wheeze, wheeze!' and 'wheeze' were always a very bad sign. *A propos* of 'signs' I have little doubt but that the well-known sign of the 'Pig and Whistle' descends to us from ancient times of Influenza. He trusted that the whole pig-family would soon be pigging up again."

The Right Hon. Gentleman finished by apologising for not being able to quote anything apposite from the works of either the philosophic BACON, the Ettrick Shepherd HOGG, or the poetic SUCKLING, his motto for the present being "*porker verba*," and he had to issue a Circular about the cattle who were all going wrong.

The Deputation thanked Mr. CHAPLIN, and unanimously expressed their opinion, that where pigs were concerned, the Minister should have his styepend increased. Noticing that Mr. CHAPLIN had risen from his chair, and had assumed a threatening attitude, the Deputation hurriedly thanked the Minister of Agriculture, and speedily withdrew.

ANSWER TO THE RIDDLE IN LAST WEEK'S NUMBER. — "Mire + t = Mitre."

Charles Gaddon Spurgeon.

BORN, JUNE 19, 1834. DIED, JAN. 31, 1892.

STURDY saint-militant, stout, genial soul,
Through good and ill report you've reached
the goal

Of all brave effort, and attained that light
Which makes our clearest noontide seem as
night.

How much 'twill show us all! We boast our
clarity

Of spiritual sense, but mutual charity
Is still our nearest need when faith grows fierce
And even hope earth's mists can hardly pierce.
You were much loved; you spake a potent
word

In the world's ear, and listening thousands
With joy that clear and confident appeal.
The lingering doubts finer-strung spirits feel,
The sensitive shrinkings from familiar touch
Of the high mysteries, moved you not. Of
such

The great throng-stirrers! And you stirred
the throng

Who felt you honest and who knew you
Racy of homely earth, yet spirit-fired
With all their higher moods felt, loved, de-
Puritan, yet of no ascetic strain

Or arid straitness, freshening as the rain
And healthy as the clod; a native force
Incult yet quickening, cleaving its straight
course

Unchecked, unchastened, conquering to the
Crudeness may chill, and confidence offend,
But manhood, mother wit, and selfless zeal,
Speech clear as light, and courage true as steel
Must win the many. Honest soul and brave,
The greatest drop their garlands on your
grave!

'LOOK HERE, UPON THIS PICTURE AND ON THIS!'
(The Haymarket Hamlet as he is and ought to be.)

Mr. H. Kemble. "My dear Tree, I ought to have played *Hamlet*. First, my name—Kemble. Secondly, Shakspeare's authority—'Oh, that this too too solid flesh would melt,' and again, 'Fat and scant of breath!'"

Mr. B. Tree. "All right, my dear Kemble. Quite true what you say; and, any night I am unable to play, you shall be my double!"

WHIPPED IN VAIN.

(By an M.P. of a Retiring Nature.)

THE Whip, he writes to me to-day,
Not, as his wont, in tones pacific,
But in the very strongest way,
And using language quite terrific.

He hopes to see me in my place,
And woe betide the sad seceder,
Whose absence helps to throw disgrace
Both on his Party and his Leader.

I throw my hat up to the sky.
At taunts of treason or defection
I flip my fingers. What care I?
For I do NOT seek re-election!

"THIS INDENTURE WITNESSETH."—According to the *Times* of Friday last, February 5, Cardinal MANNING died practically a pauper. He had given everything away in charity. He was a "Prince of the Church," and his gifts to others were, indeed, princely. In the wills and deeds of how many of our Very Reverend and Right Reverend Lordships shall we find nothing gathered up and bequeathed of the loaves and fishes which have fallen to their share? Such a testament as the Cardinal's would be in quite a New Testamentary spirit.

FOREIGN AND HOME NEWS.—"The Prussian Education Bill," remarked an elderly bachelor to Mr. PETER FAMILIAS, "is a very important matter; because you see—"

"Hang the Prussian Education Bill!" interrupted PETER F., testily. "You should see the English Education Bill I've had for my boy's schooling last half!"

MR. PUNCH TO THE LIFEBOAT-MEN.



[The President of the Board of Trade has, by command of the QUEEN, conveyed, through the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, to the crews of the lifeboats of *Atherfield*, *Brightstone*, and *Brooke*, Her Majesty's warm appreciation of their gallant conduct in saving the crew and passengers of the steamship *Eider*.]

Your hand, lad! 'Tis wet with the brine,
and the salt spray has sodden your hair,
And the face of you glisteneth pale with the
stress of the struggle out there;
But the savour of salt is as sweet to the sense
of a Briton, sometimes,
As the fragrance of wet mignonette, or the
scent of the bee-haunted limes.

Ay, sweeter is manhood, though rough, than
the smoothest effeminate charms
To the old sea-king strain in our blood in the
season of shocks and alarms,

When the winds and the waves and the rocks
make a chaos of danger and strife;
And the need of the moment is pluck, and
the guerdon of valour is life.

That guerdon you've snatched from the teeth
of the thundering tiger-maw'd waves,
And the valour that smites is as naught, after
all, to the valour that saves.

They are safe on the shore, who had sunk in
the whirl of the floods but for *you*!
And some said you had lost your old grit and
devotion! We knew 'twas not true.

The soft-hearted shore-going critics of con-
duct themselves would not dare,
The trivial coxsure belittlers of dangers they
have not to share,
Claim much—oh so much, from rough man-
hood,—unflinching cool daring in fray,
And selflessness utter, from toilers with little
of praise, and less pay.

Her heroes to get "on the cheap" from the
rough rank and file of her sons
Has been England's good fortune so long, that
the scribblers' swift tongue-babble runs

To the old easy tune without thought, "Gal-
lant sea-dogs and life-savers!" Yes!
But poor dribblets of lyrical praise should not
be their sole guerdon, I guess.

On the coast, in the mine, at the fire, in the
dark city byeways at night,
They are ready the waves, or the flames, or
the bludgeoning burglar to fight.
And are *we* quite as ready to mark, or to
fashion a fitting reward
For the coarsely-clad commonplace men who
our life and our property guard?

A question *Punch* puts to the Public, and on
your behalf, my brave lad,
And that of your labouring like. To accept
your stout help we are glad:
If supply of cheap heroes *should* slacken,
and life-saving valour grow *dear*—
Say as courts, party-statesmen, or churches
—'twould make some exchequers look
queer.

Do we quite do our part, we shore-goers?
Those lights could not flash through the
fog,
And how often must rescuer willing lie 'idle
on land like a log
For lack of the warning of coast-wires from
lighthouse or lightship? 'Tis flat
That we, lad, have not done *our* duty, until
we have altered all that.

Well, you have done yours, and successfully,
this time at least, and at night.
All rescued How gladly the last must have
looked on that brave "Comet Light,"
As you put from the wave-battered wreck.
Cold, surf-buffeted, weary, and drenched,
Your pluck, like the glare from that beacon,
flamed on through the dark hours un-
quenched.

Nor then was your labour at end. There was
treasure to save and to land.
Well done, life-boat heroes, once more!
Punch is proud to take grip of your hand!
Your QUEEN, ever quick to praise manhood,
has spoken in words you will hail,
And 'twere shame to the People of England,
if they in their part were to fail.

THE LAST OF THE GUARDS.

*A Song of Sentiment, to the Tune of "Fair Lady
Elizabeth Mugg." ("Rejected Addresses.")*

"The last of the old Mail-guards is about to
disappear from the service of the Post Office.
Fifty-six years have elapsed since Mr. MOSES
NOBBS—for such is the venerable official's name—
was selected to undertake the duties of Guard to
one of the Royal Mails."—*Daily Telegraph.*

HISTORICAL Muse! are you sober?
Is he, the old Mail-guard, alive,
Who probably swigged sound October
From flagons, in One, Eight, Three,
Five?

When PILCH went a-slogging, and CLARKE
Was a-studying slow underhand lobs?
Hooray for that evergreen spark,
The veteran Guard, MOSES NOBBS! *

Why, MOSES, thus bring to a close
Your fifty-six years on the road?
Do you yearn, after all, for repose,
Who with zeal half-a-century glowed?
The Muse makes her moan at your loss,
And Sentiment silently sobs.
Ah! Time, friend, will play pitch-and-toss
With all of us, even a NOBBS!

* The *Telegraph* gives the gentleman's name
both as "NOBBS" and "NOGES." As "NOBBS"
comes first, *Mr. Punch* adopts it, he hopes without
misnaming the illustrious veteran.



KIND INQUIRIES.

The Dean's Wife. "IS THE DEAR BISHOP STILL LIVING?"
Episcopal Butler. "OH YES, MA'AM. HE'S BETTER TO-DAY! WE'RE ALL SAYING HE'S
GOING TO DISAPPOINT 'EM YET!"

One sees your Mail-Coach all a-blaze,
A masterly hand on the rein,
In those rollicking, railway-less days,
Which never shall greet us again.
That tooting tin-horn one can hear;
The old buffers, with breeches and fobs,
One can picture; they doubtless were dear
To the bosom of brave MOSES NOBBS.
That blunderbuss, too! Good old Guard!
At what Knight of the Road has it shot?
And do you remember the bard
Who gave us "*The Tantivy Trot*?"
Mr. EGERTON WARBURTON's gone,
No longer the Highwayman robs;
And silence now settles upon
The Last of the Guards—MOSES NOBBS!

Yet oblivion shall not descend
On that name till a stave hath been sung.
The Muse is antiquity's friend,
And in praise of the past will give tongue.
If CRACKNALL, the Tantivy Whip,
Claimed song, they're but *parvenu* snobs
Who say that the lyre should let slip
The memory of stout MOSES NOBBS.
The Mail-Coach, my NOBBS, is no more
What it was when you put on the man;
We've Mail Trains, all rattle and roar,
And that portent, the Packet Post Van.
A Pullman, and not the Box-seat,
Is the aim of our modern Lord BOBS;
But the old recollections are sweet; [NOBBS!
And *Punch* drinks to your health, MOSES

CONFESSIONS OF A DUFFER.

IV.—THE DUFFER AS COLLECTOR.

I MAY be a Duffer, but I hope I am neither an idiot nor a cad. I have never collected postage-stamps, nor outraged common humanity by asking people to send me their autographs. With these exceptions I have failed as a collector of almost everything. To succeed you need luck, and a dash of unscrupulousness, and careful attention to details, and a sceptical habit of mind. Even as a small boy I used to waste my shillings at a funny little curiosity-shop, kept by a nice old lady who knew no more about her wares than I did. Here I acquired quite a series of old coppers, which Mrs. SOMERVILLE said were ancient Bactrian. We asked where Bactria was, and she replied that it was a "country beyond Cyrus." We answered that Cyrus was not a territorial but a personal name, "A fellow, don't you know, not a place," but the old lady's information stopped there. I wonder where my Bactrian Collection is now. Certainly I never sold it; indeed, I never sold anything; not only because nobody would buy, but because, after all, one is a Collector, not a tradesman. Birds' eggs I would have collected if I could, but you had first to find the bird's nest (almost an impossible quest for a born Duffer), and to blow the eggs, which, let me tell you, needs nicety of handling. I did once find a thrush's nest, and tried blowing an egg, but it was not wholly a success, and the egg (the contents of which I accidentally absorbed) was not wholly fresh. Then it is awkward when you are at the top of a tall tree, with an egg in your mouth, for safety, if the other boys make you laugh, as you try to come down. It is the egg which,—but enough! Everyone who has been in that position will understand what is meant. It is not difficult to collect shells on the seashore, but it is extremely difficult to find out what shells they are, after you have collected them.

Conchology is no child's play. As to collecting marine animals for an aquarium, the trouble begins when you forget your acquisitions, and carry them about for some time in the pockets of your jacket. That jacket is apt to be dusted by the bigger boys, who also interfere with your affections for toads, lizards, snakes and other live stock dear to youth. The common ambition of boyhood is to be a great rabbit-grower, but, somehow, my rabbits did not thrive. The cats got at them, and, in shooting at the cats with a crossbow, I had the misfortune to break several windows, and riddle a conservatory.

The chief objects of my later ambition have been rare old books, gems, engravings, china, and so forth. All these things, if they are to be collected, demand that you shall have your wits about you; and the peculiarity of the Duffer is that his wits are always wool-gathering. A nice collection of wool they must have stored up somewhere. As to books, one invariably begins by collecting the wrong things. In novels and essays you read of "priceless Elzevirs," and "Aldines worth their weight in gold." Fired with hope, you hang about all the stalls, where you find myriads of Elzevirs, dumpy, dirty little tomes, in small illegible type, and legions of Aldines, books quite as dirty, if not so dumpy, and equally illegible, for they are printed in italics. You think you are in luck, invest largely, and begin to give yourself the airs of an amateur and a discoverer. Then comes somebody who knows about the matter in hand, and who tells you, with all the savage joy of a collector, that nobody wants any Elzevirs and Aldines, except a very few, and they must be in beautiful old bindings, uncut down, or scarcely cut down by the binder. These you may long for, but you certainly will never find them in the fourpenny box. The Duffer is always making the mistake of buying small bargains, as he thinks them, and so he will

spend, in some time, perhaps, a hundred pounds. With a hundred pounds, and with luck, and prudence, and cunning, he might perhaps buy one small volume which a collector who knew his business would not wholly disdain. But, as it is, he has squandered his money, and has nothing to show for it but a heap of trash, of the wrong date, without the necessary misprints in the right places, ragged, short, and, above all, *imperfect*. I suppose I have the richest collection of imperfect books in the world. One hugs oneself on one's *Lucasta* (very rare), or one's Elzevir *Cesar* of the right date, or one's first edition of *Molière*, and then comes, with fiendish glee, the regular collector, and shows you that *Lucasta* has not the portrait of *LOVELACE*, that *Cesar* has not his pagination all wrong (as he ought to have), that the *Molières* are Lyons piracies, that half of *GILBERT'S Gentleman's Diversion* is not bound up with the rest, that, generally speaking, there are pages missing here and there all through your books, which you have never "collected,"

that a ticket of *PADELOUP*, the binder, has been taken off some broken board of a book, and stuck on to a modern imitation, and so forth, all through the collection. You cannot sell it; nobody will take as a present this Library of a Gentleman who has given up collecting; even Free Libraries do not want this kind of treasure, and so it remains, littering your shelves, a monument of folly. Happy are the Duffers whose eyes are impenetrably sealed, and who can go on believing, in spite of a modern water-mark, in their sham *BURNS MSS.* and their volumes with autographs of all the celebrated characters in history. But my eyes are purged, and I do not think you shall find me collecting old books any more. Certainly I shall not venture into auction-rooms, compete with the Trade, and get left with a book artfully run up, thanks to my enthusiasm, to four or five times its market value.

As to china, what the Duffer buys is invariably cracked, and the "marks" on which he places confidence are flagrant imitations. He usually begins by supposing that Crown Derby is a priceless possession, also he has a touching faith in chipped blue and white cups and saucers, marked with a crescent. Worcester they may be, but not the right sort of Worcester. And Crown Derby is the very Aldine or Elzevir of this market. You might as well collect shares in the Great Montezuma Gold Mine, and expect to derive benefit from the investment.

Gems are among the things that the Duffer may most wisely collect, for the excellent reason that, in this country, he very seldom indeed finds any for sale. He cannot come to much sorrow, for lack

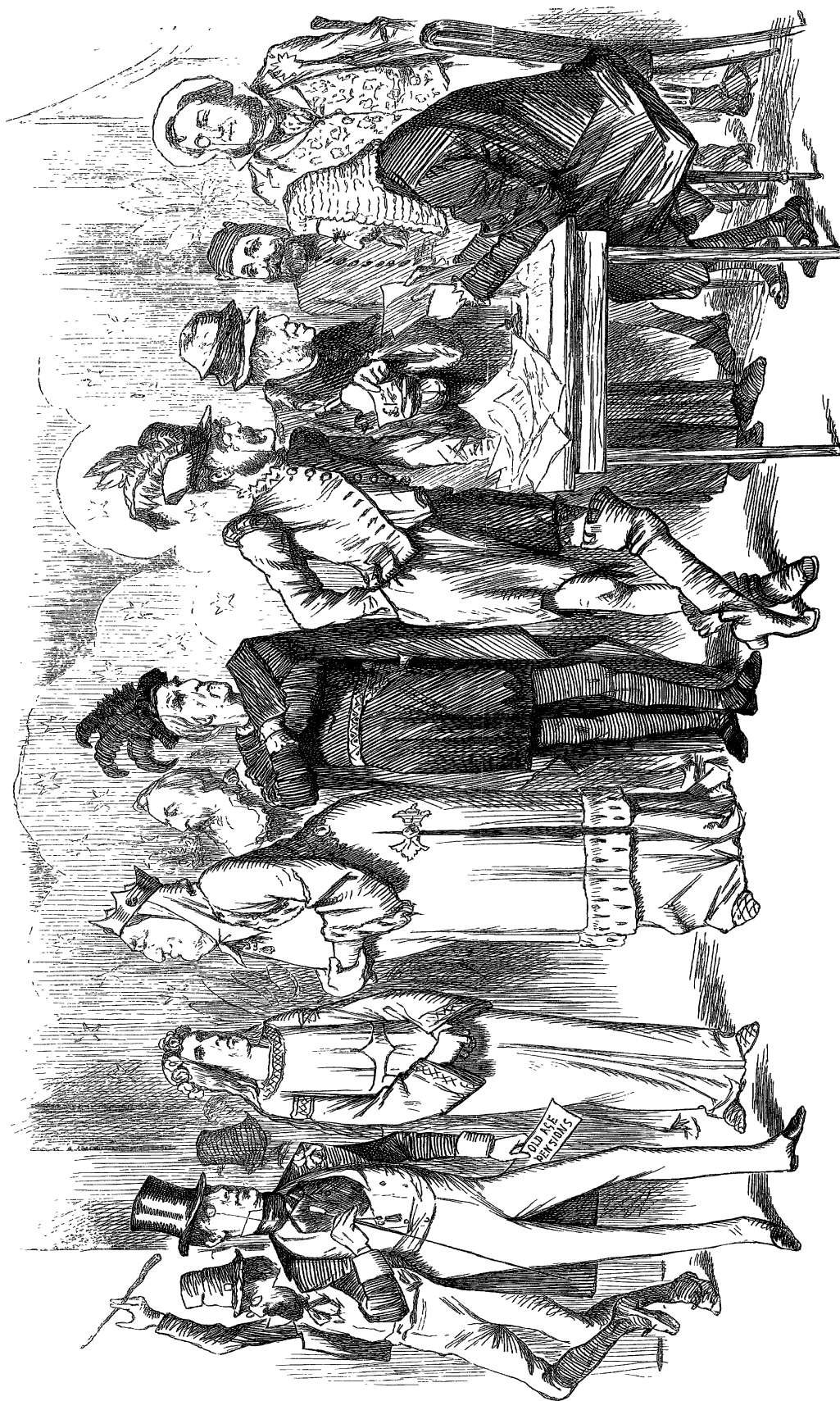
of opportunities. In Italy it is different. How many beautiful works of Art I have acquired in Florence, at considerable ransoms, all of them signed in neat, but illegible Greek capitals. I puzzled over them with microscopes. The names seemed to end in *IKAHZ*. I thought myself a rival of *BLACAS*, or Lord *KILSYTH*, or the British Museum. Then my friend, *WILKINS*, came in. "Pretty enough pastes of the last century I see," he remarks. "Pastes!—last century!" I indignantly exclaim; "why they're of the best period; Sardis, all of them signed, but I can't make out the artist's name." "It is *PROHLER*," says *WILKINS*, "he usually signed, for fear his things should be sold as antiques." I had to give in about *PROHLER* (which certainly does not sound very Greek); "but here," I said, "you can't call *this* paste, you can't scratch the back of it." "I know I can't," says *WILKINS*, examining the ring, "for a very good reason, because a thin layer of sard has been inserted behind. But it's paste, for all that."

"Well," I say, "here's a genuine ancient ring, old gold, and a lovely head of *Prosperine* in cornelian."

"Well, this is odd," says *WILKINS*, "I know the setting is genuine, I have seen it before. But then it had a rubbishy late



"And, in shooting at the cats with a crossbow, I had the misfortune to break several windows."



"HER MAJESTY'S SERVANTS."

VIEW OF THE STAGE ON THE RE-OPENING OF THE THEATRE ROYAL WESTMINSTER.

bit of work in it, and I was in the *atelier* when a gem-cutter shaved away the top of the stone, and copied your head of Prosperine on it from a Sicilian coin. I can show you a coin of the same stamp in my collection."

And he showed me it, otherwise I might have remained incredulous. "These scarabs," he went on, "are from Birmingham, I know the glaze. That gold Egyptian ring, Queen TATA's do you say, is Coptic, Cairo is full of them. That head of CÆSAR is a copy from the one in the British Museum."

"Why, it is rough with age," I said.

"Ay, they've stuffed it down a turkey's crop, and it has got rubbed up in the gravel with which the ingenious bird assists the process of digestion. A man who could swallow that gem is a goose."

I am presenting my esteemed collection of ancient engraved stones to my nephew at school, who shows all the character of the collector. He may swop them for bats, or tarts, or he may learn wisdom from the misfortunes of his uncle.

IN THIS STYLE, SIX-AND-EIGHTPENCE.

Mr. Badgerer, Q.C. (rising to cross-examine). Then you assert that the golden dinner-service which we are inquiring about was in your possession on the evening of July 26th at half-past eight o'clock?

Plaintiff. I do.

Mr. Badgerer, Q.C. And that when you went to take them out of the strong-box at 9'15 for your party they had disappeared?

Plaintiff. Quite so.

Mr. Badgerer, Q.C. Pardon my suggesting such a thing, but I am instructed to ask you whether, when you paid £800 to the rate-collector for arrears of rates on the very next day, you had not obtained that sum by selling a portion of this gold plate yourself?

The Judge. Really, Mr. BADGERER, this won't do at all. "Legal bullying" is a thing of the past, and I shall have to commit you for contempt if you make these unworthy suggestions to the Witness.

Mr. Badgerer, Q.C. But, m'Lud, the whole point of the defence is that the Plaintiff himself sto—

The Judge (hastily interposing). —Sh! You must not talk like that. Remember that "the floor of the Court is not the same thing as the interior of a coal-barge."

Mr. Badgerer, Q.C. (sulkily). Very well. But I really don't know how I am to conduct my case if your Ludship intervenes to check me. (To Witness.) I can ask you *this* at any rate. Did you or did you not run up to Town by an early train the morning after the robbery?

Plaintiff. Certainly I did. I went to see my tailor, in Bond Street.

Mr. Badgerer, Q.C. And why did you, then, go all the way from Bond Street to the City, eh?

Plaintiff (gravelled). My Lord, I must appeal for protection. The question is a bullying one.

The Judge. Oh, certainly! Counsel has no right to ask such things. He ought to take the charitable view of your actions, and suppose that you went to the City for a mid-day chop, or because you wanted to look at St. Paul's, or something of that kind. We must really try and conduct our business as nobly as we can.

Mr. Badgerer, Q.C. (pleasantly). "Que Messieurs les assassins commencent!" Then we will presume that your predilection for City chops is so great, that you went a couple of miles out of your way to get one, and that your reason for dropping in at the establishment of Messrs. BLANK, Goldsmiths, and offering them half-a-dozen dessert-plates—

The Judge (interrupting). Oh, really, this is not at all—

Plaintiff. Quite the reverse. I won't stay here to be insulted by anybody!

[Exit hurriedly.]

Mr. Badgerer, Q.C. I am afraid the Police Officers who are waiting outside to arrest our friend who has just left the box will also be denounced as "legal bullies." But after all one can't cross-examine a rogue on rosewater principles. And if we Barristers sometimes do make things rather rough for innocent Witnesses, by dragging out unpleasant incidents in their careers, or suggesting some that never occurred, by so acting we provide a powerful inducement to people to avoid having such unpleasant incidents to be dragged out. And if the fear of cross-examination prevents actions being brought, it thereby also prevents would-be litigants ruining themselves in law expenses. With submission, m'Lud, and if your Ludship pleases, I would say that we "legal bullies" are public benefactors in disguise.

The Judge. There's something in what you say, Mr. BADGERER. But the disguise need not be so complete as it is. I suppose it's a verdict for the Defendants? With costs, yes. Gentlemen of the Jury, I can't sufficiently express my sense of the nobility of your conduct in listening to the evidence as you have done—though, of course, if you had not listened, I should have committed you all for contempt in double-quick time—and you will now return a verdict for the Defendants.

[Left sitting.]

"THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS."—No. XXVI. next week.



LEGAL IMPROVEMENTS.

ANOTHER SAVING.

DURING THE ADJOURNMENT, THEIR LORDSHIPS WILL ASSIST IN THE REFRESHMENT DEPARTMENT.

Thirsty Attorney. "NOT TOO MUCH FROTH ON, MY LUD!"

TO POLICE CONSTABLES SMEETH AND TAPPIN.

[In endeavouring to capture a gang of burglars at Greenwich, these two constables were dreadfully battered. But they kept up the pursuit until the ruffians were secured.]

YOUR hand, Mr. TAPPIN, your hand, Mr. SMEETH.

To the men who protect us we offer no wreath.

They face for our sakes all the rogues and the brutes, Getting cracks from their bludgeons and kicks from their boots.

They are battered and bruised, yet they never give in, And at last by good luck they may manage to win. Then, their heads beaten in all through scorning to shirk, Scarred and seamed they return without fuss to their work.

O pair of good-plucked 'uns, ye heroes in blue,

As modest as brave, let us give you your due.

Though we cannot do much, we'll do all that we can, Since our hearts throb with pride at the sight of a Man.

Mr. SMEETH you're a man, Mr. TAPPIN's another;

Mr. Punch—pray permit him—henceforth is your brother.

We are proud of you both, and we'll all of us cheer These Peelers from Greenwich who never knew fear.

MORE BONES TO PICK WITH THE SCHOOL BOARD.

WE see there has been some churlish cavilling in some quarters because the School Management Committee of the London School Board passed a requisition in November last, sanctioning the purchase of an articulated skeleton for the Belleville Road School, at the very reasonable sum of £8 16s. Why make any bones about the matter? What more ornamental and indeed indispensable article of school-furniture than a human skeleton nearly six foot high? Still, should the past system of expenditure be continued in the future, Mr. Punch would suggest that excellent and infinitely cheaper substitutes for skeletons will be found in the persons of the rate-payers themselves.

CUPID'S TENNIS-COURTS.—Under the heading "Tennis in the Riviera," the *Daily Telegraph* recently gave us some important news, which should largely influence the Matrimonial Market. The names of Ladies and Gentlemen, both "singles" (a not strictly grammatical plural, by the way, but what's grammar in a game of Thirty to Love?) were given. There was, however, no mention of "ties" or of matches to come.

A CORRESPONDENT SIGNING HIMSELF "MINCING LANE" WRITES,—"Sir,—The *Saturday Review* complained of Mr. TREE's gait as *Hamlet*, 'which,' said the Critic, 'reminds one too much of AGAG.' Most cutting comparison for an actor sticking rigidly to the Shakspearian text! If there were interpolations in the text of Mr. BEERBOHM TREE's own introduction, then indeed he might remind them of *A-gag*; that is, if he were continually a-gagging.—M. L."

NEW BOOK.—Soon may be expected, *A Guide to the Unknown Tongs*, by the Author of *A Handbook to Poker*.



THE PARLIAMENTARY SAFETY BICYCLE CHAMPIONSHIP—THE LAST LAP.



FICTION—PRESENT STYLE.

Gertrude. "YOU NEVER DO ANYTHING NOW, MARGARET, BUT GO TO ALL SORTS OF CHURCHES, AND READ THOSE OLD BOOKS OF THEOLOGY. YOU NEVER USED TO BE LIKE THAT." Margaret. "HOW CAN I HELP IT, GERTY?—I'M WRITING A POPULAR NOVEL!"

TAKE CARE!

A SONG OF CONVALESCENCE AFTER INFLUENZA.

By an Impatient Patient.

AIR—"Beware!"

"I FEEL as well as well can be!"—
Take care!

La Grippe's deceptive don'tcher see,
Beware! Beware!
Trust it not,
'Twill be fooling thee;

It's just three weeks since I was "down!"—
Take care!

"I'm wanted very much in town."
Beware! Beware!
Run no risk,
'Tis humbugging thee!

"I feel all right,—as well as you!"—
Take care!
What feeling tells you is not true!
Beware! Beware!
Pneumonia waits
To be nipping thee!

"You Doctors are such funny chaps!"—
Take care!
We know the dangers of Relapse.
Beware! Beware!
Flout me not,
I'm not fooling thee!

"Too long you pillow us and pill us!"—
Take care!

You don't half know that blarmed bacillus.
Beware! Beware!
Brave it not,
'Twill be flooring thee!

"The fever's gone, the aches seem van-
Take care! [ished.]—
They come back when you think 'em
banished.
Beware! Beware!
Trust 'em not,
They'll be dodging thee!

"Oh, come, I say, look here, you know!"—
Take care!
Your pulse is yet two beats too slow.
Beware! Beware!
Trifle not,
Sense is schooling thee!

"Three weeks have I been on my back!"—
Take care!
You don't want to renew the rack.
Beware! Beware!
East winds are out,
They'll be cooling thee!

"It is a beast of a complaint!"—
Take care!
Don't storm! Your pulse is fluttering, faint.
Beware! Beware!
Worry not,
Think of syncope!

"Tush! Taking Care's the awfulest
worry!"—

Take care!
For "Complications" punish hurry.
Beware! Beware!
Resist him not,
Who'd be ruling thee!

Keep warm indoors, take lots of rest.

Take care!
That of all counsels is the best.
Beware! Beware!
Out? Cert'nly not!

For two weeks—or three!
[Left fuming.]

"ON THE SLY."—The name of Mr. J. E. SLY was mentioned in the *World* last week as a candidate for the office of High Bailiff of the City of London Court. Quite a Shakspearian name is *Sly*. "Look in the *Chronicles*," quoth *Christopher* of that ilk, "We came in with RICHARD Conqueror." We drink success to him in "a pot of the smallest ale" and "Let the *World* slip,"—whether it did slip or not, the event will prove,— "We shall ne'er be younger."

"CHARLES, HIS FRIENDS."—The Gentlemen who sought to adorn King CHARLES's statue with wreaths on the 30th January, are not to be beheaded. Like the White Rose League, their Jacobark is worse than their Jacobite.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



House of Commons, Tuesday, February 9.—House met to-day for what, the SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE tells me, must needs be last Session of present Parliament. Appropriately funeral air over scene and proceedings. Usually Members return to work in highest spirits. Remember, in years gone by, before the blight of neglect in high places fell upon him, how dear old PETER RYLANDS enjoyed himself on these occasions. What long strides he used to take, bustling to and fro! What thunderous slaps of friendly welcome he bestowed on shrinking shoulders! What digs of deep and subtle humour he dealt to unresponsive ribs!

If PETER were with us to-day, it is probable that even his effervescence of natural spirits would droop under prevalent gloom. The familiar place is a House of Mourning. Members tread softly, lest they should disturb the sick or wake the dead. Everyone has had the influenza, fears he is going to catch it, or mourns someone whom it has snatched away.

When SPEAKER took Chair and business commenced, a glance round crowded benches brought back memory of much that has happened in the Recess.

"'Tis not alone this inky cloak, good TOBY, worn in sign of public mourning," said WILFRID LAWSON, strangely subdued; "the House of Commons has had its losses."

"Yes," I say, looking across at the Treasury Bench, where in the last weeks of July we were wont to see the kindly anxious face of OLD MORALITY, never more to cheer us with his little aphorisms, and incite to following his pathway of duty to his QUEEN and country. In his place, alert, youthful, strong, with ready smile breaking the unfamiliar gravity of face and manner, sits the new Leader, still blushing under effect of ringing cheer that welcomed him to his high position.

Lower down, filled-up by another, is the place whence used frequently to arise a tall, almost gaunt, figure, which, with voice and manner indicating close associations with the Church pulpit, read from manuscript neatly-constructed answers designed to crush HENRIKER-HEATON. A kindly man and an able was RAIKES, who did not obtain full recognition for his administration of the office to which he was called.

On the other side of [the] House a great gap is made by the withdrawal of PARNELL from the scene. A second, of quite other association, yawns where genial DICK POWER used to sit, and wonder what on earth he did in this gallery, when he might have been riding to hounds in County Waterford. HARTINGTON gone, too, an unspeakable loss to gentlemen on the benches immediately behind. Many are the weary hours they have wiled away wondering whether, at the next backward jerk of the head of the sleeping statesman, his hat would tumble off, or whether catastrophe would be further postponed. In HARTINGTON's place sits CHAMBERLAIN, much too wide awake to afford opportunity for speculation on that or cognate circumstance.

In his old corner-seat, in friendly contiguity, with his revered friend on the Treasury Bench, GRANDOLPH lounges contemplative. Met him earlier in afternoon. Passed us in corridor as I was talking to the MARKISS, who was anxious to know how the dinner went off last night, at which nephew ARTHUR appeared in character of the New Host at Downing Street. The MARKISS looked narrowly at GRANDOLPH as he passed with head hung down, tugging at his moustache.

"You remember TOBY, what HEINE said of DE MUSSET? 'A young

man with a great future — behind him.' There he goes."

"Don't you believe it, my Lord," I said, with the frankness that endears me to the aristocracy. "You'll make a grave mistake if you act upon that view of GRANDOLPH's position."

"Ah, well," said the MARKISS, a little hastily; "I must go and see STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL about this Portugal business."

As he strode off I thought how precise and graphic remains Lord LYTTON's description of him, written before he came to the Premiership:—

"The large slouching shoulder, as oppressed
By the prone head, habitually stoops
Above a world his contemplative gaze
Peruses, finding little there to praise."

Sorry I vexed him.

Some disappointment at GRANDOLPH's appearance. Hoped he might do honour to occasion by presenting himself in the attire clad in which he of late roamed through Mashonaland. It would have been much more picturesque than either of the uniforms in which mover and seconder of Address are obviously and uncomfortably sewn up preparatory to reciting the bald commonplace of their studiously conned lesson.

"He might at least," said CHAPLIN, who, as Minister for Agriculture, takes an interest in specimens of animal produce, "have brought with him the skin of one of those nine lions he shot from the oak in which CHARLES THE FIRST took refuge."

GRANDOLPH affects not to hear this whispered remark. It was addressed to NICHOLAS WOOD, who, leaning over back of Treasury Bench, laboriously explains that CHAPLIN is a little mixed; that the oak-tree to which he

alludes was grown on English ground — wasn't it in Worcestershire? — and therefore could not afford a safe place of retreat whence lions might be potted in Central Africa.

"There is," said NICHOLAS, emphatically, "no gun made that would carry so far."

"Pish!" said CHAPLIN, somewhat inconsequentially.

GRANDOLPH looks across at Front Opposition Bench, and wonders how Mr. G. is enjoying himself in the Sunny South. "Younger than any of 'em," GRANDOLPH admits.

"Odd that with a general sweeping away of the Leaders in their places last Session, only he should be left. Expect he'll see us all out."

"Order! order!" 'Tis the voice of the SPEAKER. I thought he'd complain.

"Notices of Motion!" he calls, in sonorous voice. Then the dreary business begins, MILMAN having all the fun to himself as he pulls a lucky number out of the Ballot Box, and Members rise in long succession, giving notice of interminable Bills and Motions, just as they did at the beginning of last Session, when HARTINGTON slept on the Front Opposition Bench, when OLD MORALITY fidgetted uneasily in the seat of Leader, and when PARNELL stood with his back to the wall in Committee Room No. 15.

TRULY AND REELLY.—Why didn't they at once elect COTTON, Alderman, Poet, and Haberdasher, for the office of City Chamberlain, without waiting for a show of hands and the rest of it? Of course COTTON ought to have been elected right off the reel.



JIM'S JOTTINGS.

No. II.—RATS'-RENTS, THE RENTERS AND THE RENTED.

[In which GINGER JIMMY gives his views of Lazarus, Dives, Dirt, Mother Church, Slum-Freeholders and "Freedom of Contract."]

"THE Golgotha of Slumland!" That's a phrase as I am told
Is made use of by a party,—wich that party must be bold,—In the name of Mister LAZARUS, a good Saint Pan-
craze gent,Wot has writ a book on Slumland, and its Land-
lords, and its Rent.*He's a Member of the "Westry 'Ealth Committee,"
so it seems,And the story wot he tells will sound, *to some*,
like 'orrid dreams.But, lor bless yer! *we* knows better, and if sech
'cute coves as 'imWant to ferret hout the *facks*, they might apply
to GINGER JIM.There's the mischief in these matters; them as
knows won't always tell.Wy, if you want to spot a "screw," or track up a
bad smell,You've got to be a foxer, for whilst slums makes
topping rent,There will always be lots 'anging round to *put yer*
*off the scent!*I can tell yer arf the right 'uns even ain't quite
in the know,And there's lots o' little fakes to make 'em boggle,
or go slow.Werry plorserble their statements, and they puts
'em nice and plain,And a crockidile *can* drop 'em when 'e once turns
on the main.All the tenants' faults; they likes it, dirt, and
scrowging, and damp walls!They *git used* to 'orrid odours! O the Landlord's
tear-drop fallsWerry often, when collecting of his rents, to see the 'oles
Where the parties as must pay 'em up *prefers* to stick, pore souls!

No compulsion, not a mossel! Ah, my noble lords and gents

Who are up in arms for Libbaty—that is, of paying rents—
You've rum notions of Compulsion. NOCKY SPRIGGINS sez, sez 'e,
While you've got a chice of starving, or the workus, ain't yer
*free!*Free? O yus, we're free all round like; there ain't ne'er a
bloomin' slave,White or black, but wot is free enough—to pop into 'is grave;
Though if they ketch yer trying even *that* game, and yer *fail*,
Yer next skool for teaching freedom ain't the workus, but the jail!'Andcuffs ain't the sole "Compulsion," nor yet laws ain't, nor yet
whips;There is sech things as 'unger, and yer starving kids' white lips,
And bizness ties, a hempty purse, bad 'ealth, and ne'er a crust;
Swells may swear these ain't Compulsion, but *we* know as they
means *must*.Ah! wot precious rum things *words* is, 'ow they seems to fog the
wise!If they'd only come and look at *things*, that is with their hown heyes,
And not filantropic barnacles or goldian giglamps—lor!

Wot a lob of grabs and gushers might shut up their blessed jor!

The nobs who're down on workmen, 'eos on "knobsticks" *they* will
frown,Has a 'arty love for Libbaty—when keepin' wages down.
Contrack's a sacred 'oly thing, freedom carnt 'ave *that* broke, [joke.
But Free Contrack wot's *forced* on yer—wy, o'course, that sounds aIf they knowed us and our sort, gents, they would know Free Con-
track's fudge,When one side ain't got a copper, 'as been six weeks on the trudge,
Or 'as built his little bizness up in one pertikler spot,
And if the rent's raised on 'im must turn hout, and starve or rot!Coarse words, my lords and ladies! Well, yer may as well be dumb,
As talk pooty on the questions wot concerns hus in the Slum.
There ain't nothink pooty in 'em, and I cannot 'elp but think
Some of our friends 'as spiled our case by piling on the pink.Foxes 'ave 'oles, the Book sez; well, no doubt they feels content,
For they finds, or makes, their 'ouses, and don't 'ave to pay no rent;* *Landlordism*, by HENRY LAZARUS.But our 'oles—well, someone builds 'em for us, such, in course,
is kind,

But it ain't a bad investment, as them Landlords seems to find.

The Marquises and Mother Church pick lots of little plums,

And the wust on 'em don't seem to be their propetty in slums.

Oh, I'd like to take a Bishop on the trot around our court,

And then arsk 'ow the Church spends the coin collected from our sort

Wot's the use of pictering 'orrors? Let 'im put 'is
'oly noseTo the pain of close hinspection; let his venerable
toesPick a pathway through our gutter, let his gaiters
climb our stairs;And when 'e kneels that evening, I should like to
'ear 'is prayers!I'm afraid that in Rats' Rents he mightn't find a
place to kneelWithout soiling of his small clothes. Yus, to live
in dirt, I feelIs a 'orrid degradation; but one thing I'd like to
know,Is it wus than living *on* it? Let 'im answer; it's
his go."All a blowing" ain't much paternised, not down
our Court, it ain't.Wich we aren't as sweet as iersons, not yet as fresh
as paint!For yer don't get spicy breezes in a den all dirt
and dusk,From a 'apenny bunch o' wallflower, or a penny
plarnt o' musk.Wot do *you* think? Bless yer 'earts, gents, I wos
down some months agoWith a bout o' the rheumatics, and 'ad got so
precious lowI wos sent by some good ladies, wot acrost me
chanced to come—Bless their kindness!—to a 'evvin called a Conva-
lescent 'Ome.Phew! Wen I come back to Rats' Rents, 'ow I sickened of its smells,
Arter all them trees and 'ayfields, and them laylocks and blue-bells,
And sometimes I think—pertikler when I'm nabbed by them old
pains—

Wot a proper world it might be if it weren't for dirt and drains.

Who's to blame for Dirt? Yer washups, praps it ain't for me to say,
But—I don't think there'd be much of it if 'twasn't made to *pay!*Who does it pay? The Renters or the Rented? I've no doubt
When you spot *who* cops the Slum-swig—wy, yer won't be so fur out!

WRIGHT AND WRONG.

"We are getting on by leaps and bounds," remarked Mr. WILDEY WRIGHT, during a recent case. Whereat there was "laughter." But Mr. HORACE BROWNE, for Plaintiff, "objected to remarks of this kind." Then Mr. Justice COLLINS begged Mr. W. WRIGHT "not to make such picturesque interjections." Later on, Mr. HORACE BROWNE said to a Witness (whose name, "BURBAGE," ought to have elicited from Judge or Counsel some apposite Shakspearian allusion—but it didn't), "Then you had him on toast." This also was received with "laughter." But Mr. WILDEY WRIGHT did not object to this. No! he let it pass without interruption, implying by his eloquent silence that such a remark was neither a "picturesque interjection," nor sufficiently humorous for him to take objection to it. The other day, in a County Court, a Barrister refused to go on with a case until the Judge had done smiling! But—"This is another story."

Good Grace-ious!

Two out of three, my GRACE! That sounds a drubber.
No chance for England now to "win the rubber."
We deemed you romping in, that second Cable;
But your team didn't. Fact is, 'twasn't ABEL
(Though ABEL in himself was quite a team).
Well, well, your SHEFFIELD blades met quite the cream
Of Cornstalk Cricketers. Cheer up, cut in!
And when March comes, make that Third Match a Win!
We're sure that while you hold the Captain's place,
Your men will win or lose with a good GRACE!

SUGGESTED TITLE FOR AN ACCOUNT OF A GORGEOUS BALLET OF
UGLY GIRLS.—The Story of the Glittering Plain.



"STRAY SHEEP."

(As illustrated by Mr. Chamberlain in his Speech in the House on Thursday, February 11)

"THOSE SHEEP WHO NEVER HEARD THEIR SHEPHERD'S VOICE ;
WHO DID NOT KNOW, YET WOULD NOT LEARN THEIR WAY ;
WHO STRAYED THEMSELVES, YET GRIEVED THAT I SHOULD STRAY."



PERFECTLY PLAIN.

Young Wife. "OH, I'M SO HAPPY! HOW IS IT YOU'VE NEVER MARRIED, MISS PRYMME?"

Miss Prymme. "MY DEAR, I NEVER HAVE ACCEPTED—AND NEVER WOULD ACCEPT—ANY OFFER OF MARRIAGE!"

[And then her Questioner began softly playing the old Air, "Nobody axed you."]

THE TWO SHEPHERDS.

[MR. JOHN MORLEY was, on Feb. 6, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, initiated a Hon. Member of the Loyal Order of Ancient Shepherds, and afterwards, in a speech in the People's Palace, sharply criticised Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's plan for Old Age Pensions, expressing his preference for "more modest operations" in the direction of relaxing and enlarging the provisions of the Poor Law.]

To the Tune of Burns's "The Two Herds."

O, all ye poor and aged flocks,
Dealt with in fashion orthodox
By Bumble bodies hard as rocks,
And stern as tykes;
And treated like mere waifs and crocks,
Or herded Smikes!

Two brother Shepherds, as men thought,
Have somehow fallen out and fought,
Though each your welfare swore he sought;
Flock-herding elves,
What can this bickering have brought
Between themselves?

O, earnest JOHN and jocund JOE,
How could two Shepherds shindy so.
Old Light and New Light, con. and pro?
Now dash my buttons!
A squabbling pastor is a foe
To all poor muttons.

O Sirs, whose'er would have expected
That crook and pipe you'd have neglected,
By foolish love of fight infected
Concerning food?
As though the sheep would have rejected
Aught that is good!

What herd like JOSEPH could prevail?
His voice was heard o'er hill and dale;
He knew each sheep from head to tail
In vale or height,
And told whether 'twas sick or hale
At the first sight.

But JOE had a new-fangled plan
For feeding ancient sheep. The man
Posed as a true Arcadian,
With a great gift
For zeal humanitarian,
Combined with thrift.

But JOHN replied, "Pooh-pooh! Your
scheme
Is but an optimistic dream,
Whose 'shadowy incentives' seem
The merest spooks.
Better the ancient plans, I deem,
Food, folds, and crocks.

"You do not grapple with the case
Of poorest sheep, a numerous race.
As to the black ones, with what face
Claim care for such?
'Tis hungry old sheep of good race
My feelings touch.

"Your scheme will cost no end—and fail.
No sheep who ever twitched a tail
So foolish is—I would not rail!—
As such a 'herd.'
I'd 'modest operations' hail,
But yours?—absurd!

"Better reform, relax, extend
The old provisions. I commend

Plenty of food, and care no end,
For all poor sheep;
But flocks would not get poor, my friend,
Had they good keep!"

Fancy how JOE would cock a nose
At "Cockney JOHN," as certain foes
Called JOSEPH's rival. Words like those
Part Shepherd swains.
Sad when crook-wielders meet as foes
On pastoral plains!

Such two! O, do I live to see
Such famous pastors disagree,
Calling each other—woe is me!—
Bad names by turns?
Shall we not say in diction free
With BOBBIE BURNS?

"O! a' ye flocks, owre a' the hills
By mosses, meadows, moors and fells,
Come join your counsels and your skills
To cove the lairds,
And get the brutes the power themselves
To choose their herds!"

"And a Good Judge, too!"

THERE is a good Justice named GRANTHAM,
Who tells lawyers truths that should haunt
There are seeds of reform [em.
In his speech, wise as warm,
And long may he flourish—to plant 'em!

STRANGE BUT TRUE.—When does a Husband find his Wife out? When he finds her at home and she doesn't expect him.

THE TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

No. XXVI.

SCENE—On the Lagoons. CULCHARD and PODBURY's gondola is nearing Venice. The apricot-tinted diaper on the façade of the Ducal Palace is already distinguishable, and behind its battlements the pearl-grey summits of the domes of St. Mark's shimmer in the warm air. CULCHARD and PODBURY have hardly exchanged a sentence as yet. The former has just left off lugubriously whistling as much as he can remember of "Che farò," the latter is still humming "The Dead March in Saul," although in a livelier manner than at first.

Culch. Well, my dear PODBURY, our—er—expedition has turned out rather disastrously!

Podb. (suspending the Dead March, *chokily*). Not much mistake about that—but there, it's no good talking about it. Jolly that brown and yellow sail looks on the fruit-barge there. See?

Culch. (sardonically). Isn't it a little late in the day to be cultivating an eye for colour? I was about to say that those two girls have treated us infamously. I say deliberately, my dear PODBURY, infamously!

Podb. Now drop it, CULCHARD, do you hear? I won't hear a word against either of them. It serves us jolly well right for not knowing our own minds better—though I no more dreamed that old BOB would—Oh, hang it, I can't talk about it yet!

Culch. That's childishness, my dear fellow; you ought to talk about it—it will do you good. And really, I'm not at all sure, after all, that we have not both of us had a fortunate escape. One is very apt to—er—overrate the fascinations of persons one meets abroad. Now, neither of those two was quite—

Podb. (desperately). Take care! I swear I'll pitch you out of this gondola, unless you stop that jabber!

Culch. (with wounded dignity). I am willing to make great allowances for your state of mind, PODBURY, but such an expression as—as jabber, applied to my—er—well-meant attempts at consolation, and just as I was about to propose an arrangement—really, it's too much! The moment we reach the hotel, I will relieve you from any further infliction from (bitterly) what you are pleased to call my "jabber!"

Podb. (sulkily). Very well—I'm sure I don't care! (To himself.) Even old CULCHARD won't have anything to do with me now! I must have somebody to talk to—or I shall go off my head! (Aloud.) I say, old chap! (No answer.) Look here—it's bad enough as it is without our having a row! Never mind anything I said.

Culch. I do mind—I must. I am not accustomed to hear myself called a—jabberer!

Podb. I didn't call you a jabberer—I only said you talked jabber. I—I hardly know what I do say, when I'm like this. And I'm deuced sorry I spoke—there!

Culch. (relaxing). Well, do you withdraw jabber?

Podb. Certainly, old chap. I like you to talk, only not—not against Her, you know! What were you going to propose?

Culch. Well, my idea was this. My leave is practically unlimited—at least, without vanity, I think I may say that my Chief sufficiently appreciates my services not to make a fuss about a few extra days. So I thought I'd just run down to Florence and Naples, and perhaps catch a P. & O. at Brindisi. I suppose you're not tied to time in any way?

Podb. (dolefully). Free as a bird! If the Governor had wanted me back in the City, he'd have let me know it. Well?

Culch. Well, if you like to come with me, I—I shall be very pleased to have your company.

Podb. (considering). I don't care if I do—it may cheer me up a bit. Florence, eh?—and Naples? I shouldn't mind a look at Florence. Or Rome. How about Rome, now?

Culch. (to himself). Was I wise to expose myself to this sort of thing again? I'm almost sorry I— (Aloud.) My dear fellow, if we are to travel together in any sort of comfort, you must leave all details to me. And there's one thing I do insist on. In future we must keep to our original resolution—not to be drawn into any chance acquaintanceship. I don't want to reproach you, but if, when we were first at Brussels, you had not allowed yourself to get so intimate with the Trotters, all this would never—

Podb. (exasperated). There you go again! I can't stand being jawed at, CULCHARD, and I won't!

Culch. I am no more conscious of "jawing" than "jabbering," and if that is how I am to be spoken to—

Podb. I know. Look here, it's no use. You must go to Florence by yourself. I simply don't feel up to it, and that's the truth. I shall just potter about here, till—they go.

Culch. As you choose. I gave you the opportunity—out of kindness. If you prefer to make yourself ridiculous by hanging about here, it's no concern of mine. I daresay I shall enjoy Florence at least as well by myself.

[He sulks until they arrive at the Hotel Dandolo, where they are received on the steps by the Porter.]

Porter. Goot afternoon, Schendlemen. You have a pleasant dimes at Torcello, yes? Ach! you haf gif your gondoliers viddeen franc? Zey schvindle you, oal ze gondoliers always schvindles eferypody, yes! Zere is som ledders for you. I vetch zem. [He bustles away.]

Mr. Bellerby (suddenly emerging from a recess in the entrance, as he recognises CULCHARD). Why, bless me, there's a face I know!

Met at Lugano, didn't we? To be sure—very pleasant chat we had too! So you're at Venice, eh? I know every stone of it by heart, as I needn't say. The first time I was ever at Venice—

Culch. (taking a bulky envelope from the Porter). Just so—how are you? Er—will you excuse me?

[He opens the envelope and finds a blue official-looking enclosure, which he reads with a gradually lengthening countenance.]

Mr. B. (as CULCHARD thrusts the letter angrily into his pocket). You're new to Venice, I think? Well, just let me give you a word of advice. Now you are here—you make them give you some tunny. Insist on it, Sir. Why, when I was here first—

Culch. (impatiently). I know. I mean, you told me that before. And I have tasted tunny.

Mr. B. Ha! well, what did you think of it? Delicious, eh?

Culch. (forgetting all his manners). Beastly, Sir, beastly! [Leaves the scandalised Mr. B. abruptly, and rushes off to get a telegram form at the bureau.]

Mr. Crawley Strutt (pouncing on PODBURY in the hall, as he finishes the perusal of his letter). Excuse me—but surely I have the honour of addressing Lord GEORGE GUMBLETON? You may perhaps just recollect, my Lord—?

Podb. (blankly). Think you've made a mistake, really.

Mr. C. S. Is it possible! I have come across so many people while I've been away that—but surely we have met somewhere? Why, of course, Sir JOHN JUBBER! you must pardon me, Sir JOHN—

Podb. (recognising him). My name's PODBURY—plain PODBURY, but you're quite right. You have met me—and you've met my boot-maker too. "Lord UPPERSOLE," eh? That's where the mistake came in!

Mr. C. S. (with hauteur). I think not, Sir; I have no recollection of the circumstance. I see now your face is quite unfamiliar to me.

[He moves away; PODBURY gets a telegram form and sits down at a table in the hall opposite CULCHARD.]

Culch. (reading over his telegram). "Yours just received. Am returning immediately."

Podb. (do., do.). "Letter to hand. No end sorry. Start at once." (Seeing CULCHARD.) Wiring to Florence for room, eh?

Culch. Er—no. The fact is, I've just heard from my Chief—a most intertemperate communication, insisting on my instant return to my duties! I shall have to humour him, I suppose, and leave at once.

Podb. So shall I. No end of a shirty letter from the Governor. Wants to know how much longer I expect him to be tied to the office. Old humbug, when he only turns up twice a week for a couple of hours!

The Porter. Peg your bardons, Schendlemen, but if you haf quide done vid ze schtamps on your ledders, I golleet bostage schtamps, yes.

Culch. (irritably flinging him the envelope). Oh, confound it all, take them. I don't want them! (He looks at his letter once more.) I say, PODBURY, it—it's worse than I thought. This thing's a week old! Must have been lying in my rooms all this time—or else in that infernal Italian post!



"Reads with a gradually lengthening countenance."

Podb. Whew, old chap! I say, I wouldn't be *you* for something! Won't you catch it when you *do* turn up? But look here—as things are, we may as well travel *home* together, eh?

Culch. (with a flicker of resentment). In spite of my tendency to "jaw" and "jabber"?

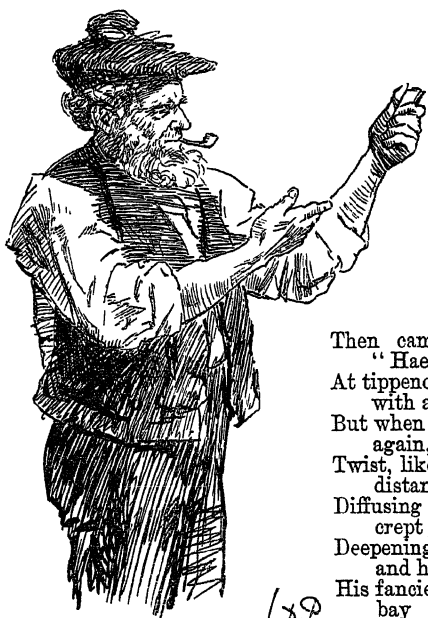
Podb. Oh, never mind all that now. We're companions in misfortune, you know, and we'd better stick together, and keep each other's spirits up. After all, you're in a much worse hat than I am!

Culch. If *that's* the way you propose to keep my spirits up! But let us keep together, by all means, if you wish it, and just go and find out when the next train starts, will you? (*To himself, as PODBURY departs.*) I must put up with him a little longer, I suppose. Ah me! How differently I should be feeling now, if *HYPATIA* had only been true to herself. But that's all over, and I daresay it's better so . . . I daresay!

[*He strolls into the hotel-garden, and begins to read his Chief's missive once more, in the hope of deciphering some faint encouragement between the lines.*

FINIS.

A TENNYSONIAN FRAGMENT.



So in the village inn
the Poet dwelt.
His honey-dew was
gone; only the pouch,
His cousin's work, her
empty labour, left.
But still he sniffed it,
still a fragrance clung
And lingered all about
the brodered flowers.
Then came his land-
lord, saying in broad
Scotch,
"Smoke plug, mon,"
whom he looked at
doubtfully.

Then came the grocer, saying,
"Hae some twist
At tippence," whom he answered
with a quailm.
But when they left him to himself
again,
Twist, like a fiend's breath from a
distant room
Diffusing through the passage,
crept; the smell
Deepening had power upon him,
and he mixt
His fancies with the billow-lifted
bay
Of Biscay, and the rollings of a
ship.

And on that night he made a little song,
And called his song "*The Song of Twist and Plug*,"
And sang it: scarcely could he make or sing.

"Rank is black plug, though smoked in wind and rain;
And rank is twist, which gives no end of pain;
I know not which is ranker, no, not I.

"Plug, art thou rank? Then milder twist must be;
Plug, thou art milder; rank is twist to me.
O Twist, if plug be milder, let me buy.

"Rank twist, that seems to make me fade away,
Rank plug, that navvies smoke in loveless clay,
I know not which is ranker, no, not I.

"I fain would purchase flake, if that could be;
I needs must purchase plug, ah woe is me!
Plug and a cutty, a cutty, let me buy."

COMPLICATED CASE.—The other day, an Italian Organ-grinder was arrested for having shot one GIUSEPPE PLA. "He admitted the charge" (we quote the *Globe*), "but said the gun went off accidentally." When a Gentleman "admits the charge" (though indeed it was the other one who did *that*), how the gun went off seems to be a matter of secondary importance.

THE NAME AND THE THING.—A vote of thanks to Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, after his address to the Liberal and Radical Association, was carried by a Wapping Majority.

A LATTERDAY VALENTINE.

(LEAP YEAR: NEW STYLE.)

(From Miss Anastasia Jay, New York, to Thomas, Earl of Dumbrowne, London.)

VALENTINES plebeian
Cannot fix an Earl—
I'm as you may see, an
Ardent Yankee girl.
Nothing "soft" you'll find
here,
No old-fashioned lay;
Say then, you'll be mine, dear,
In the modern way.

You (we haven't met as
Yet I must record)
Figure in *Debrett* as
Out-and-out a Lord:
Ancestors, a thousand,
Dignities, a score—
Hear my bashful vows,
and
Think this matter o'er.

I don't in for Pa go;
Pa despised New York;
Porpa in Chicago
Cultivated pork:
Ma was born a Gerald;
Birth was Morma's
pride—
As the *New York Herald*
Mentioned when she died.

Well, my pile's a million,
That's a fact, you bet:
I'm in our cotillon
Quite the Broadway Pet:
I can sing like PATTY;
And to win I went
For the Cincinnati
Tennis Tournament.

I've a lovely right hand;
For my face I've sat
By electric light—and
Elegant at that!
I enclose the photo,
Just for you to see,
But deny *in toto*
That it flatters me.

You, I've read, are rather
"Up the Spout" for
cash,

Owing to your father
Having been so splash:
I from debt could free you,
And in Politics
Calculate to see you
Bagging all the tricks.

Any Earl who marries
ANASTASIA JAY
Will (except in Paris)
Get his little way,
Fear no interference;
Relatives remain,—

But their disappearance
Beats me to explain.

THOMAS, I adore thee!—
"THOMAS" is thy name,
Isn't it?—the more the
Scandal and the shame!
All I ask you, TOM, is
Just one loving line,



One type-written promise
Publishing you mine.

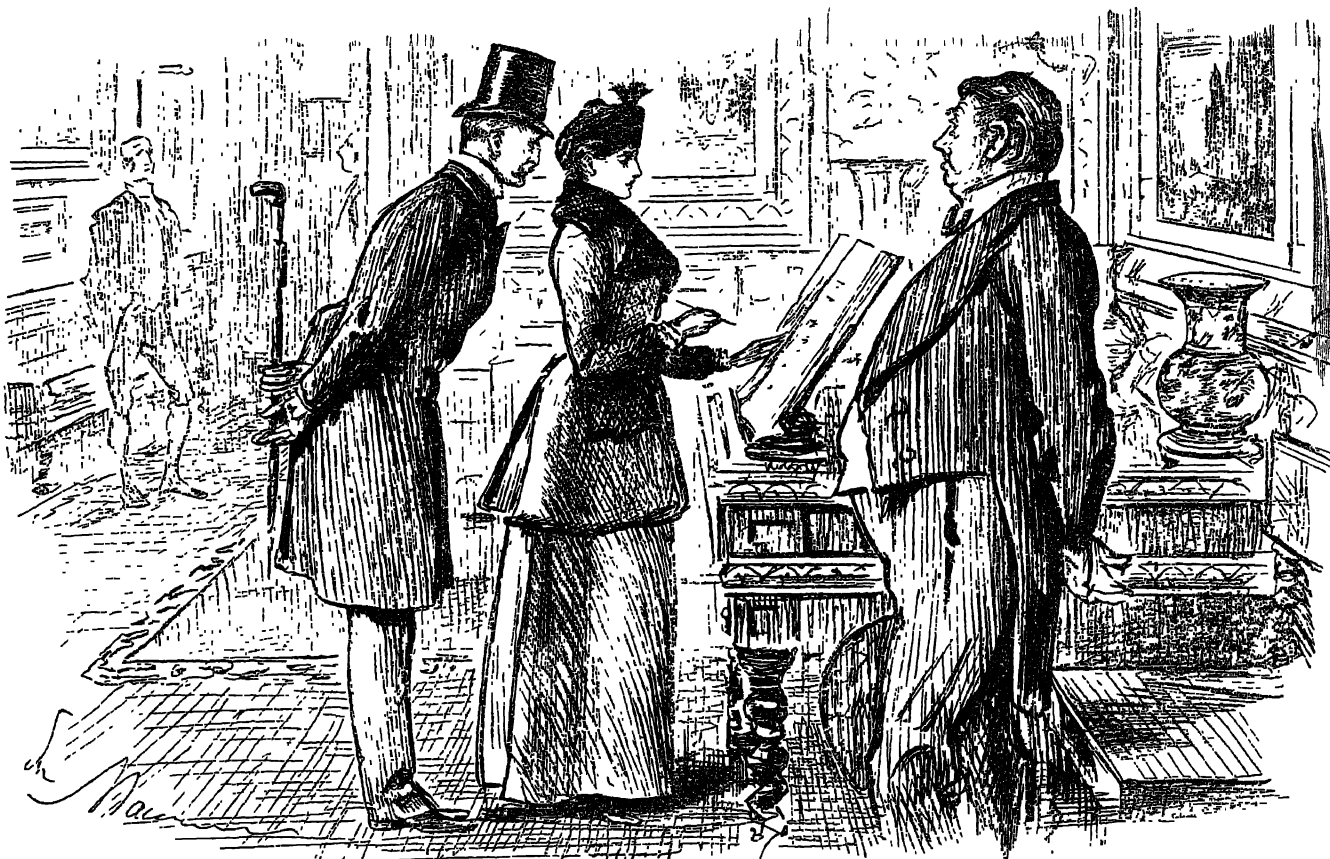
Matrimony's heart is
Houselike, "half-detached,"
Seldom save at parties
Or in papers matched—
Answer "Yes," or break 'll
This poor heart of mine.
Be my *Fin-de-Siècle*,
Be my Valentine!

QUERY BY A DEPRESSED CONVALESCENT.—"This Influenza is nothing new, nor is the Microbe. Wasn't MICROBIUS an ancient classic writer? Didn't he treat this subject historically? There's evidently some confusion of ideas somewhere. As *Hamlet* says:—

"O, cursed spite
That ever I was born to set it right."

But I beg pardon, that 'set it right' shows that *Hamlet* was a Surgeon, not a Physician. Excuse me. 'To bed! To bed!'"

SAD THOUGHT IN MY OWN LIBRARY.—I am a stranger among books. Resting on their shelves, they all turn their backs on me. *En revanche*, if I find among them a new one, a perfect stranger to me, I cut him.



TRUE HOSPITALITY.

(Sir Bonamy Cræsus gives seven Dinner Parties a week, and expects his Friends to come and choose their own day, and inscribe their Names and the Date on the Dinner-Book in the Hall.)

Fair Visitor. "LOOK, GEORGE! WEDNESDAY, THE 17TH, THE FETTERYS ARE COMING. THAT'LL DO CAPITALLY!" (Writes down "Mr. and Mrs. Topham Sawyer, Feb. 17th.") "AND THERE'S ROOM FOR ONE MORE. LET'S DRIVE ROUND TO EMILY'S, AND GET HER TO COME AND PUT HER NAME DOWN FOR THE SAME DAY!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, February 8.—The coming of Prince ARTHUR anxiously looked for as Members gathered for last Session of a memorable Parliament. When, in August last, he, with the rest of us, went away, OLD MORALITY still sat in Leader's place. He was, truly, just then absent in the flesh, already wasting with the dire disease that carried him off. It was JOKIM who occupied the place of Leader; Prince ARTHUR, content to sit lower down. It seemed to some that when vacancy occurred JOKIM, that veteran Child of Promise, would step in, and younger men wait their turn. But youth of certain quality must come to the front, as BONAPARTE testified even before he went to Italy, and as PITT showed when the Rockingham Administration went to pieces.

Prince ARTHUR came in shortly after four o'clock. House full, especially on Opposition Benches; faint blush suffused ingenuous cheek as welcoming cheer arose. Seemed to know his way to Leader's place, and took it naturally. Pretty to see JOKIM drop in on one side of him with MATTHEWS on the other, buttressing him about with financial reputation and legal erudition. *Tableau* quite undesigned, but none the less effective. Prince ARTHUR, young, hot-tempered and, though not without parts, prone to commit errors of judgment. But with JOKIM at his left shoulder, and HENRY MATTHEWS at his right, humble citizens looking on from opposite Benches, felt a sweet content. On such a basis, the Constitution might stand any blast.

In absence of Mr. G., who still dallies with the sunshine of Riviera, SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, fresh from hunting in the New Forest, more than fills the place of Leader of Opposition. A favourable opportunity for distinguishing himself marred by accidental prevalence of funereal associations.

"The Squire," said PLUNKET—watching him as, with legs reverently crossed, and elbow sympathisingly resting on box, care-

fully suggestive of life-sized figure of tombstone-mourner, he intoned his lamentation—"is not fitted for the part, and consequently overdoes it. *L'Allegro* is his line. *Il Penseroso* does not suit him."

Everyone glad when, sermon over, and the black-edged folios put aside, the Squire began business. Happy enough in his attack on JOKIM, always a telling subject in present House of Commons.

"He is," says SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, drawing upon his theatrical experiences, "like the Policeman in the Pantomime; always safe for a roar of laughter if you bonnet him or trip him up over the doorstep."

For the rest, as Prince ARTHUR pointed out when he came to reply, Squire's speech had very little to do with the Address, on which it was ostensibly based. Couldn't resist temptation of enlarging on financial science for the edification of the unhappy JOKIM.

"Finance," observed DICKY TEMPLE, "is HARCOURT's foible."

"Yes," said JENNINGS, whom everyone is glad to see back in better health, "and funeral sermons are his forte."

Through nearly hour and half the Squire mourned and jibed, Prince ARTHUR listening attentively, all unconscious of the Shades hovering about the historic seat in which he lounged, as nearly as possible, at full length—OLD MORALITY, kindly generous, pleased in another's prosperity; STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, marvelling at the madness of a world he has not been loth to quit; DIZZY tickled with the whole situation, though perhaps a little shocked to see a Leader of the House resting apparently on his shoulder-blades in the seat where from 1874 to 1876 there posed an upright statuesque figure with folded arms and mask-like face, lit up now and then by the gleam of eyes that saw everything whilst they seemed to be looking no whither. PAM was there, too, with slightly raised eyebrows as they fell on the youthful form already installed in a place he had not reached till he was almost twice the age of the newcomer. JOHNNY RUSSELL, scowled at the intruder under a hat a-size-and-a-half too big for his legs. CANNING looked on, and thought of his brief tenure of the



“THE COMING OF ARTHUR.”

SHADE OF PAM. “H’M! A LITTLE YOUNG FOR THE PART,—DON’T YOU THINK?”

SHADE OF DIZZY. “WELL, YES! *WE* HAD TO WAIT FOR IT A GOOD MANY YEARS!—BUT I THINK HE ’LL DO!!”

same place whilst the century was young. Still further in the shade PITT joined the group.

"Well at least he was even younger when he came to our place," PAM whispered in DIZZY'S ear, startling him as he inadvertently touched his cheek with the straw he still seems to hold in his teeth, as he did when JOHN LEECH was alive.

Prince ARTHUR, facing the crowded Opposition Benches, of course saw nothing of this; lounged and listened smilingly as the Squire, having shaken up JOKIM and his one-pound notes, went off to Exeter to pummel the MARKISS.

Business done.—Address moved.

Wednesday.—Evidently going to be an Agricultural Labourer's Session. Small Holdings Bill put in fore-front of Programme. District Councils hinted at. In this situation it was stroke of genius, due I believe to the MARKISS, that such happy selection was made of Mover of Address.

"It's trifles that make up the mass, my dear nephew," the MARKISS said, when this matter was being discussed in the Recess. "No detail is so small that we can afford to omit it. It was a happy thought of yours, perhaps a little too subtle for some intellects, to associate CHAPLIN with Small Holdings. In this other matter, let me have my way. Put up HODGE to move the Address. It will be worth 10,000 votes in the agricultural districts. I suppose he wouldn't like to come down in a smock frock with a whip in his hand? Don't know why he shouldn't; quite as reasonable as a civilian getting himself up as a Colonel or an Admiral. With HODGE in a smock frock moving the Address we'd sweep the country. But that I must leave to you; only let us have HODGE."

So it was arranged. But Member for Acorington wouldn't stand the smock-frock. Insisted upon coming out in war-like uniform. Trousers a little tight about the knees, and jacket perhaps a trifle too tasselly. But made very good speech in the circumstances.

Business done.—Bills brought in by the half hundred.

Thursday Night.—Things been rather dull hitherto. House as it



Orator Hodge (in mufti).

were lying under a pall, "Every man," as O'HANLON says, "not knowing what moment may be his next." Still on Debate on Address. When resumed to-night, CHAMBERLAIN stepped into ring and took off his coat. When Members saw the faithful JESSE bring in sponge and vinegar-bottle, knew there would be some sport. Anticipation not disappointed. JOE in fine fighting form. Went for the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD round after round; occasionally turned to aim a "wonner" at his "Right Hon. Friend" JOHN MORLEY. Conservatives delighted; had always thought just what JOE was saying, but hadn't managed to put their ideas into such easily fleeting, barbed sentences. Only once was there any shade on the faces of the country gentlemen opposite. That spread when JOE proposed to quote the "lines of CHURCHILL."

"No, no," said Lord HENRY BRUCE in audible whisper, "he'd better leave GRANDOLPH alone. Never knew he wrote poetry. If he did, there's lots of others. Why, when we're going on so nicely, why drag in CHURCHILL?"

Depression only momentary. Conservative cheers rose again and again as JOE, turning a mocking face, and shaking a minatory fore-finger at the passive monumental figure of the guileless SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, did, as JOHN MORLEY, with rare outburst of anger, presently said, from his place in the centre of the Liberal Camp, "denounce and assail Liberal principles, Liberal measures, and his old Liberal colleagues."

After this it was nothing that, some hours later, O'HANLON, rising from a Back Bench, and speaking on another turn of the Debate, should observe, in loud voice, with eye fixed in fine frenzy on the nape of the Squire's neck, as he sat on the Front Bench with folded arms, "I do not believe in the Opposition Leaders, who have split up my Party, and are now living on its blood."

Business done.—JOSEPH turns and rends his Brethren.

Friday Night.—In Commons night wasted by re-delivery of speeches made last year by Irish Members pleading for amnesty for Dynamitards. JOHN REDMOND began it. No Irish Member could afford to be off on this scene, so one after another they trotted out their speeches of yester-year.

Lords much more usefully occupied in discussing London Fog. MIDDLETON moved for Royal Commission. MARKISS drew fine distinction. "What you really want to remedy," he said, "is not the fog itself, but its colour." Rather seemed to like the fog, *per se*, if only his particular fancy in matter of colour gratified. Didn't mention what colour he preferred; but fresh difficulty looming out of the fog evident. Tastes differ. If every man is to have his own particular coloured fog, our last state will be worse than the first.

Business done.—None.

AN INFLUENZA SONG.

ATR—"Oh, we're all noddin'."

Oh, we've none coddlin',
Cod, cod, coddlin';
Oh, we've none coddlin',
At our house at home!

Ha!—my Father has a cough—
Now—my Mother has a wheeze;
What! my Brother has a pain
In forehead, arms, chest, back and knees.
So—we've three coddlin', &c.

How my eldest Sister aches
From her forehead to her toes!
And my second Brother's eyes
Are weeping either side his nose.
So—we've five coddlin', &c.

There's my eldest Brother down
With a pain all round his head,
Ah! I'm the only one who's up—
Oh! . . . Oh! . . . I'll go to bed!
So—were're all coddlin', &c.

As the Doctor orders Port,
Orders Burgundy, Champagne,
Good living and good drinking,
Why we none of us complain,
While we're—all coddlin',
Cod, cod, coddlin',
While we're all coddlin',
At our house at home!

BY A SMALL WESTERN.—Orientals take off their shoes on entering a Mosque. We remove our hats on entering a Church. Both symbolical; one leaves his understanding outside; the other enters with a clear head.

HORACE IN LONDON.

TO THE COUNTY COUNCIL. (AD REMPUBLICAM.)

NEW vessel, now returning ship
From this thy tried and trial trip,
Refit in dock awhile: I fear
Your ballast looks a trifle
queer.

Your rigging ("rigging" is a
word
By other folk than seamen heard)
Has got a little loose; you need
An overhaul, you do indeed.

Your sails (or purchases?) should
stay
The stress—and Press—that on
them weigh:
This constant playing to the
gods
Will scarcely weather blus-
tering odds.

In vain to blazon "London's
Heart"
As figure-head, if thus you part
Unseaworthy; in vain to boast
Your "boom"—a cranky boom
at most.

We rate you, *we* who pay your rates:
Beware the overhauling fates,
Beware lest down you go at last
The sport and puppet of the blast.



I always voted you a bore,
But never quite so much before
Besought you with a frugal mind
To sail not quite so near the wind.

MRS. R AGAIN.—To our excellent old lady, being convalescent, her niece was reading the news. She commenced about the County Council, the first item in the report being headed, "An Articulated Skeleton." "Ah!" interrupted the good lady, "murder will out! And where did they find the skeleton of the Articulated Clerk?"



AN INCOMPLETE BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

Ethel. "WHAT'S THE MATTER, MAMMA?"

Mamma. "ETHEL, THERE ARE YOUR NEW GOLF THINGS JUST COME, THAT I ORDERED FOR YOU FROM EDINBORO, AND—ISN'T IT PROVOKING!—THEY'VE ACTUALLY FORGOTTEN THE LINKS!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

PROFESSOR HUBERT HERKOMER has "dried his impressions," and given them to the public in a handsome volume brought out by MACMILLAN & Co. It is all interesting even to a non-artistic laic, for there is much "dry point" of general application in the Professor's lectures. Yet, amid all his learning and his light-hearted style, there is occasionally a strain of melancholy, as when he pictures himself to us as "etching and scratching on a bed of burr." Painful, very; likewise Dantesque,—infernally Dantesque. But there is another and a more cheerful view which the Professor gives us to take, and that is, the word-picture which the Professor gives us of his little room in his Bavarian home, where he says, "Under the seat by the table are my bottles"—ah! quite Rabelaisian this!—"with the mordants, and my dishes for the plates." Isn't this rare! "I should add, there is a stove near the door." O Sybarite! Doesn't this suggest the notion of a delightful little dinner *à deux*? With "the mordants,"—which is, of course, a generic name for sauces of varied piquancy,—and with his "dishes" artistically prepared and set before "the plates," as in due order they should be, he is as correct as he is original. A true *bon vivant*. The Baron highly commends the book, which only for the rare etchings it contains, is well worth the attention of every amateur of Art, and that he, the Baron, may, one of these days, dine with him, the Professor, is the sincere wish of his truly, and everybody else's truly,

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

"STUFF AND (NO) NONSENSE!"—"Begorra, 'tis an ill wind that blows nobody any good," said The O'GORMAN DIZER, when he heard that on account of the Influenza there was a Papal dispensation from fasting and abstinence throughout the United Kingdom.

IN THE SEAT OF WISDOM.

At a meeting of the Drury Lane Lodge of Freemasons, said the *Daily Telegraph*, "with all due solemnity was Mr. S. B. BANCROFT installed in the Chair of King SOLOMON." This, whether an easy chair or not, ought to be the seat of wisdom. Poor SOLOMON, the very much married man, was not, however, particularly wise in his latter days, but, of course, this chair was the one used by the Great Grand Master Mason before it was taken from under him, and he fell so heavily, "never to rise again." How fortunate for the Drury Lane Masons to have obtained this chair of SOLOMON'S. No doubt it was one of his wise descendants, of whom there are not a few in the neighbourhood of Drury Lane, who consented to part with this treasure to the Masonic Lodgers. So here's King SOLOMON BUSY BANCROFT'S good health! "Point, left, right! One, two, three!" (*They drink.*)

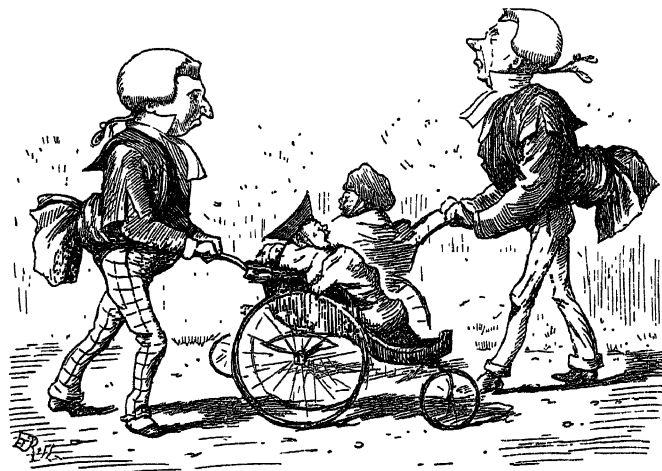
A QUERY BY "PEN."—There was a "Pickwick Exam." invented by CALVERLEY the Inimitable. Why not a "Pendennis" or "Vanity Fair" Exam? *A propos*, I would just ask one question of the Thackerayan student, and it is this:—There was one *Becky* whom everybody knows, but there was another *BECKY* as good, as kind, as sympathetic, and as simple, as the first *Becky* was bad, cruel, selfish, and cunning. Where is *BECKY* the Second to be found in W. M. THACKERAY'S Works?

HER NOTE AND QUERY.—Mrs. R. was listening to a ghost-story. "After all," observed her nephew, "the question is, is it true? True, or not true 'there's the rub!'" "Ah! 'there's the rub!'" repeated our old friend, meditatively. "I wonder if that expression is the origin of the proverb, 'Truth is stranger than Friction?'"

LOCAL COLOUR.—"I should like to give all my creditors a dinner," quoth the jovial and hospitable OWEN ORLROUND. "Where shall I have it?" "Well," replied his old friend JOE KOSUS, "have it at Duns Table."

CITY MEN.—"Hope springs eternal," and the motto for a probable Lord Mayor in the not very dim and distant future must be "*Knill desperandum.*"

DOGS AND CATS—(CORRESPONDENCE.)—Sir,—A recent letter to the *Spectator* mentions the case of a man who "barked like a dog in his sleep." The writer would like to know if anyone has ever had a similar experience. Well, Sir, I knew a whole family of BARKERS, but I never heard them bark. I knew three CATTS, sisters, who kept a shop, and came from Cheshire; yet they were very serious persons, and never grinned. Since this experience I have doubted the simile of the Cheshire specimen of the feline race being founded on fact.—Yours, &c., CATO.



LEGAL IMPROVEMENTS.

THE CHANCERY JUDGES WILL BE EXPECTED TO TAKE THE INFANT SUITORS OUT FOR AN AIRING IN THE PARK. N.B.—AFTER 4 P.M.



THE WESTMINSTER WAXWORK SHOW FOR THE SESSION 1892.



THE PLEASURES OF SHOOTING.

AFTER LUNCHEON THE "BEATING" IS A LITTLE WILD.

WEATHER REFORM.

SIR,—Acquiescence in the state of the weather is no longer *comme il faut*. Bombarding the Empyrean is as little regarded as throwing stones at monkeys; that they may make reprisals with cocoa-nuts; yet the success of the rain-makers is very doubtful. Their premisses even are disallowed by many considerable authorities. The little experiment which I propose to submit to the meteorological officials is founded on a fact of universal experience, and, if successful, would be of immense utility. Every smoker must be aware that the force of the wind varies inversely as the number of matches. On an absolutely still day, with a heavy pall of fog over the streets, the striking of the last match to light a pipe is invariably accompanied by a breeze, just strong enough to extinguish the nascent flame. Now if two or three thousand men simultaneously struck a last match, the resulting wind would be of very respectable strength—anemometer could tell that.

My proposal then, is this. When anticyclonic conditions next prevail, and the great smoke-cloud incubates its crotch of microbes, let some 5,000 men, provided at the public expense with a pipe of tobacco and one match each, be stationed in the City, at every corner and along the streets, like the police on Lord Mayor's Day. At a given signal, say the firing of the Tower guns, each man strikes his match. Judging from the invariable result in my own case, this would be followed by 5,000 puffs of wind of sufficient strength to extinguish the lights, or, better still, to give the 5,000 men some thirty seconds of intense anxiety, while the wind plays between their fingers and over their hands and round the bowls of their pipes. Multiplying the men by the seconds (5,000 × 30) you get approximately the amount of the wind, in wear and tare and tret. If this experiment were conducted on a duly extensive scale round London; say at Brixton, Kensington, Holloway and Stepney; there can be no doubt that a cyclone would be established, and the fog effectually dissipated. The cost would be slight, and the pipe of tobacco would afford a welcome treat to many a poor fellow out of work in these hard times.

Yours obediently,

The Cave, Æolian Road, S.W. PETER PIPER.

ROBERT'S CURE FOR THE HINFLUENZY.

I HOPES as I shall not be blamed for my hordacity in writin as I am writin, but it's reelly all the fault of my good-natred Amerrycan frend. He says as it's my bounden dooty to do so, if only to prove the trooth of the old prowerb that tells us, "that Waiters rushes in where Doctors fears to tread!" He's pleased to say as he has never bin in better helth than all larst Jennewerry at the Grand Hotel, and that he owes it all to my sage advice.

"Allers let Nater be your Dick Tater!" In depressin times like these here, keep the pot a bilin' so to speak; and stand firm to the three hesses, Soup, Champagne, and Sunlight.

The Soup must be Thick Turtel, such as Natur purwides in this here cold seeson, not the Thin Turtel of Summer. The Champagne must be Rich Clicko, or the werry best Pummery, sitch as you can taste the ginerous grapes in, not the pore dry stuff as young Swells drinks, becuz they're told as how it's fashnabel; and the Sunlight can ginerally be got if you knows where to look for it. For instance now, in one of the cold foggy days of last month, my Amerrycan frend said to me, "What on airth, ROBERT, can a gentleman find to do on sitch a orful day as this?" So sez I, "Take a Cab to Victoria Station, and go to the Cristel Pallis, wark about in the brilliant sunshine as you will find there a waiting for you, for about two howers, not a moment longer, then cum strait back, and you shall find a lovy lunch."

And off he went, a laring to think how he would emuse himself when he came back by pitching into pore me. But it does so happen as Waiters ain't not quite so deaf as sum people thinks 'em, and I've often 'erd people say, that almost always, if you sees the Sun a trying for to peep thro the fog, and see how we all gits on without him, a leetle way out of town, on an 'ill, you will see him a shining away like fun!

Well, xactly at 2'30, in cums my frend, a grinnin away like the fablus Chesher Cat, and he says, says he, why Mr. ROBERT, you're a reglar conjurer! It was all xactly as you prosefied! I had two hours' glorious stroll in the Cristel Pallis Gardings in the lovy sunshine!

Hin ten minutes' time he was seated at a purfekly luvly lunch, and a peggin away with sitch a happytight as princes mite envy!

In times like these, dine out reglar either two or three times a week, and drink generously, but wisely, not too well, and on receiving the accustomed At, think of the ard times the pore Waiter has had: to pass through lately, and dubble, or ewen tribbel the ac-custumd Fee. You'll never miss it, but, on the contrary, will sleep all the sounder for it.

Never read no accounts in Noosepapers of hillnesses and sich-like, and keep a few little sixpences in your ticket pocket; then if a pore woman arks you if you have a penny to spare, say no, but praps this will do as well, and give her a sixpence, and then see her look of estonished rapcher, aye, and ewen share it to some small degree.

Check a frown, and encourage a smile, and the one will wanish away, and the other dewelope into a larf. Let your principle virtues be generosity and ope, and allers look on the brite side of ewery-think, as the Miller said to the Sweep.

ROBERT.



A HUMAN PARADOX.—The man who gives away his friends without losing them.

CONFESSIONS OF A DUFFER.

V.—THE DUFFER AT CRICKET.

To hear my remarks on the Cricket, in the Pavilion, you might think that I had been a great player entirely, in my day. "Who is that fine old English sportsman," you might ask, "who seems to have been so intimate with MYNN, and FULLER PILCH, and CARPENTER, and HAYWARD and TARRANT and JACKSON and C. D. MARSHAM? No doubt we see in him the remains of a sterling Cricketer of the old school." And then when I lay down the law on the iniquity of boundary hits, "always ran them out in my time," and on the tame stupidity of letting balls to the off go unpunished, and the wickedness of dispensing with a long stop, you would be more and more persuaded that I had at least, played for my county. Well, I have played for my county, but as the county I played for was Berwickshire, there is perhaps nothing to be so very proud of in that distinction. But this I will say for the Cricketing Duffer; he is your true enthusiast. When I go to Lord's on a summer day, which of my contemporaries do I meet there? Not the men who played for the University, not the KENNYS and MITCHELLS and BUTLERS, but the surviving members of College Second Elevens in the old days of Cowley Marsh, when every man brought his own bottle of Oxford wine for luncheon. These are the veterans who contribute most to the crowd of lookers-on. They never were of any use as players, but their hearts were in the game, and from the game they will never be divorced. It is an ill thing for an outsider to drop a remark about Cricket among us, at about eleven o'clock in a country house smoking-room. After that the time flies in a paradise of reminiscences, till about 4 A.M. or some such "wee, short hour ayont the Twa''," if one may quote BURNS without being insulted by all the numerous and capable wits of Glasgow. Why is it that the Duffer keeps up his interest in Cricket, while the good players cease to care much about it? Perhaps their interest was selfish; his is purely ideal, and consequently immortal. To him Cricket was ever an unembodied joy of which he could make nothing palpable; nothing subject to the cold law of averages. Mine was 0'3.

My own introduction to Cricket, as to Golf, was peculiarly poignant. I and my brother, aged more or less about six or seven, were invited to play by the local Club, and we each received exactly one very slow and considerate lob. But his lob took him on the eye, and mine, kicking on a bad wicket, had me on the kneecap. The subsequent proceedings did not interest us very much, but there is nothing like entering children early at a manly pastime.

Intellectual application will, to some extent, overcome physical difficulties. By working at least five hours a day, and by reading the *Cricket Field* daily and nightly, I did learn to bowl a little, with a kind of twist. This, while it lasted, in a bowlerless country, was a delightful accomplishment. You got into much better sporting society than you deserved, and, in remote parts of the pastoral districts you were looked up to as one whose name had been in *Bell's Life*; we still had *Bell's Life* then. It was no very difficult matter to bowl a rustic team for a score of runs or so, and all went merry as a wedding bell. But, alas, when Drumthwacket played Tullochgorum, there was a young Cambridge man staying with the latter chieftain. I began, as I usually did, by "yorking" Tullochgorum's Piper and his chief Butler, and his head Stalker, and then SMITH of King's came in. The ground, as usual, had four sides. He hit me over the enclosure at each of the four sides, for I changed my end after being knocked for five fours in his first over. After that, my prestige was gone. The rustics, instead of crawling about their wickets, took to walking in and smacking me. This would not have mattered, if any of the Drumthwacket team could have held a catch, and if the wicket-keeper had not let SMITH off four times in one over. My

character was lost, and all was ended with me north of the Grampians, where the wickets are peculiarly suitable to my style of delivery.

As to batting, there is little that is pleasant to confess. As soon as I got a distant view of a ball, I was ever tempted to whack wildly in its direction. There was no use in waiting for it, the more I looked at it the less I liked it. So I whacked, and, if you always do this, a ball will sometimes land on the driving part of the bat, and then it usually happened that my companion, striving for a five or a six, ran me out. If he did not, I did not stay long. The wicket-keeper was a person whose existence I always treated as *une quantité négligeable*, and sometimes the ball would bound off his pads into the stumps. The fielders would occasionally hold a catch, anything may happen. On the other hand there was this to be said for my style of batting, that the most experienced Cricketer could not tell where or in what direction I would hit any given ball. If it was on the off, that was no reason why I should not bang it to square-leg, a stroke which has become fashionable since my time, but in those old days, you did not often see it in first-class Cricket. It was rather regarded as "an agrarian outrage." Foreigners and ladies would find Cricket a more buoyant diversion if all the world, and

especially LEWIS HALL and SHREWSBURY, played on my principles. Innings would not last so long. Not so many matches would be drawn. The fielders would not catch cold.

To speak of fielding is to revive unspeakable sorrows. For a short-sighted man, whose fingers are thumbs, no post in the field is exactly grateful. I have been at long-leg, and, watching the game intently, have perceived the batters running, and have heard cries of "well fielded!" These cries were ironical. The ball had been hit past me, but I was not fortunate enough to observe the circumstance. A fielder of this *calibre* always ends by finding his way to short-leg. A prudent man can do a good deal here by watching the umpire, dodging when he dodges, and getting behind him on occasion. But I was not prudent. I observed that a certain player hit very much behind the leg, so there, "in the mad pride of intellectuality," I privily stationed myself. He *did* hit very fine, very fine indeed, into my eye. The same misfortune has attended me at short-slip; it should have been a wicket, it was a black eye, or the loss of a tooth or two, as might happen. In fact, I sometimes wonder myself at the contemptuous frankness of my own remarks on the fielding at Lord's. For if a catch could be missed (and most catches can), I was the man

to miss it. Swift ones used to hit me and hurt me, long ones I always misjudged, little simple poppy ones spun out of my fingers. Now the unlucky thing about Cricket, for a Duffer, is that your misfortunes do not hurt yourself alone. It is not as in a single at Golf, it is not as in fishing, or riding, or wherever you have no partner. To drop catches is to madden the bowler not unnaturally, and to lengthen the period of leather-hunting. Cricket is a social game, and its proficients soon give the cold shoulder to the Duffer. He has his place, however, in the nature of things. It is he who keeps up the enthusiasm, who remembers every run that anybody made in any given match. In fact, at Cricket, the Duffer's mission is to be a "judge of the game;" I don't mean an Umpire, very far from that. If you once let the Duffer umpire he could ruin the stoutest side, and secure victory to the feeblest. I may say that, at least in this capacity, I have proved really useful to my party in country matches. But, in the long run, my capacity even for umpiring came to be doubted, and now I am only a critic of Cricket. There is none more relentless, not one with a higher standard, at least where no personal feelings are concerned. For I have remarked that, if a Cambridge man writes about an Oxford victory (which he seldom has to do), or if an Oxford man writes on a Cambridge victory (a frequent affliction), he always leaves you with the impression that, in spite of figures, his side had at least a moral triumph. These admirable writers have all been Duffers.





TIMES CHANGE.

Shade of William the Conqueror. "WHAT! THE PEOPLE OBJECT TO ENCLOSING A FEW ACRES OF THIS OPEN SPACE FOR STATE PURPOSES—FOR THEIR OWN BENEFIT! BY THE SPLENDOR OF HEAVEN! I SHOULD HAVE LIKED TO HAVE HEARD THE VARIANTS OBJECT TO MY MAKING MILES OF IT SUCH—FOR MINE!"

Secretary for War. "AH, YOUR MAJESTY HAD IN YOUR TIMES NO TIMES TO RECKON WITH!"

TIMES CHANGE.

["The 'Ranges Act' constitutes . . . a standing menace to rights of common wherever commons and open spaces exist."—*The Times*.]

"THE old order changes, yielding place to new."

By Phœbus, you are right, mellifluous TENNYSON! [view,
Could Norman WILLIAM this conjuncture
He'd greet our Progress with—well, scarce a benison;
He, though ranked high 'midst monarchs and commanders,
Had the same weakness as our troops in Flanders.

ROBERT the Devil's ruthless son would clear
A county to make coverts, deer-runs, chaces.
What had he thought of modern notions queer

Concerning Common Rights and Open Spaces?
"The People—who are varlets!—still oppose
Whether the Powers that be make or enclose them!"

"The People *versus* Powers that Be!" Ah, yes!

Imperious Norman, that's a modern trial
That's always being argued more or less;
The Press keeps now such vigilant espial
On every grasping would-be public plunderer.
You, Sire, had not to reckon with "The Thunderer!"

Times change, stark soldier, and we have the *Times*

Premier to check and snub Chief Secretaries.
Counting land-grabbing high among earth's crimes [varies.

Would have amazed you! Public judgment
You and your wolf-hound, WILLIAM, would not now
Try a "clean sweep,"—without a general row.

Ask OTTO! He is somewhat in your style,
But he could tell you what new risks environ
The ancient art of Ruling. You may smile
At Print and Paper *versus* Blood and Iron,
But Sovereign and Crown, though loved by many,
Stand now no chance against the Popular Penny.

Ask Malwood's Squire again! He knows right well

The New Democracy,—and the New Forest;
Our great Plantagenet, a true blue "Swell,"
Fights for the People when their need is sorest.

In Norman BILLY he'd own small belief;
The People's WILLIAM is *his* favourite chief.

Your ghostly presence in these verdant glades
Might startle STANHOPE, musing on his Ranges,

But not the angriest of Royal Shades
May now arrest the progress of Time's changes.

True, much is yielded yet to Swelldom's "Sport,"

But some aver that even *its* time is short.

No, Clearances and Rights of Common, now
Own not the sway of autocrats capricious.
Small use, great Shade, to knit that haughty brow,

And swear *your* action would be expeditious.
The days of Curfew and of Forest Law
Are passed. *We're* swayed by Justice—and
Free Jaw!

"FOR VALUE RECEIVED."—Aldgate Ward
changed Alderman Lusk for one POUND.



WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH, BEFORE HE TURNS LIKE A CRUSHED WORM,

Our Art Critic (patronisingly). "HA—HUM! WELL, YOUR COLOUR IS FAIRLY DECENT, AND YOU HAVE NICISH FEELING FOR LIGHT AND SHADE, AND CHIAROSCURO. BUT WHERE YOU ALWAYS FAIL TO PLEASE, SOMEHOW, IS IN YOUR *EXECUTION!*"

Our Artist. "MY *EXECUTION*? AH! JUST SO. I'VE NO DOUBT THAT *YOURS*, NOW WOULD BE MORE GENERALLY POPULAR!"

From Parliamentary Examination Paper.

Question.—Explain the term "Standing Orders."

Answer 1.—It means that when a visitor to the House has an order for the Speaker's Gallery, and can't find a seat, he then becomes one of the Standing Orders.—SISTE VIATOR.

Answer 2.—When a friendly M.P. sees three of us waiting for him, takes us to the bar of the House, and orders drinks all round, which we take standing.—BIBENDUM EST.

INDIA FOR THE IRISH!—"An amended estimate of the present Paddy Crop has been published by the Local Government." (*Vide Times* for Feb. 15.) What more can the most thorough Home-Rulers want, if they would only be content to make their home in Burmah instead of Ireland? "Local Government" can soon be developed, for 'tis but Home Rule in the bud, and the "Paddy Crop" is already there.

MOTTO FOR THE NEW RECORDER OF THE CITY OF LONDON.—"HALL There!"

"COMBINING AMUSEMENT WITH INSTRUCTION."

(A Sketch at the Collection of Instruments of Torture.)

SCENE—*The Maddox Street Galleries. A large and appropriately lighted room. Upon walls of a sombre crimson, various Implements of Torture are arranged with considerable taste, and an eye for decorative effect, the central space being reserved for more elaborate contrivances in wood and iron. Visitors discovered inspecting the Exhibition by the aid of the excellent Catalogues, with the subdued appreciation of persons conscious that they are spending a very pleasant and profitable afternoon.*

Mr. Charnelhouse Goole (as he enters, to Mrs. C. G.). Now, my dear, the first thing I want to see is that Iron Maiden there's so much talk about. I wonder whereabouts it is!

Mrs. C. G. I think that must be it, up at the other end of the room. But don't you *think*, dear, it would be nicer to see the other things first, and keep that for the last?

Mr. C. G. (struck by the refinement of this suggestion). Well, upon my word, AMINA, I almost think it would!

Mr. Frederic Frivell (to his wife, whom he takes a marital pleasure in shocking). What fun those old fellows must have had in those days, mustn't they?

Mrs. Frivell (a serious lady). I don't think fun is at all the right word, FREDERIC. I do wish you wouldn't take these things so lightly. I'm sure it's melancholy enough to look at all these horrid machines, and think—

Mr. F. That Torture is a lost art? Isn't that what you were going to say? But it's not, you know; we've refined it—that's all. Look at the Photographer, and the Interviewer, and the Pathetic Reciter, and the—

[*Mrs. F. endeavours to convince him that she didn't mean that at all, and that he is comparing totally different things.*]

An Aphoristic Uncle (to an irreverent Nephew). No. 89. "A Long-spiked Wooden Roller, known as a 'Spiked Hare.'" You see, Tom, my boy, the victim was—*(Describes the process.)* "Some of the old writers describe this torture as being most fearful," so the Catalogue tells us.

Tom-my-boy (after inspecting the spikes). Well, do you know, Uncle, I shouldn't be at all surprised if the old Johnnies weren't so far out.

The Aph. Uncle. Another illustration, my boy, of "Man's inhumanity to Man!"

Tom-my-boy. Not bad for you, Uncle—only you cribbed it out of the Catalogue, you know! [*The A. U. gives him up.*]

An Indulgent Parent enters, leading a small boy in a tall hat, and is presently recognised by the A. U.

The A. U. So you've brought your son to see this collection, hey? Well, it's of the greatest educational value to a thoughtful youth—rich in moral and historical instruction!

The I. P. Well, it was like this, you see. I had to take him to the dentist's, and, finding we should have half-an-hour or so to spare before he could attend to him, I thought we'd just drop in here and amuse ourselves—eh, BOBBY? Wonderfully ingenious, you know, in their way, some of these things! Now, here's a thing—"A Spanish mouth-pear, made of iron." You see, BOBBY, they forced it into the mouth and touched a screw, and it sprang open, preventing the victim from screaming.

Bobby. Y—yes, father. Should you think Mr. FAWCETTS will have one of those?

The I. P. (annoyed). Now, what is the use of my taking you to a place of this sort to divert your thoughts, if your mind is running on something else all the time? I won't have it, do you hear. Enjoy yourself like a sensible boy!

Bobby. Y—yes, Father, I am. It—it's quite cured my toothache already—really it has!

Mrs. Frivell (reading from Catalogue). "A Penitent's Girdle, made of barbed wire, which, when worn next to the flesh, caused the most unpleasant and uncomfortable irritation." Oh, FREDERIC, just fancy that!

Mr. F. My dear CECILIA, I can quite fancy it!

Mrs. F. But I thought these tortures were only for Malefactors. Why do they call it a Penitent's Girdle?

Mr. F. Can't say,—unless because he generally repented having put it on.

Mrs. F. I don't think that can be the real reason.

Two English Housemaids (to a small German Page-Boy who is escorting them). Here, JOHNNIE, what's this mean? *(Reads from Catalogue the motto on an Executioner's Sword.)* "Di Herrin' sturin dem Unheel ick exequire in End Urthile." Come, you ought to know!

Johnnie (not unnaturally at a loss). It means—it means—sounding I do not understand.

The Housemaids (disappointed in him). Well, you are a boy! I did think, bein' German yourself, you'd be quite at 'ome 'ere!

Mr. Ernest Stodgely (impressively, to Miss FEATHERHEAD, his fiancée). Just look at this, FLOSSIE. *(Reading.)* "Executioner's Cloak, very long, of red woollen material; presumably red so as not to show blood-spots or stains." Hideously suggestive that, is it not?

Miss Flossie. I shouldn't call it exactly hideous. ERNEST. Do you know, I was just thinking that, with a high Astrachan collar, you know, and old silver fastenings, it would make rather a nice winter cloak. Sodeliciously warm!

[*ERNEST avails himself of a lover's privileges to lecture her severely.*]

IN FRONT OF THE IRON MAIDEN.

Mr. Ch. Goole. So this is the Iron Maiden! Well, I expected something rather more dreadful-looking. The face has really quite a pleasant expression.

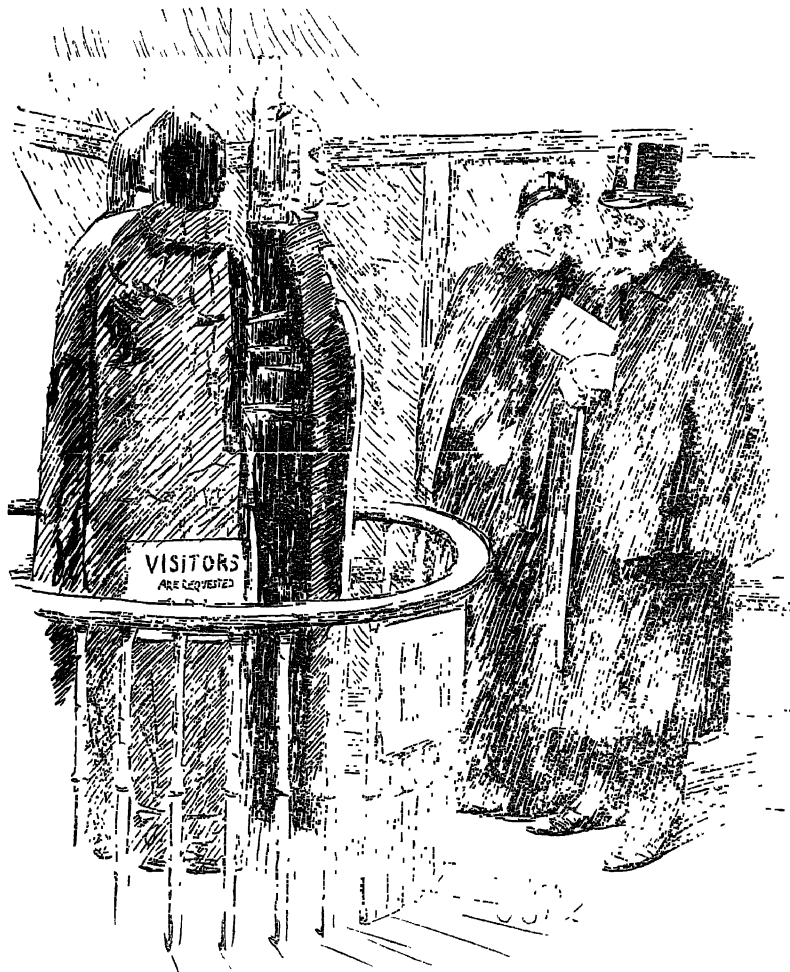
[*Disappointedly.*]
Mrs. Ch. G. (with subtler appreciation). Oh, but I think that makes it so much more horrible, don't you?

Mr. Ch. G. Well, I don't know—perhaps. But there ought to be a wax figure inside it. They ought to have wax figures on most of these things—make it much more interesting!

Mr. Frivell (who is close by). I quite agree with you, Sir—indeed, I would go farther. I think there should be competent persons engaged to provide practical illustrations of all the more amusing tortures—say from three to five every afternoon. Draw all London!

Mrs. F. (horrificed). FRED, you know you don't mean it! And besides, you would never get people willing to be shut up inside that thing!

Mr. F. My dear, I'm perfectly serious, as I always am. And as to not getting subjects, why—*(He beckons to one of the Boy-Messengers in waiting, who advances.)* Look here, my lad, you seem a bright intelligent youth. Would you mind just stepping inside and allowing us to close the door? We won't detain you an instant.





A MEETING OF THE "BANDY" ASSOCIATION

FOR THE PROMOTION OF "HOCKEY ON THE ICE."

Mrs. F. What a shame, FRED! Don't think of such a thing, there's a good boy! Say no—and I'll give you sixpence!

The Boy (grinning). Well, Lady, make it a shillin', and I'll stay outside—to oblige you!

Mrs. F. (giving him a shilling). There's a good sensible boy! FREDERIC, have you gone quite mad? You know you wouldn't hurt a fly?

[The GOOLES move away, feeling that they have been trifled with.]

Mr. F. A fly? Not for the world!—but this is only a boy. I want to know what they're here for. Now, my lad, you're not engaged to be idle, you know. Just think of the amount of innocent pleasure you would afford by getting into this spiked cradle and letting me rock you. You won't? Well, will you sit on the Spanish Donkey? come! I'll give you a leg up and fasten the weights on your legs for you. You aren't afraid of a donkey?

[Bystanders collect in hope of amusement.]

The Boy (sulkily). Not of some Donkeys, Sir, as ain't quite so sharp as that one, whatever they think themselves!

[Titters. Mr. F. F. feels that he has got rather the worst of it, and collapses, with the dismal completeness of a Funny Man; Mrs. F. remains behind to bribe the boy with another shilling to promise her solemnly never on any account to play with any of the tortures.]

Mrs. F. (rejoining her husband). FREDERIC, how can you? You make me feel perfectly faint when you act like this!

Mr. F. (recovering). Faint, CECILIA? Well, I daresay they won't mind if you sit down in one of these spiked chairs for a minute or two.

Mrs. F. (angrily). I shall do no such thing, FREDERIC! And you ought to be ashamed to suggest it!

Mrs. Borrodale (choosing photographs of Nuremberg). Look, JOHN, what a lovely large one of the *Sebald's Kirche*! I really must have this. Oh, and the *Insel Schutt*—and this of the *Schöne Brunnen*—and the view from the *Burg*—that makes the half-dozen. They will be joys for ever, JOHN! And only three shillings each! Will you pay the boy for them, JOHN, please—it's just eighteen shillings.

John. Can't, my dear. Only half-a-crown in my pocket. Don't you remember, I lent you my last sov. not five minutes ago?

Mrs. B. Oh, so you did. Well, on second thoughts, perhaps this

size is rather—I think I'll take five of the sixpenny ones instead—they're every bit as good. You can spare me that half-crown, JOHN!

A Patriot (coming out). Well, it's just the same 'ere as everywhere else. All the things "made in Germany"! Sickenin' I call it!

RICE AND PRUNES.

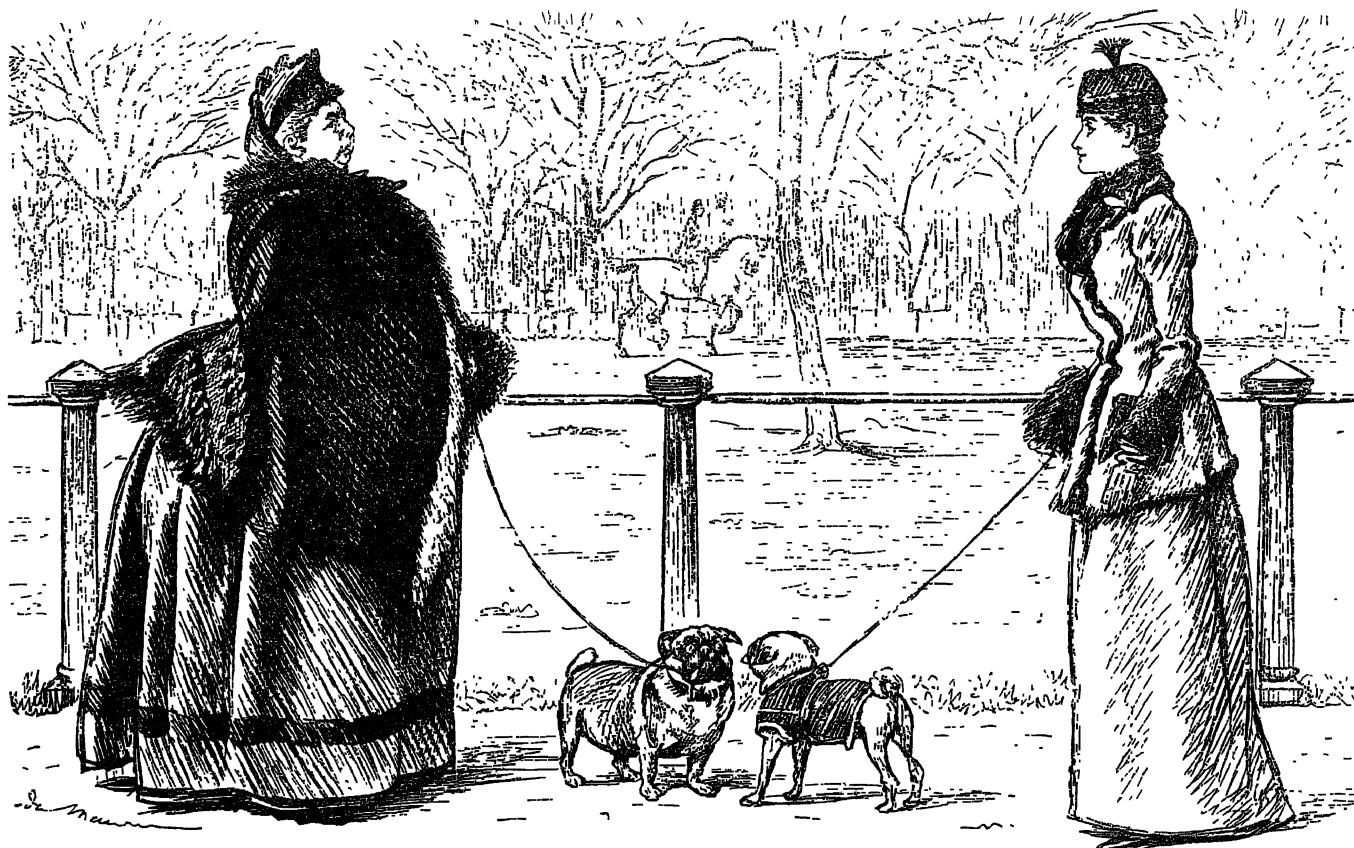


RICE and prunes a household journal
Called the chief of household boons:
Hence my mother cooks diurnal
Rice and prunes.

Therefore on successive noons,
Sombre fruit and snowy kernel
Woo reluctant forks and spoons.

As the ear, when leaves are vernal,
Wearies of the blackbird's tunes,
So we weary of eternal
Rice and prunes.

AN OLD FRIEND AT THE CRITERION.—Time flies, and *Fourteen Days*, occupying only a couple of hours or so at the Criterion, goes wonderfully. CHARLES WYNDHAM is the life and soul of the piece, and the giddy GIDDENS is another life and soul. Miss MARY MOORE, charming as ever, with a clearness of "dictation," as Mrs. MALAPROP would say, that is in itself a delight to the ear. Every word she speaks is distinct, and, which is more to the purpose, every telling word tells. *Fourteen Days* is a survival and revival of one of H. J. BYRON's fittest. If it "catches on" once more, as it ought to do, it might run fourteen weeks, and then,— "Next please!"



Q. E. D.

"MAY I ASK YOU HOW YOU MANAGE TO KEEP YOUR LITTLE PET SO SLEEK AND THIN?"

"I DON'T KNOW. IT HAS ITS LUNCH AND DINNER WITH ME EVERY DAY." "WELL, SO DOES MINE!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, February 15.—A lively sitting, with an unexpected ending. Debate on Address resumed by SEXTON in excellent speech, an effect largely contributed to by comparative brevity. Only an hour long; remarkable compression. Would have been better still had it been reduced by the twenty minutes occupied in preliminary observations. At twenty-five minutes past four he rose to move Amendment condemnatory of Land Purchase Act of last year. Precisely at a quarter to five came to his amendment, and began to recommend it to House. But mustn't complain. An excellent beginning for new Session that may further develop.

"An oratorical eel," SAUNDERSON, later in sitting, likened Member for West Belfast to; charming simile, with just that mixture of graphicness and incongruity that only Irish wit could flash upon. Not meant to be uncomplimentary, for SAUNDERSON, like the rest, acknowledges capacity of SEXTON in debate; his clear insight, his capacity for grasping a subject, his aptness of illustration, his quickness of retort, and, alack! the embarrassment of the wealth of language. If he could only economise that, and guard against the fatal fluency that besets him, converting what might be a sharp direct speech of twenty minutes into a windy weariness of hour-and-a-half or two hours, he would take high rank among Parliamentary debaters.

Dizzy once said the occasions when a man addressing House of Commons need exceed twenty minutes, come to him only twice or thrice in a lifetime. He did more than preach; he carried into practice his own principle with success. Very rarely in later years, even when Leader of House of Commons, did he exceed twenty minutes, and all his most successful interpositions in debate were on that plan. When, occasionally, he felt that circumstances demanded a long and laboured address, his labour was in vain.

Capital speech, too, of quite another kind, from DUNBAR BARTON. Most promising maiden speech delivered in present Parliament; of good omen that best parts were not those prepared in leisure of study, but the earlier passages evoked by preceding debate, and necessarily impromptu. As for SAUNDERSON, he was in his best form.

"SAUNDERSON," said the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, recognising a kindred spirit, "always reminds me of those Lifeguardsmen you see at the Military Festival, riding round Agricultural Hall slashing off heads. The heads are dummies, and no harm is done; but it's a pretty sight."

The Colonel rides well, and is a skilful swordsman.

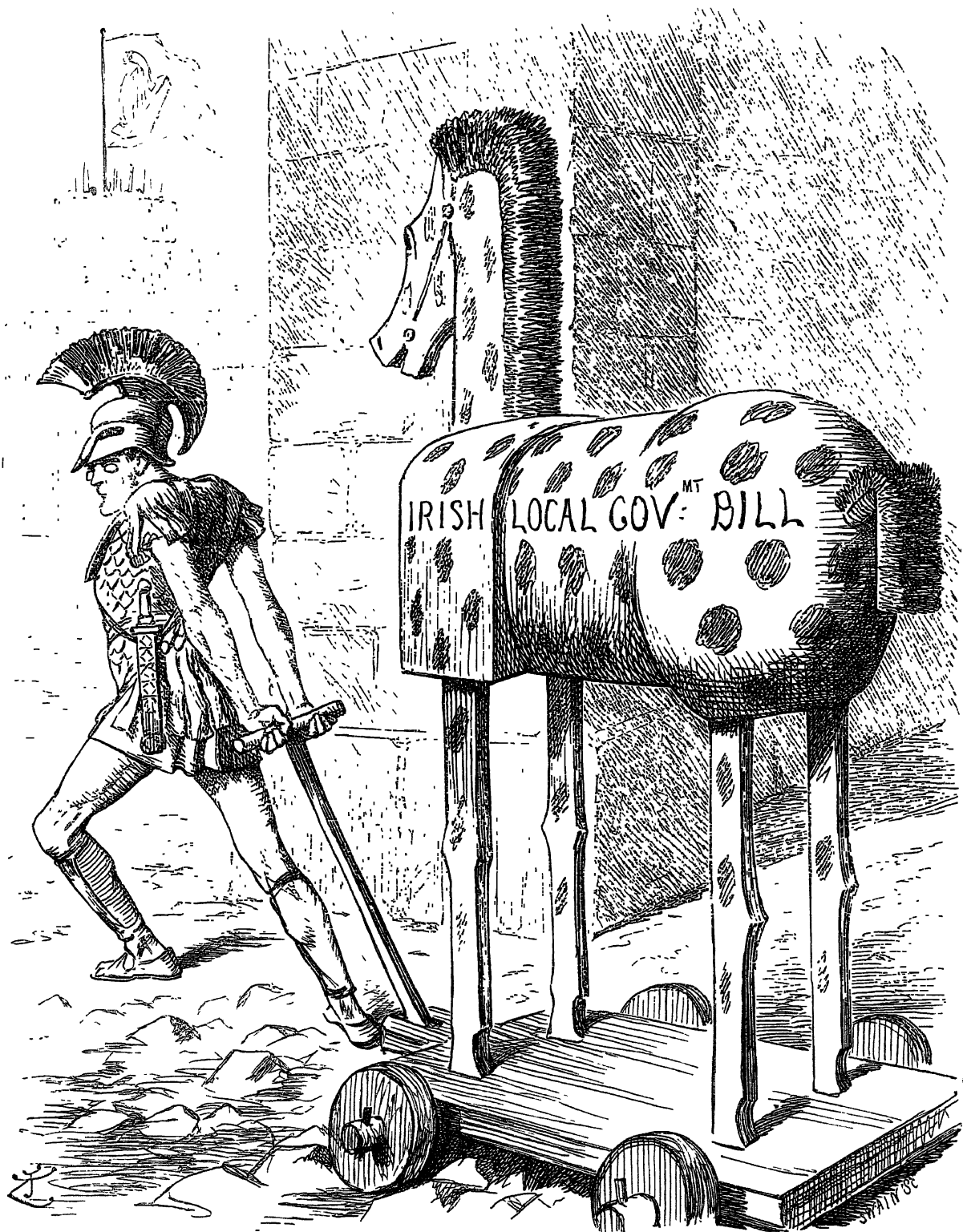
Delight of audience crowding in after dinner completed by TIM HEALY dashing in with intent to trip up Colonel. Domestic difficulties in the Party have not smoothed down TIM's natural truculence. With JOHN REDMOND sitting behind him and SAUNDERSON in front, a porcupine in fretful mood is a ball of spun silk compared with TIM.

After this RADCLIFFE COOKE and collapse, with the prospect of proceedings droning on till midnight, then adjournment, and begin again to-morrow. Suddenly, on stroke of twelve, Closure moved. House completely taken aback. Whilst it sat gasping under shock SPEAKER declared Closure carried; bells rang through all the corridors; Members trooped in to find Division imminent. When figures declared, showing Government had been surprised into narrow majority of 21, fresh wave of excitement welled forth, amid which Address was, somehow, agreed to, Members went off into snow-storm, cheering and laughing as if there had never before been such larks.

Business done.—Address agreed to.

Tuesday Night.—GRANDOLPH turned up to-day; took his familiar corner seat; tugged at his old moustache; caressed his new beard, and listened to SEALE HAYNE recklessly attacking the sacred institution of Judiciary of the Peace.

"Nothing changed, TOBY, dear boy," he said; "not even the Ministry. When I came back from Mashonaland I was told we were on the eve of political earthquake. The House of Commons was to be transformed into a cockpit; the Benches steeped in the gore of an iniquitous Ministry. But, except for some vacant places and some further advancement of privates in the little band I once offered, it's all the same, only a little drearier. The same throng in the Lobby, the same rows of Members sitting on the Benches, the same Maec on the Table, the same stately figure in the Chair, and the same Sergeants-at-Arms relieving guard at the Cross Benches. There are not quite the same two Irish Leaders, for BRER FOX has 'gone away.' BRER RABBIT I see sitting over there with his kindly face and his



A GIFT FROM THE GREEKS.

RIGHT HON. ARTHUR. "IF I CAN ONLY GET THIS THROUGH, IT OUGHT TO SETTLE 'EM!"

friendly smile, perhaps the only Irishman in the House who, if a coat were trailed before him, would turn away from temptation. It's only Irishmen, with their inexhaustible fund of humour, who would have put JUSTIN MCCARTHY in his present place. Doesn't much matter so long as TIM HEALY's around. I'll bet my gold mine at Mashonaland against the Kennel, Barks, that TIM will make up the average of fighting even when BRER RABBIT in the scale."

There's one thing changed GRANDOLPH did not allude to; perhaps unconscious of it. 'Tis his own appearance. In addition to the beard, he has put on ruddy tint that speaks well for Mashonaland as a health resort compared with Westminster. Amongst the pale-faced legislators his visage shines like the morning sun. "Quite a Colonial look about him," says ALGERNON BORTHWICK, fretfully. "But, after a few dinners at the Amphitryon and a few nights at the House and elsewhere, he'll get over it."

Members from all parts crowd round GRANDOLPH to shake the horny hand of the intrepid explorer, the dauntless lion dompter. A cold air whistles along the row of Ministers as he sits behind.

"What's he up to?" JOKIM hoarsely whispered, all his native gaiety eclipsed.

"Come down, I suppose," said Prince ARTHUR, smiling, "to con-

"And what do you think of the Tory scheme of Home Rule," I asked JUSTIN MCCARTHY, when it was all over.

"Timeo Danaos, et dona ferentes," he said, dropping into his native Celtic speech. "But in this case there is no room for apprehension. BALFOUR may leave this wooden horse outside the gates for a month, and the Trojans wouldn't touch it with a pair of tongs."

Prince ARTHUR grew more confident as the clouds gathered.

"I see very well," he said, "if I'm to stable this horse in the Home Rule Troy, I must drag it all the way myself. I shall get no help from either section of the garrison. But it's got to be done, and I'll buckle-to. Once through, it will settle the more than ten years' siege."

Business done.—Prince ARTHUR left tugging away at his wooden horse.

Friday Night.—House of Lords alr'st deserted. HALSBURY punctual in his place, making most of opportunities on Woolsack whilst they yet remain.

"Here to-day and gone to-morrow, TOBY," he remarked, with forced gaiety; "but, when I hand in the Seals of Office, I shall at least have the serene assurance to cheer me in my retirement that



"THE HUNTING OF THE HARCOURT."

(According to Fancy Sketch by "Observer" in the "Times.") "O where and O where is our Harcourt Laddie gone?"

gratulate us on our great victory last night, whereby we escaped defeat in Debate on Address by triumphant majority of 21."

"Quite a stormy petrel don't you think?" JOKIM said, nervously rubbing his hands.

"Not exactly," said Prince ARTHUR; "that usually comes before the storm you know. If you must be personal and ornithological, I should say GRANDOLPH's appearance on the scene is more reminiscent of the vulture; a little hasty in his appearance perhaps, but that is none the less significant."

Business done.—Practically none, and so home to dinner at twenty minutes to eight.

Thursday Night.—Prince ARTHUR explained provisions of long-looked-for Local Government scheme. A remarkable, unexampled, scene. House crowded on every Bench, with Duke of DEVONSHIRE looking down from Peers' Gallery, thanking Heaven he is out of it. Prince ARTHUR's manner in introducing the measure in keeping with the strange surroundings. Might reasonably have been expected that he would have been at pains to recommend the Bill to acceptance of House. Not a bit of it. If people insisted upon regarding it as the most important business of Session, Prince ARTHUR couldn't help it. But he certainly would not foster the delusion. In its potentiality of beneficent effect, the Bill nothing in comparison with the Coercion Act or the Light Railways Act.

"A poor thing," he said, in effect, and did not add, "but mine own."

If it was not his, certainly no one else would own it. Irish Members received it with jeers. JOHN MORLEY denounced it as a monstrous imposture. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD benignantly affected to regard it as a little joke with which Ministers designed to vary a dull Session. But a joke may be carried too far; better drop this now, and go to business.

Oddly enough, the storm of contumely had effect of inspiring Prince ARTHUR with new affection for his unwelcomed offspring, adding to the strength of his evidently new conviction that the proposed expedient was sound, and, if accepted, would prove efficacious.

the whole of my family, including collateral branches, have been provided for."

Amongst the prevailing dolour, the MARKISS in high spirits.

"Things not looking well in the Commons or the country, I admit," he says; "but all is not lost yet. I have still a card to play, and I believe it will score the trick. We shall presently have to go to the country, and fight a confident Opposition. Successful Foreign Policy is played out. Free Education has brought us no support; trifling with Home Rule in Ireland will bring us enemies. Am convinced that the thing to go to the country on is the fog. MIDDLETON's our man. Been thinking over it for a week. See it now; shall take up question of London fog; devise some means of battling with it; and then let the worst come. A Government that has fought the fog will at least carry London, and, London ours, we shall be able to stem the tide of anarchy."

Business done.—The MARKISS takes a great resolution.

PADDYWHACK AND DR. BIRCH.—Everyone knows what "the Assisted Education (Ireland) Bill" is. Why should not an Assisted Education (England) Bill be brought in to enable public school-boys to secure, without payment of any additional fee beyond that included for "swishing" in the Bill sent home to the parents, the specimen of the legal instrument with which their education may have been most helpfully assisted?

"BECKY THE SECOND."—Those comparatively few who answered our query as to where "the good Becky, the very opposite of Becky in *Vanity Fair*, was to be found in THACKERAY's works," and have referred us to *A Shabby Genteel Story*, are right. The many who hit upon Rebecca in the burlesque of *Ivanhoe* mistook the question.

A CORRESPONDENT, signing himself "IGNORAMUS," writes to inquire "The address of a Society called 'The London French Polishers.'" He says, "I want my French polished up a bit before going to Paris."

"VIVE LA LIBERTÉ!"

THE *Era* at one time used to enjoy a monopoly of strangely, but purely professionally-worded advertisements; but now the *Daily Telegraph* is creeping up and commencing to occupy the *Era's* special domain. One day last week in the *D. T.* the following notice appeared:—"Mr. CHARLES SUGDEN at liberty.—Address, &c." "At Liberty!" How will this sound to the uninitiated millions? Taking for granted that the readers, whose name is Legion, know perfectly well who and what Mr. CHARLES SUGDEN is, having a lively recollection of this talented actor as among the best representatives of bad characters (excepting perhaps that of *William of Orange*, which was Mr. SUGDEN's *chef d'œuvre*, and about whose character there are strong differences of opinion), will they not unnaturally be led to inquire how, why, when and wherefore Mr. SUGDEN ever came to be deprived of his liberty, and under what circumstances he has been restored to it, or it to him? "At Liberty!" It has a grand and glorious sound! This distinguished Thespian was never an "hereditary bondsman," then why not always "at liberty"? But, be this as it may, once more "the Rover is free!" SUGDEN is a name honourable behind and before the foot-lights. In the Courts of Law it is a Legal Light, and among Gas Companies the Sugden Burner is, we believe, justly famous. Whatever the announcement may or may not mean, all sons of Liberty will rejoice that this eccentric comedian is once more free, and on the stage he will be again most welcome.

"ARE you staying in town?"
"No," answered Mrs. R.; "I'm going *au contraire*." Which, she subsequently explained, was French for going into the country.

FANCY PORTRAIT.



GENERAL BOOMBASTES.

Solo and Chorus.

AIR—"Piff! Paff! Pouf!" from "*La Grande Duchesse*."

"ET PUFF! PUFF! PUFF!"

ET TARA PARA POUM!

JE SUIS, MOI, LE GÉNÉRAL BOOM! BOOM!"

[Repeats it *ad lib.*]

ON RELIGIOUS CYMBALISM.

THE Salvationist Bands which perform in and out of London—(would that they were restricted as the Moore and Burgess Minstrels restrict themselves to one hall, never or "hardly ever," performing out of London!)—everywhere and anywhere without respecting illness, or the hours of public worship in our Churches and Chapels, or the necessities of repose, show thereby a distinct want of that consideration for the feelings of their fellow-citizens which simple Christian folk call Charity. These Booth performers—which designation savours suggestively of Mountebanks—would do well to play their peculiar music and sing their peculiar hymns within the four walls of their own places of worship, employing the intervals essential for gaining of wind and for rest of muscle in meditating, perhaps breathlessly, on the inspired Pauline teaching which will inform them that even the works of an Apostle, if he have not charity, will be as "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals," making indeed a great noise in the world, but as one WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE has said, being mere "sound and fury signifying nothing." "Liberty of Worship" by all means, but not such Liberty for any one particular form of worship which, interfering with the freedom of others, speedily degenerates into fanatical licence, and so becomes a nuisance as intolerant as it is intolerable.

ANGLO-AMERICAN FRENCH.—A new word must be added to our French dictionaries. In *Le Figaro* for Feb. 15, in an article on HECTOR MALOT, occurs this expression, "*en ce temps de pufisme littéraire*." In English we have had the word and the thing too, since the time of SHERIDAN's *Critic*, but is any student of French journalism familiar with it in the Parisian newspapers?

THE FANCY BALL.

You came as GRETCHEN, hair of gold
And face so exquisitely sweet,
That I, like FAUST, had *certainly* sold
Myself, to win you, MARGUERITE.
Each plait enmeshed my
struggling heart,
That wildly beat
against my will;
And though at last we
had to part,
In Dreamland I could
see you still.

Another night, with
tresses dark,
And kirtle strewn with
fleurs-de-lys,
You came a flashing JOAN
OF ARC,
Destructive of my
bosom's peace.
The sword was girt upon
your hip,
And thine the Maid's heroic glance;
I seemed to hear upon your lip,
The watchword of her life, "For France!"



Anon I saw thee as the Queen
Who held so many hearts in fee;
But MARY STUART scarce had been,
Methinks, so beautiful as thee.
I fain had gone and splintered lance,
As in the old days in our realm;
To win a kind approving glance,
And wear your glove upon my helm.

What, stately EDITH! Lives there yet
The lady of that royal line,
The peerless proud Plantagenet,
Will KENNETH's great emprise be mine?
We saw how high his hopes could soar;
We know the guerdon that he won.
Shall I find favour, as of yore
Did DAVID, Earl of Huntingdon?

'Tis certain, in whatever guise
You come, as heroine of song
Or story, to my faithful eyes
You shine the fairest of the throng.
However fanciful you be,
Whatever fancy dress befalls;
My fancy paints you fancy-free,
To fancy me at Fancy Balls!

THE UNOBSERVED OF ONE "OBSERVER."

FROM the account given by "OBSERVER" in the *Times*, it might be inferred that "HARCOURT! HARCOURT!" was shouted all over the House, in the lobbies, through the smoking-room, in the library, through the cellars, in fact, everywhere within the sacred precincts, on one memorable night, while at that very moment the wily Sir WILLIAM, tucked comfortably up in his little bed, was murmuring softly to himself, "HARCOURT! indeed! 'Ha! not caught,' more likely!" and so sweetly fell asleep.

Mrs. R. read aloud from the latest Report of "B. and F. Bible Society," "One cannot help thinking of the glorious field of labour which lies open here before the Colporteur, and of the pleasant way in which his labours are appreciated by all." But the worthy lady pronounced colporteur as coalporter, and so on hearing from a friend that "the Coalporters were on strike," Mrs. R. could not help exclaiming, "Dear! how ungrateful of them, when they were being 'so much appreciated by all!'"

THE REAL NINE POINTS OF THE LAW.—Costs.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* (published by Messrs. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.), Mr. THOMAS HARDY has given us a striking work of fiction, bold in design and elaborate in finish. The characters, with one exception, are as true to life as are his graphic descriptions of nature's own scenery; true that is to the types of such rural life as he professes to represent,—the life led in our Christian country by thousands and thousands of genuine Pagans, superstitious Boobies, with whom the schoolmaster can do but little, and the parson still less. As to the clergymen who appear in this story, two of them are priggishly academic, a third is a comfortable antiquarian, and the fourth unacquainted with even the A. B. C. of his own pastoral theology.

Since THACKERAY'S *Captain Costigan*, and TOM ROBERTSON'S dramatic variation of him as *Ecceles in Caste*, no more original type of the besotted, no-working working-man, has been given us ("at least, as far as I am aware," interpolates the Baron, with a possible reservation) than *Tess's* father, *Durbeyfield*. His foolish wife, *Joan*, kindly in a way, a fair housewife and helpmate, yet deficient in moral sense, is another admirably-drawn character.

The only blot on this otherwise excellent work is the absurdly melodramatic character of that "villain of the deepest dye," *Alec D'Urberville*, who would be thoroughly in his element in an



A BRIGHT PARTICULAR STAR IN THE MILKY WAY.

Showing how an Angel without wings played on the harp to Milkmaid Tess of the Tubbyveals, who was so proud of her calves.

Adelphi Drama of the most approved type, ancient or modern. He is just the sort of stage-scoundrel who from time to time seeks to take some mean advantage of a heroine in distress, on which occasions said heroine (of Adelphi Drama) will request him to "unhand her," or to "stand aside and let her pass;" whereupon the dastardly ruffian retaliates with a diabolical sneer of fiendish malice, his eyes ablaze with passion, as, making his melodramatic exit at the o. p. wing, he growls, "Aha! a day will come!" or "She must and shall be mine!" or, if not making his exit, but remaining in centre of stage to assist in forming a picture, he exclaims, with fiendish glee, "Now, pretty one, you are in my power!" and so forth. 'Tis a great pity that such a penny-plain-and-two-pence-coloured scoundrel should have been allowed so strong a part among Mr. HARDY'S excellent and unconventional *dramatis personæ*. Even the very, very strong ejaculations wherein this bold bad man indulges on the slightest provocation belong to the most antiquated vocabulary of theatrical ruffianism. However, there he is, and all the perfumes of the Vale of Blackmoor will not suffice for dispelling the strong odour of the footlights which pervades every scene where this unconscionable scoundrel makes his appearance. That he is ultimately disposed of by being stuck to the heart with the carving-knife that had been brought in for cold-beef slicing at breakfast, is some satisfaction. But far be it from the Baron to give more than this hint in anticipation of the tragic dénouement. Some might accuse Mr. THOMAS HARDY of foolhardiness in so boldly telling ugly truths about the Pagan Phyllises and Corydons of our dear old Christian England; but we, his readers, have the author's word for the truth of what he has written, as "the fortunes of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, a *Pure Woman*," are "faithfully presented," by THOMAS HARDY, and so his honour is pledged to the truth of this story which his powers of narration have made so fascinating to a host of readers besides the one who is a host in himself, namely,

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

JUSTICE FOR JUSTICE!

SCENE—*A Court of Justice*. Prisoner, a young man of eighteen, in the dock, weeping bitterly. His Uncle stands before him, and occasionally offers him smelling salts. General commiseration amongst the spectators, many of whom are ladies armed with opera-glasses. Police Constable under cross-examination.

Counsel for the Defence. And so, Constable, you had actually the heart to read the warrant to the Prisoner?

Witness. I did, Sir, in the execution of my duty.

Coun. for the Def. (scornfully). Duty! and to this he said nothing?

Wit. (in a low tone). Nothing, Sir—nothing!

Coun. for the Def. And I am not surprised! He might well say nothing to such an announcement! He, a Gentleman by birth—education—everything—to be accused of forgery! It is too cruel!

Mr. Justice Punch (courteously but firmly). I do not wish to control the management of your case, Mr. McSLANGER, but the time for you to address the Jury has not yet arrived.

Coun. for Def. (submissive but sulky). As your Lordship pleases.

[Resumes his seat.]

Usher (calling). Admiral CUTTERMAN!

Admiral (in a low tone). Here!

[He leaves the Prisoner, first handing him the smelling salts, and enters the Witness Box.]

Council for the Prosecution (after the Witness has been sworn). I think you are here on subpoena served by the Treasury.

Witness (with a glance of sadness at the Dock). Had I not been summoned to be present by those in authority, not the entreaties of magicians would have brought me here!

Coun. for the Pros. I take it you are an unwilling Witness?

Witness (with difficulty suppressing acute emotion). A most, a very most unwilling Witness!

Coun. for the Def. (scornfully). Unwilling!

Coun. for the Pros. (in a tone of remonstrance). I really must beg my learned friend to refrain from disturbing the proceedings. These constant interruptions are most annoying.

Coun. for the Def. (with force and violence). I cannot sufficiently express my indignation—

Mr. Justice Punch (sharply). Then do not make the attempt.

Coun. for the Def. (surlily). As your Lordship pleases. [Subsides.]

Coun. for the Pros. But, in spite of being an unwilling Witness, you undoubtedly saw the Prisoner forge your name?

Witness (with his handkerchief to his eyes). Alas! I did!

[A pause, during which everyone regains equanimity.]

Coun. for Def. (on renewal of proceedings). And so you are the Uncle of the Prisoner?

Witness (sadly). Yes, I am.

Coun. for Def. Still you are here, and are pushing that poor lad to the prison-door! (Prisoner snivels.) Yes, you are dealing him (one of your own flesh and blood) a never-to-be-recalled injury!

Witness (plucking up spirit). Only my duty, Sir. I obey only my duty!

Coun. for Def. Your duty! Why, man, how can it be your duty?

Mr. Justice Punch (seriously). Again I must interpose. (To Counsel.) Mr. McSLANGER, I must once more remind you that your business at present is to ask questions, not to make speeches.

Coun. for Def. But, my Lord, the task is a difficult one.

Mr. Justice Punch. If you find it beyond your powers, no doubt some of your colleagues will come willingly to your assistance.

Coun. for Def. No, my Lord, I do not mean what your Lordship means. I am quite capable of performing the duties it has been my pleasure and pride to accept.

Mr. Justice Punch (wearily). Pray let us get on?

Coun. for Def. Do you not think it a grossly cruel and revolting thing that a man should give evidence against his near relative?

Witness (greatly agitated). My Lord, I appeal to you, is it fair that I should be treated in this fashion?

Mr. Justice Punch (emphatically). No, it is not! You are here, Sir, in performance of a solemn duty—to assist the ends of justice in the punishment, and consequently prevention, of crime. It is not right that in the witness-box you should be badgered and insulted as if you were worthy of the dock! One can feel some sympathy with the relatives of the prisoner, because he appears to have had respectable surroundings. But if he is convicted of forgery, it will be his own fault! I shall accept the verdict as a proof that education and birth are not safeguards to prevent crime. And as for you, Sir (turning angrily to Coun. for Def.), let me tell you that you degrade your office when you make the wig and the gown the shield of the brute and the bully. Let us have no more of it!

Coun. for Def. (subdued but depressed). As your Lordship pleases.

Mr. Justice Punch. It does so please me, and I think that it will equally please all my learned brothers who sit in Royal Courts to follow my example! It is time that the Witness, as well as the accused, received proper protection. I hope my words will be taken to heart in another place!

[The Scene closes in on his Lordship's suggestion.]

POPULAR SONGS RE-SUNG.

GREAT is the might of the Meaningless! Especially in a rattling refrain or a rousing chorus. Big drum effects are always popular. What wonder clever Miss LOTTIE COLLINS's "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!" is all the rage? "Her greatest creation" (*vide advertisements*), "sung and danced with the utmost *verve*," has taken the town. Will it "mar its use" to attach a meaning to it? Let us try:—

No. VI.—THAT'S HOW WE BOOM TO-DAY!

I.
A SMART "mug-lumberer" one must be
To-day, to "fetch" Sassietty;
Not too strict, of swagger free,
And as "fly" as "fly" can be.
Ever pushing, ever bold,
(Else one's left "out, in the cold")
Thus Success you grasp, and hold,
And may sing, though Pecksniffs scold,—

Chorus.

Tra-la! We "boom" to-day!
That's how we "boom" to-day!
Bra-va! We "boom" to-day!
Hoo-rah! We "boom" to-day!
[And so on, six times or more.]

II.

All want to "Boom." But don't be
For modesty is all my eye. [shy,
Shun all reserve, if you would try
For "paying" notoriety. [haste,
If you would "make your pile" in
You must not bother about "taste."
Every chance must be embraced,
If you would sing when fairly "placed,"
Chorus—Tra-la! We "boom" to-day!
[Over and over again.]

III.

Art's a good game. 'Tis easier far
Than 'twas of old to be a Star.

Hit on some trick crepuscular,
Like smudge or smoke, and there you are!
They'll mouth, and call you "Master." So
You're sure—in time—to be a go.
You will catch on, and sell, although
Your meaning not a soul may know,—
Chorus—Tra-la-la! "Boom" to-day!
[Ad libitum.]

IV.

If Humour is your little line,
Coherent sense you must resign,
Cry, "Paradox alone's
divine!
LAMB had his manner,
this is Mine!"
Try strain and twist;
gnaw the dry bone
Of mirth till all the
marrow's gone;

And crowds, who first stared like a stone,
Your "subtle genius" soon will own.
Chorus—Tra-la! We "boom" to-day!
[Ad nauseam.]

V.

Is the Dramatic "biz" preferred?
There you may "boom" it like a bird.
Turn on the Absolute-Absurd;
By that strange tap the mob is stirred.
Be dismal, deathly, dirty, dim;
Groveling, ghastly, gruesome, grim,
Anything meaning morbid whim; [rim!]
Quidnuncs will cry, "What treuth! what
Chorus—Tra-la-la! "Boom" to-day!
[As long as you like!]

VI.

Or would you even higher fly,
And found a "Cult"? You've but to try.
That blend fools follow in full cry,
Meaninglessness *plus* Mystery!
A witch astride upon a broom,
A bogie in a darkened room,
Nonsense and nubibustic gloom,—
Mix them like witch-broth; they will
"boom"!

Chorus—Tra-la! We "boom" to-day!
[Till you are tired of it.]

VII.

Boom! Boom! 'Twill bring in cent.
per cent.,
With that Big Drum, Advertisement.
Nonsense, with *nous* discreetly blent,
Finds the world cheated—and content.
But "make your game" while yet
there's room,
For novel shapes of quackery. Doom
Awaits us in the outer gloom:
A day may come when Bosh won't
"Boom"!

Chorus.

That's how we "boom" to-day!
Tra-la! We "boom" to-day!
Ha-ha! We "boom" to-day!
Tra-la! We "boom" to-day!
[And so on till further orders.]



OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.—Quoth one of the Baron's Assistants to his Chief, "S'r, those who love the personality, and venerate the memory of CHARLES DICKENS, will thank Miss HOGARTH who has selected, Mr. LAWRENCE HUTTON who has edited, and OSGOOD, McILVAINE & Co. who publish, a series of letters addressed by BOZ to WILKIE COLLINS. They bear date between the years 1851 and 1870, were found among COLLINS's papers after his death, and prove not the least precious of his possessions. *Foster's Life of Dickens* will undoubtedly remain the medium through which the outer world shall know the great novelist." "True,"

interposes the Baron, "that certainly is one way in which admiration for the works of the great novelist will be foster'd among us. You agree? Of course you do. Proceed, sweet warbler, your observations interest me much." Whereupon the warbler thus addressed continued. "But, Sir, we are all conscious of a certain unpleasant taste those volumes leave in the mouth. Some of the incidents recorded, and many of the letters, present DICKENS with undue prominence in a possible phase of his character, as a ruthless tradesman in literature and lecturing, with some tendency to be overbearing in his social relations. In this little volume of letters to his old familiar friend we find him at his best, whether as a worker in literature or as a critic of other people's work."

BARON DE BOOK-
WORMS & Co.



"ASSISTED EDUCATION."



"JOINT OCCUPATION."
(Suggested by Cook's Tourist in Egypt.)



THE MODERN ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR, THE POWER OF SOUND.

*
"WITH RAVISHED EARS,
THE MONARCH HEARS,

ASSUMES THE GOD,
AFFECTS TO NOD,
AND SEEMS TO SHAKE THE SPHERES!"



QUITE UP TO DATE.

Cousin Madge. "WELL, GOOD-BYE, CHARLIE. SO MANY THANKS FOR TAKING CARE OF US!"

Charlie. "NOT AT ALL!"

THE MODERN ALEXANDER'S FEAST OR, THE POWER OF SOUND.

(An Ode for the Brandenburg Diet Day; a long way after Dryden.)

"[At the banquet of the Diet of Brandenburg, the GERMAN EMPEROR said:—'The assured knowledge that your sympathy loyally attends me in my work, inspires me with fresh strength to persevere in my task, and to advance along the path marked out for me by Heaven. To this are added the sense of responsibility to our Supreme Lord above, and my unshakable conviction that He, our former ally at Rossbach and Dennewitz, will not leave me in the lurch. He has taken such infinite pains with our ancient Brandenburg and our House, that we cannot suppose he has done this for no purpose. . . My course is the right one, and it will be persevered in.'—*Daily Paper.*]

'Twas in the royal feast Brandenburg set
For Providence's pet:
Aloft in Teuton state
The god-like hero sate
On his Imperial throne:
His Brandenburgers listened round,
Appreciative of the Power of Sound;
All admire shouting—when the Shouter's crowned!

The Jovian Eagle at his side
Perched, and like Rheims's Jackdaw,
eyed

The Olympian hero in his pride.

Happy, happy, happy Chief!

None but the loud,

None but the loud,

From the crass crowd may win belief!

His locks he shook, his long moustache

he twirled,

And saw a vision of himself as Sovereign of

the World!

The listening crowd admire the lofty sound.
"A present deity!" they shout around.
"A present deity!" the vaulted roofs rebound.

With ravished ears,
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres!

In praise of Brandenburg the Shouting
Emperor spoke,

In language like a huge thrasonic joke.

The newest god in triumph comes;

Blare the trumpets, thump the drums:

Flushed with a purple grace,

He lifts his Jovian face!

Now give the blowers breath. He comes, he comes!

New ALEXANDER fair and young,
Drinking, in Teuton nectar, once again

To Brandenburg, that treasure

Of earth, and heaven's chief pleasure,

Rich the treasure,

Sweet the pleasure,

Which to the gods has given such pain!

Soothed with the sound, the Emperor grows
vain,

Fights all his battles o'er again;

'Twas Heaven that routed all his foes, Olympus slew his slain.

He has the greatest of allies!

Doubters are dastards in his eyes,

And grumblers at their deified

Young Emperor in his proper pride,

Should shake from their false shoes

Germania's dust. The Muse

Must sing Jove-WILHELM great and good,

By a benignant fate

Lifted, gifted, gifted, lifted,
Lifted to a god's estate,
Olympian in his mood:

* * * * *

The mighty Master smiled to see,
Infant-in-Arms, young Germany,
Jove's nursing, quit his cot and pap,
And, quite a promising young chap,
Grown out of baby-shoes and bottle,
And "draughts" which teased his infant
throttle,

Get rid of ailments, tum-tum troubles,
Tooth-cutting pangs, and "windy" bubbles,
A tremendous time beginning;

Fighting still, all foes destroying:—

"A world-empire's worth the winning!"

Its fair foretaste I'm enjoying.

The new god now sits beside ye,

Take the gifts he will provide ye!

He's your young Orbilian schooler,

Your Hereditary Ruler!"

(The Brandenburgers bellow loud applause.)

"My course is right, and glorious is my

Cause!!!"

The Prince, the god unable to restrain,

Rose from his chair,

With Jovian air,

And, hanging up his thunderbolts with care,

What time his eagle gave a gruesome glare,

The nectar gulped again and yet again:

Then stooping his horned helmet firm to

jam on,

Voted himself the New God—Jupiter-

(G)Ammon!

* * * * *

"Let ALEXANDER yield the prize

To WILHELM of the Iron Crown;

He raised himself unto the skies,

I bring Olympus down!!!"

LETTERS TO ABSTRACTIONS.

No. XI.—TO PLAUSIBILITY.

MY DEAR PLAU,

I SHOULD be the most ungrateful dog if I failed to acknowledge the pleasure I have received during my life from the society of your friends and *protégés*. I don't speak of mere material, meat-and-money advantages. Probably, if a strict account could be stated, it might be found that in these paltry matters a balance, large or small, was still due to me. Who knows? Strict accounts are hateful; and even if I did lose here and there I did it, I fancy, with my eyes open, and was not sorry to indulge these gentlemen with the idea that their fascinations had conquered me. No. What I speak of is rather the genuine pleasure I have derived from some of the finest acting (in ordinary life, not on the boards) that the world ever saw, acting in which I protest that the tears, the sighs, the misery, the gallantry, the courage, the loyal sentiments and the honourable promises all rang with so sincere a sound that the very actor himself was subdued like the dyer's hand to the colours he worked in, until he believed himself to be the most unjustly persecuted of mankind, the most upright of gentlemen, or whatever the special emotion he simulated required that he should seem to be for the moment. That he might possibly be what, as a matter of fact, he often was, a rogue and a knave, mattered little to me at the time. He was evidently himself ignorant of his potentialities, and in any case they could not spoil my æsthetic enjoyment of a notable performance. And after all who is to undertake to draw the line between the good man and the bad? I have known men with regard to whom I was convinced that they were admirably equipped by nature for a career of roguery; somewhere in the backs of their heads I know they carried a complete set of intellectual implements for the task, but no temptation, as it happened, ever came to open the door of that secret chamber, and the unconscious owners of it passed through life honoured by their fellow-citizens, and their actions still smell sweet and blossom in their dust. Others, of course, were not so fortunate. Their crisis pursued and captured them, revealed them to themselves and others, and in many cases only left them, alas, after cropping both their hair and their reputations. But I leave these divagations, which can have but little interest for you. What I rather wish to do is to recall to your memory the curious personality and the chequered adventures of our common friend, WILFRID COBBYN.

I met him some six years ago when I was on a visit to my father's old friend, General TEMPEST, at Dansington. Most people, I take it, have heard of Dansington, that home of educational establishments, amusement, and retired Indian Generals. Old General TEMPEST—LEONIDAS MARLBOROUGH TEMPEST he had been christened by a warlike father, whose military aspirations had been crushed by the necessity for a commercial career, and who had taken it out of fate by devoting his son to heroism at the baptismal font, and by subsequently buying him a commission in a crack regiment—General TEMPEST was, in the days of which I speak, a hospitable veteran whose amiability and good-nature had survived many severe campaigns in which he had taken and given hard knocks wherever hard knocks were to be found. His benevolence and hospitality were proverbial far beyond the limits of Dansington, and his daughter CLARA was one of the prettiest girls in the United Kingdom.

On the occasion of this visit I found a fellow guest, the identical WILFRID COBBYN whom I have already mentioned. He had been there for a fortnight, I learnt from ALEXANDER, the eldest hope of the TEMPESTS, and had made himself a favourite with every member of the family. How they got to know him I never quite discovered—indeed, I doubt if any of them could have told me—and as to his previous history all they seemed to know was that his father had property "somewhere in the West of England," that he himself had travelled a great deal, and was now close upon thirty years old. I am free to admit that after my first dinner in his company I had very little inclination to worry myself about the details of his past, so cheerful and fascinating did I find his gay companionship. I cannot quite explain the charm of the man. He had a roving blue eye, a ruddy and glowing complexion, and a laugh that seemed to kick all gloomy fancies into flinders, and to carry those who heard it in a helter-skelter gallop of mirth. And then what stories the fellow could tell! He had the General and me in perpetual convulsions, and even ALEXANDER, a somewhat awkward and taciturn youth,

much weighed down by the responsibilities of his freshmanhood at Oxford, was pleased to unbend and smile approvingly at the amazing sallies of the wizard COBBYN.

One story I remember in particular, though I dare not attempt to repeat it as COBBYN told it. It was about the wretched adventures of a certain travelling companion of his on a shooting expedition in Albania. It was a story that never seemed to cease,—a bad recommendation for most stories, I admit; but in this case so artfully and with such surprising humour and force was it told, so vividly did it depict a long series of ludicrous sufferings culminating in the total loss of the sufferer's clothes and his involuntary appearance in the full uniform of a Turkish Zaptieh, with other surprising and endless episodes, that at the last we had in the midst of our gasps of helpless laughter to implore the narrator to stop for the sake of our sides and the resounding rafters of the General's house.

At other times the irresistible WILFRID would pose reminiscently as the gallant protector of outraged virtue, or as the hero of some deathless story of courage and coolness by which empires had been saved from disaster. And he was so persuasive, so convincing, that our imaginations, which would have refused to follow a smaller man

on lower flights, soared obediently after him through an empyrean of impossible romance. Nor did he stop at this. General TEMPEST was the pattern of old-world punctilio, but before a week was out he had introduced COBBYN, of whom he knew nothing except what COBBYN told him, to all the best people in Dansington; nor shall I ever forget the air with which this glorious rascal took the portly old Countess of CARDAMUMS down to her second supper at the County Ball. He rode ALEXANDER's chestnut, and ALEXANDER never murmured. The General's ancient retainer went on his many errands, and neither the General nor his man saw anything out of the way in the proceeding. Even CLARA looked, I thought, with some favour—but as CLARA always breaks into indignant denials whenever this is hinted, I will proceed no further. As for the members of the Dansington Club they were enthusiastic in COBBYN's praises. The young sparks imitated his fashions in ties and collars, the old bucks repeated to one another his stories, and one and all vowed he was "an uncommon good fellow, by Gad."

To me COBBYN was always profusely polite, with that flattering politeness which induces the flattered to think himself just a shade cleverer and sharper and better than his fellow-creatures, and on the day before my departure he honoured me by borrowing a ten-pound note of me and writing my London address with much ceremony on the back of an envelope, which I afterwards found lying about in a passage of the General's house.

Three months afterwards there was a tempest in Dansington. COBBYN had gone away for two days and had stayed away for good. His intimates and the Dansington tradesmen became uneasy, rumours began to spread, and the result was a crash which made some very knowing fellows look extremely foolish, and filled the Club with honest British imprecations. Little TOM SPINDLE, who commanded a troop of the Fallowshire Yeomanry (the Duke of DASHBOROUGH'S Hussars) and had the reputation of spending a royal income with beggarly meanness, had backed one of COBBYN's bills for £1,000. Sir PAUL PACKTHREAD, one of the greatest of the local magnates, had lent him £500 without a scrap of security, and Colonel CHUTNEY had put £300 into the Ephemeral Soapsuds Company, Limited, of which COBBYN was to have been the managing director. I cannot go through the whole long list. He had fleeced all that was fleecable in Dansington, and had vanished into the clouds. How he managed to do it, by what artful proposals he conquered the avarice of SPINDLE, prevailed over the mercantile sagacity of PACKTHREAD, and subdued the fiery temper of CHUTNEY, will never be known. Partly, no doubt, he succeeded by being here and there perfectly truthful and candid. He was the son of a well-to-do country Squire, but the father had long since ejected his offspring from the paternal mansion; he had really travelled and had often displayed pluck. But his chief gifts were his good-humour, his ardent imagination, and a persuasive tongue that gained for him the trusting confidence of his victims almost before he himself knew that he meant to victimise them.

They tell me he is now established somewhere in the West of America. Wherever he goes he is sure to be popular—for a time.

Goodbye, dear old PLAU!

I hope I haven't bored you.

Yours trustfully,

DIODENES ROBINSON.



A WILDE "TAG" TO
A TAME PLAY.

SCENE—A Theatre with Audience and Company complete. The former "smart" and languidly enthusiastic, the last wearily looking forward to the final "Curtain." The last Act is all but over.

Servant (to Countess). The Duchess of BATTERSEA is in the Hall. May she come up?

Countess. Certainly. Why did you not show her up at once?

Servant (arranging his powdered hair in a glass). Because in cases of exposure her Grace is quite equal to showing up herself!

Countess (smiling). You are cynical, JOHN. Do you not know that cynicism is the birthright of fools, and, when discovered, is more than half found out?

Servant (taking up coalscuttle). Like the hair of your Ladyship—out of curl! [Exit.]

Countess. A quaint conceit; but here is my husband. Let me avoid him. A married man is quite out of date—save when he forms the subject of his own obituary. [Exit.]

A pause. Enter the Duchess of BATTERSEA.

Duchess. Dear me! No one here! So I might have brought the Duke with me, after all! And yet he is so fond of the petticoats. He loses his head when he begins kissing his hand. And I lose my head when I fail to catch a 'buss. A kiss with him and a 'buss with me—where's the difference?

Enter Earl PENNYPLAINE.

Earl (angrily). You here!

Duchess (with an appealing gesture). You are not pleased to see me! You regard me as an adventuress! You are ashamed of my past! A past unblest by a clergyman—in fact, a past without a pastor!

Earl. Begone! Do not dare to darken my doors again. This is no home for old jokes!

Duchess. You must hear me. Do you know why I have treated you so badly? Do you know why I have taught your wife to regard me as a rival? Why I have blackmailed you to the tune of hundreds of thousands of pounds? Do you know why I have done all this and more? I will tell you. Because I am your Mother-in-law!

Earl (in a choking voice). I suspected as much from the very first!

Re-enter the Countess, carrying a heap of family portraits.

Countess. Here, Duchess, although you are not to my liking, I have brought you a few pictures of my husband and some of his predecessors. Take 'em, and bless you!

Duchess (overflowing with emotion). My dear, this is too much. (Weeps.) You unwoman—I should say unlady—me!

Enter Lord TUPPENCE CULLARD.

Lord T. C. Come and marry me.

Duchess. With pleasure! Lawks—a-mussy!

Earl. And now, let us remember that while the sun shines, the moon clings like a frightened thing to the face of CLEOPATRA.

Quick Curtain.

Applause follows, when enter the Author. He holds between his thumb and forefinger a lighted cigarette.

Author. Ladies and Gentlemen, it is so much the fashion nowadays to do what one pleases, that I venture to offer you some tobacco while I enjoy a smoke myself. (Throws cigars and cigarettes amongst the audience à la HARRY PAYNE.) Will you forgive me if I change my tail-coat for a smoking jacket? Thank you! (Makes the

FANCY PORTRAIT.



QUITE TOO-TOO PUFFICKLY PRECIOUS!!

Being Lady Windy-mère's Fan-cy Portrait of the new dramatic author, Shakspeare Sheridan Oscar Puff, Esq.

[“He addressed from the stage a public audience, mostly composed of ladies, pressing between his daintily-gloved fingers a still burning and half-smoked cigarette.”—Daily Telegraph.]

necessary alteration of costume in the presence of the audience.) And now I will have a chair. (Stamps, when up comes through a trap a table supporting a lounge), and a cup of tea. (Another table appears through another trap, bringing up with it a tray and a five o'clock set.) And now I think we are comfortable. (Helps himself to tea, smokes, &c.) I must tell you I think my piece excellent. And all the puppets that have performed in it have played extremely well. I hope you like my piece as well as I do myself. I trust you are not bored with this chatter, but I am not good at a speech. However, as I have to catch a train in twenty minutes, I will tell you a story occupying a quarter of an hour. I repeat, as I have to catch a train—I repeat, as I have to catch a train—

Entire Audience. And so have we! [Exeunt. (Thus the Play ends in smoke.)]

HOW TO SAVE LONDON.

(Rather more than a Fairy Story.)

JOHN SMITH, of London, sat in front of his fire pondering over the fact that, at a great sacrifice to the interests of his native city, the coal dues had been abolished, and yet his bill for fuel was no lighter. He watched the embers as they died away, when all of a sudden a small creature appeared before him. He could not account for her presence, and did not notice from whence she came. But she was there, sure enough, and began to address him.

“JOHN SMITH, of London,” she began, in a small but admirably distinct voice, “I am the Fairy Domestic Economy, and I have come to warn you that, unless you wake up, you will come to grief.”

“Wake up?” queried J. S. “Wake up about what?”

“Why, the election of the London County Council, to be sure!” returned the Fairy, impatiently. “Here, the election is close upon you, and the chances are twenty to one that you will let it pass without recording your vote.” “What election?”

“Bless the man!” exclaimed the Fairy. “He does not know that the Members of the L.C.C., the Masters of London, are to be chosen on Saturday, the 5th of March, and will from that date remain in power for four years!”

And then the Fairy showed him the possible future, explaining that it was in his hands to alter it. The vision she conjured up before him seemed intensely idiotic. Everything was to be done for nothing. There were to be free railways, free tramways, free bakeries, free butchers' shops, free ginger-beer manufactories, free clothiers, free hosiers, free boot-makers, free gas companies, free waterworks—in fact, everything was to be gratis.

“But somebody must pay for it!” said JOHN SMITH, of London.

“Why, of course,” returned the Fairy, “and you are to be the paymaster. You will have to pay about five shillings in the pound as a commencement, with additional crowns to follow!”

“But how am I to avoid this fate?” cried JOHN SMITH, in a tone of genuine alarm.

“By voting for the Moderates, and doing your best to keep out the Progressives. And, mind, don't forget my warning.”

And then the Fairy disappeared. A few moments later, and poor JOHN SMITH found himself sprawling upon the floor.

“Why, I do believe I have been asleep!” he exclaimed.

And then he woke up in good earnest, and hurried off to the polling stations, and voted for the Moderate candidates.

At least it is to be hoped he will!



A TRAGEDY ON THE GREAT NORTHERN.

SCENE—*A Third-Class Carriage.* TIME—*Three Hours before the next Station.* DRAMATIS PERSONÆ—*Jones and Robinson.*

"IT'S THE LAST!—AND IT'S A TÄNDSTICKOR. IT'LL ONLY STRIKE ON THE BOX!"

"STRIKE IT ON THE BOX, THEN;—BUT FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, BE CAREFUL!"

"YES; BUT, LIKE A FOOL, I'VE JUST PITCHED THE BOX OUT OF WINDOW!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, February 21.—"What a day he is having to be sure!" murmured the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, looking across the table at the other eminent country gentleman who is our First Minister of Agriculture.

Truly a great occasion for CHAPLIN, and he rose to its full height. Just the same man he was six years ago when he from same place, drew lurid picture of the Empire staggering to its doom over-weighted with Small Holdings. Now he is bringing in a Bill to establish Small Holdings, and recommends the expedient to House as crowning edifice of Empire's prosperity. At such a crisis some men would have blushed, however entirely foreign to their habit the pretty weakness might be. CHAPLIN, on contrary, made out in vague, but luminous, manner that he had been right in both instances. Indeed, the anxious listener had conveyed to him the conviction, still vague but not less irresistible, that this direct contradiction was peculiarly creditable to the Right Hon. Gentleman addressing the House, displaying a flexibility of genius not common to mankind.

CHAPLIN always looms large on whatever horizon he may appear. To-night, standing at Table introducing Small Holdings Bill, he seemed to swell visibly before our eyes. Prince ARTHUR early in progress of the speech observed precaution of moving lower down Bench. By similar strategic movement, HENRY MATTHEWS drew nearer to Gangway. Thus CHAPLIN was, so to speak, planted out in Small Holding exclusively his own.

House anxious to hear particulars of Government measure, CHAPLIN, remembering old times when they used to jeer at his sonorous commonplaces uttered below Gangway, took a pretty revenge. Out of oration of fifty-five minutes duration, he appropriated twenty-five to general observations prefacing exposition of clauses of Bill. Just the same kind of pompous platitude conveyed in turgid phraseology, at which, in old times, Members used to laugh and run away. But CHAPLIN had them now. Like the wedding guest whom the Ancient Mariner button-holed—though as PLUNKET reminds me, the A. M. was meagre in frame, and CHAPLIN is not—the House could not help but hear. Once, when the orator dropped easily into autobiographical episode, described himself strolling about the fields of Lincolnshire, turning up a turnip here, drawing forth a casual carrot there, meditating on the days when



YOUNGER THAN EVER!

THE G. O. M. "NOW THEN, HARCOURT!—TUCK IN YOUR TUPPENNY!—OVER!!"

every English yeoman went to morning service with a stout yew bow on his back, his quiver full of arrows; shot a buck on his way back (by permission of the landlord), and sat down to his midday meal flanked by a tankard of chail October—at this stage, it is true, there were signs of impatience amongst town-bred Radicals, who wanted to know about the Bill.

But it was very beautiful, and those who, from natural taste, inborn



Mr. G. dreams a Dream.

prejudice, or lamentable ignorance, did not care for it themselves, could not fail to enjoy the supreme delight the occasion brought to the Minister of Agriculture.

Business done.—Small Holdings Bill introduced.

Tuesday.—Two Right Rev. Bishops, Lord Bishop of St. ASAPH and he of SALISBURY, in Peers' Gallery for two or three hours to-night; attracted by debate on Welsh Disestablishment. Bishop of SALISBURY couldn't restrain his astonishment at scene.

"One of the profoundest and most important questions of the day," he whispered in his right reverend brother's ear. "It is the attack upon the outworks. Wales carried by the Liberation Society, we shall have them leaping over the palings into our preserves. Should have thought, now, the House of Commons would have been seething with excitement; benches crowded; all the Princes of Debate to the fore; cheers and counter-cheers filling the place. Whereas there are not, I should say, more than eighteen Members present whilst the stout Gentleman down there is demonstrating how much happier Wales is under the benediction of the Church than she would be without. The whole thing reminds me, dear St. ASAPH, of—er—well, of an eight o'clock morning service in inclement weather."

"You're young, brother SARUM," said St. ASAPH, "young, of course I mean, in contradistinction to Old Sarum. When you've been a little longer in Parliamentary life, you'll understand things better. These empty benches, and the general appearance of being horribly bored presented by the small congregation—which I may say finds eloquent expression on the face of our friend JOHN G. TALBOT—simply mean that they have heard all these speeches before, and have made up their minds on the subject. They are ready to vote, but they will not remain to hear the speeches. As you say, in such circumstances it would appear more businesslike to take the vote at once, and get along with other work. But that is unparliamentary. This will be kept going till there is just time left before the adjournment to divide. Then you'll see how dear is this question to the hearts of our friends, and how virulent is the persistence of the adversary."

Turned out exactly as the Lord Bishop had said. After half-past ten, Members trooped down in scores. When Prince ARTHUR rose to continue the debate he was hailed with ringing cheer from embattled host. Pretty to see how gentlemen to right of SPEAKER, mustered for defence of the Church, were careful to contribute to fitness of things by wearing the clerical white tie.

"Very nice indeed of them," said Young SARUM, rarely out so late at night, but drawn back, after light repast, to watch the division taken. "I could wish that, instead of the superabundance of shirt-front displayed, our friends had selected more closely-buttoned vests, and that their coat-collar fitted a little higher. But we cannot have perfection, and the white tie at least indicates nice feeling."

Business done.—Proposal to disestablish Church in Wales negatived by 267 Votes against 220.

Wednesday.—PROVAND moved Second Reading Shop Hours' Bill, and, what's more, carried it against Ministers. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN tells me that, though Scotch Members voted for Bill, result has cast a gloom over them. Expecting PROVAND would lose, they were all prepared to say, in casual way, "Ah, well, so the case is non-PROVAND." Some had, indeed, gone so far as commence to write letters home enshrining this joke. These are now, of course, waste-paper. Pity opportunity lost. Scotch language not rich in provision of similar openings for wit.

Business done.—Second Reading Shop Hours' Bill carried. Rare opportunity for Scotch joke hopelessly lost.

Thursday.—MIDDLETON brought London Fog on again in Lords to-night. Asked the MARKISS if he would have any objection to appointment of Joint Committee to inquire into the matter? The MARKISS a great artist in words; suits his conversation to the topic. His reply decidedly misty; wouldn't say yes or no; talked about Joint Committees being a mysterious part of the Constitution; didn't know how they were to be appointed; hinted at rupture with Commons if proposal were made; wound up by saying that if Motion for Committee were submitted, he would do his best to induce their Lordships to adopt it.

Strangers in Gallery puzzled by this speech. But the Lords know all about it. STRATHEDEN winked at CAMPBELL, and both noble Lords wagged their head in admiration of MARKISS's diplomacy; recognise deep design in involved speech and well affected hesitation.

MARKISS, I hear, vexed with me letting the cat—I mean the fog, out of the bag last week. But it's everybody's secret. The Government have made up their mind to go to the country on the London Fog. This Joint Committee will be appointed with least possible delay; a measure based on its Report will be carried through both Houses; everything will be ready for return of unsuspecting Fog Fiend next November.

"Sorry you mentioned it prematurely, TOBY," the MARKISS said, not unkindly. "But you only forestalled the announcement by a few days. It's been in my mind for months. The cry of



Nurse Rendel taking care of her charge at Valescure, St. Raphael, the Riviera. Separation is growing a little shrill; Free Education hasn't done us any good; Small Holdings only so-so. The Fog's the thing! Grappling with that, all London rallies to our standard, and with London at our back we can face the country."

Curious instance of association of ideas and sympathy. So



"PASSING IT ON."

Rupert (just back from School, where he has been tremendously fagged). "LOOK HERE, ANGY, IF YOU BEHAVE DECENTLY, AND DON'T SMASH ANYTHING, YOU SHALL FINISH THE JAM—WHEN I'VE QUITE DONE!"

PHILOSOPHIC STUPIDITY.

"It is better to do a stupid thing that has been done before, than to do a wise thing that has never been tried."—*Mr. Balfour in the House of Commons.*

HEAR the great pundit; deem him not absurd,
He utters wisdom's latest, greatest word.
All coats, we know, are best when frayed with wear;
Trousers we love when most they need repair;
Boots without heels, completely lacking soles,
And hats all crushed and battered into holes.
Nay, we'll go farther, and, to prove him true,
Do all the vanished ages used to do.
We'll crop the ears of those who preach dissent,
And at the stake teach wretches to repent.
Clad *cap-à-pie* in mail we'll face our foes,
And arm our British soldiery with bows.
Dirt and disease shall rule us as of yore,
The Plague's grim spectre stalk from shore to shore.
Proceed, brave BALFOUR, whom no flouts appal,
Collect stupidities and do them all.
Uneducate our men, unplough our land,
Bid heathen temples rise on every hand;
Unmake our progress and revoke our laws,
Or stuff them full of all their banished flaws.
Let light die out and brooding darkness reign,
And in a word call Chaos back again.
Then, as we perish, we can shout with glee,
"Hail, hail to BALFOUR and Stupidity!"

SCREWED UP AT MAGDALEN.—Mr. G. B. SHAW had a lively time of it at Oxford. Fancy a whole bevy of Socialists all cooped up together under lock and screw. What a fancy-picture of beautiful harmony the mere thought conjures up. Burning cayenne pepper on one side, dirty water on the other, and loyal Undergraduates, screwed and screwing, all round them. Never mind, BERNARD. It was a capital puff for the Socialistic wind-bag, and one G. B. S. took care it should not be wasted.

A FUDGE FORMULA.

"To set class against class is the crime of all crimes."
That's the dictum of FUSBOS, a type of our times;
Yet FUSBOS himself all his co-scribes surpasses
In rancorous railings concerning "the masses."
He thinks that all efforts injustice to right
Are inspired by mere malice and fondness for fight.
He might just as well urge that morality's rules
Set slaves against tyrants, or rogues against fools;
Or mourn that each new righteous law that man passes
Must set honest folk 'gainst the criminal classes!

completely is mind of Her Majesty's Ministers occupied with this Fog problem, that to-night it got into House of Commons. LORD ADVOCATE brought in Bill allocating Scotch Local Taxation grant. Debate went on for six hours; at end of that time discovered that whole proceedings irregular. As involving money question, introduction of Bill should have been preceded by Resolution submitted to Committee of whole House. Debate abruptly adjourned; evening wasted; howls of derision from Radicals.

"Never mind," said Prince ARTHUR, cheerily. "Let those laugh who win. This is only another argument (perhaps not so accidental and undesigned as people think) in support of our new Fog policy."

Business done.—Night wasted in Commons. In Lords, light looms behind the Fog.

Friday.—News of Mr. G. speeding home over land and sea. All his friends on Front Bench been begging him to stay longer in the Sunny South. No need whatever for his return; things going on admirably; not missed in the least; shocking weather here; better stay where he is.

"Ho, indeed!" said Mr. G., pricking up his ears and a dangerous light flashing under his eyebrows. "I'm not wanted, ain't I? SQUIRE OF MALWOOD getting along admirably in my shoes; doing well without me; not missed in the slightest. Very well, then; I'll go home."

MACLEURE, who has been in the confidence of great statesmen from DIZZY downward, tells me Mr. G.'s homeward flight was hastened by curious dream. Dreamt all his sheep were straying from fold; some going one way, others another; each bent on his own particular business. In vain Mr. G. leaping up and taking crook in hand, put hand to mouth and halloed them back to Home-Rule fold. They went their way, some even making for Unionist encampment, where Mr. G., moving heavily in his slumber, distinctly saw one sheep regarding scene through an eyeglass.

"Only a dream of course," Mr. G. said, when he set off in the morning for a twenty-mile walk. "But I think I may as well be

getting back. Made up for the Session; fit for anything. Nothing could have been kinder or more watchful than Nurse RENDEL's care of me; if I had been his son (which I admit is chronologically difficult), couldn't have been better done to. Only concerned just now for ARMISTEAD. That young fellow, proud of his chickenhood of sixty-seven years, brought me out to take care of me, and freshen me up. Fancy I've worn him out; instead of his taking care of me, have to look after him! Shall be glad to get again within sound of Big Ben. Spoiling for a fight. HARCOURT done very well; but he'll have to tuck in his tuppenny and let me over into the Leader's place."

Business done.—Miscellaneous.

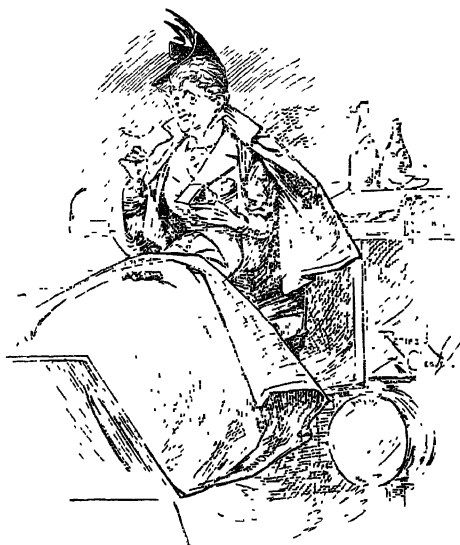
"THE MEETING OF THE WATERS."—The Engineers of London and Birmingham have been requested, says the *Daily Telegraph*, to "lay their heads together," so as to see if an amicable arrangement cannot be effected. This is an instance where to have "water on the brain" is absolutely necessary. Odd to think that in this "water difficulty" are contained all the elements of a burning question; so much so indeed, that the Engineers who may be clever enough to solve the problem without getting themselves into hot water, may confidently be expected to follow up their achievement by proceeding to "set the Thames on fire."

QUEER QUERIES.—CURRENCY REFORM.—I see that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER intends to "call in" light sovereigns. The sovereigns I have all seem to be tolerably heavy, so would there be any objection to my lightening them by taking some of the gold off, and keeping it? This would form a nice little "metallic reserve" for me, a thing which Mr. GOSCHEN seems to approve of. Would not an appropriate motto, to be inscribed on the new One Pound Notes, be—"Quid, pro quo?"—SLY-METALLIST.

HORACE IN LONDON.

TO A SKITTISH GRANDMOTHER. (Ad CHLORIN.)

FORBEAR this
painted show to
strut
Of girlish toilet,
manner skit-
tish:
It may be *Fin-de-
Siècle*, but
It isn't British.
To dance, to swell
the betting
rank,
To rival 'ARRIET
at Marlow;
To try to break
your husband's
bank
At Monte Carlo,
Would ill besem
your daughter
smart;
The vulgar slang
of bacchant
mummers,
If act you must, is
scarce the part
For sixty sum-
mers.



Let Age be decent: keep your hair
Confined, if nothing else, to one dye.
I'd rather see you, I declare,
Like Mrs. GRUNDY!

THE PRIVATE AND THE PUBLIC.

(What it may come to.)

["If we are obliged to go into the open market for our soldiers, and compete with other employers of labour, we must bid as highly as they do, in pay, hours of work, and general conditions and comfort."—*Daily Paper on the Report of Lord Wantage's Committee.*]

SCENE—A Public Place.

Sergeant KITE and a Possible Recruit in conversation.

Sergeant Kite (continuing). Then you must remember that we are exceedingly generous in the matter of rations.

Possible Recruit (pained). Rations! I suppose you mean courses! I find that in all the large firms in London the assistants have a dinner of six courses served, with cigars and coffee to follow. I couldn't think of joining the Army unless I had the same.

Sergeant K. (with suppressed emotion). If it must be so, then it must. Who's to pay the piper, I don't know! The Public, I suppose.

P. R. I should think so! Then as to drills. Really the number of these useless formalities should be largely decreased, and the hours at which they are held should be fixed with greater regard to the convenience of private soldiers. By the bye, of course I need hardly mention that I should not dream of enlisting unless it was agreed that I should never be called before 9'30 A.M. My early cup of tea and shaving-water might be brought to me at nine.

Sergeant K. (after an interval). Called! Early cup of tea! Shaving-water! Oh, this is too much!

P. R. (coolly). Not at all, my dear Sir, not half enough. There are other points I wish to mention. Foreexample, do you allow feather-beds?

Sergeant K. Feather-beds!

P. R. Yes. A *sine quâ non*, I assure you. Then as to pay and pensions, and length of service. I would only accept an engagement by the month, with liberty to terminate it at any time with a week's notice.

Sergeant K. (with sarcasm). And you would wish to retire at a week's notice if war were declared?

P. R. (surprised). Certainly! Why not? "Peace with Honour" would be my motto. As to pay, of course you know what I could get if I went in for civil employment?

Sergeant K. No, I don't, and I don't see what that has to do with it. You surely would not compare the QUEEN's service with the work of a beggarly counter-jumper?

P. R. Yes, I would. And as I could earn five shillings a-day easily in a shop, why, you will have to give me that, with a pension (as I might do better) of ten shillings a-day after six years' service.

Sergeant K. Any other point you would like to mention?

P. R. Yes, there is one other. Why should a labourer be able to get damages from his employer when injured, and a soldier be

unable? The principle of the Employers' Liability Act must be extended to the Army, so that if any Commanding Officer made some stupid blunder in battle, as he probably would do, and I were to be hurt in consequence, I might sue him when we got back to England. You understand my point?

Sergeant K. Oh, quite! But what would there be to prevent every soldier present at the battle from suing also?

P. R. Nothing at all. Of course they would all sue. So no General must be permitted to go into action without first of all depositing in the High Court at home security for costs if defeated, — say half a million or so.

Sergeant K. (with forced politeness). Well, I'm glad to have heard your views. I'll mention them to my Colonel. They are sure to please him.

P. R. Yes, but don't keep me waiting long for his reply. My offer only remains open till to-morrow morning.

Sergeant K. Oh—!

[The remainder of the gallant Sergeant's observations are not necessary for publication, neither would they be accepted as a guarantee of his good faith. Exit to recruit.]

"THE RING AND THE BOOK."

FROM very early days, the days, or nights, of *The Battle of Waterloo* and *Scenes in the Circle*, with the once-renowned WIDDICOMB as Master of the Ring, Mr. Punch has ever been particularly fond of the old-fashioned equestrian entertainment. The Ring to which he has just made allusion is, it need hardly be added, *The Circus*, and *The Book* is a novel by Miss AMYE READE. Mr. P. is not sweet upon any gymnastic and acrobatic shows in which the chances of danger appear, and probably are, as ten to one against the performer; and especially does he object to children of very tender years being utilised in order to earn money for their parents or guardians by exhibiting their precocious agility. Mr. P. approves of the ancient use of the birch as practised at Eton a quarter of a century ago, and he is quite of the Wise Man's opinion as to the evil consequences of sparing the rod; which proverbial teaching, had it been practically and judiciously applied to Master SOLOMON himself (the ancient King, not the modern Composer) in his earliest years, would probably have prevented his going so utterly to the bad in the latter part of his life. So much, as far as corporal

punishment is concerned, for the education of youth, whether in or out of the circus school. But girls, as well as boys, are trained for this circus business, gaining their livelihood by acrobatic performances. Does Mr. Punch, representing the public generally, quite approve of this portion of circus and acrobatic training? To this he can return only a qualified answer. His approval would depend, first, on the natural but extraordinary capability of the female pupil, and, secondly, the method of training her. As a rule, he would prefer to keep her out of it altogether: and, as to the boys, he certainly would defer their public appearance until they were at least sixteen; their previous training having been under the supervision of a responsible inspector. Then as to the training of animals for the circus business. If the training system means "all done by kindness," that is, by unflinching firmness and a just application of a considerably devised system of equally balanced rewards and punishments, then Mr. P. approves; but where cruelty comes in, whether in the training of child or beast, Mr. Punch would have such trainer of youth punished as *Nicholas Nickleby* punished *Squeers*, in addition to imprisonment and fine; and for cruelty to dumb animals Mr. P. would order the garrotter's punishment and plenty of it. Having professed this faith, Mr. Punch, after thus "arguing in a Circle," returns to his starting-point, and would like to know how much of truth there is in Miss AMYE READE's story entitled, *Slaves of the Sawdust*? As literature it is poor stuff, but as written with a purpose, and that purpose the exposing of alleged systematic cruelty in training children and dumb animals for the circus-equestrian acrobatic life, the book should not only attract general notice, but should also lead to a Commission of inquiry, or to some united action of all responsible circus-managers against the author of this work, which would result in either the said managers or the authoress being "brought to book." Mr. Punch hath spoken. *Verb. sap.*



DOING THE OLD MASTERS.

(A Sketch at Burlington House.)

IN GALLERY No. I.

The Usual Elderly Lady (who judges every picture solely by its subject). "No. 9. Portrait of Mrs. BRYANSTON of Portman. By GAINSBOROUGH." I don't like that at all. Such a disagreeable expression! I can't think why they exhibit such things. I'm sure there's no pleasure in looking at them!

Her Companion (who finds no pleasure in looking at any of them). No, I must say I prefer the Academy to these old-fashioned things. I suppose we can get a cup of tea here, though?

An Intelligent Person. "Mrs. BRYANSTON of Portman." Sounds like a made-up name rather, eh? Portman Square, and all that, y'know!

His Friend (with a touching confidence in the seriousness of the authorities). Oh, they wouldn't do that sort of thing here!

A Too-impulsive Enthusiast. Oh, JOHN, look at that lovely tiger up there! Isn't the skin marvellously painted, and the eyes so natural and all! It's a Landseer of course!

John. Catalogue says STUBBS.

The Enth. (disenchanted). STUBBS? I never heard of him. But it's really rather well done.

The Man who is a bit of a Connoisseur in his way (arriving at a portrait of Mrs. BILLINGTON). Not a bad Romney, that.

His Friend (with Catalogue). What makes you think it's a Romney?

The Conn. My dear fellow, as if it was possible to mistake his touch. (Thinks from his friend's expression, that he had better hedge.) Unless it's a Reynolds. Of course it might be a Sir Joshua, their manner at one period was very much alike—yes, it might be a Reynolds, certainly.

His Friend. It might be a Holbein—if it didn't happen to be a Gainsborough.

The Conn. (effecting a masterly retreat). Didn't I say Gainsborough? Of course that was what I meant. Nothing like Reynolds—nor Romney either. Totally different thing!

IN GALLERY No. II.

Mr. Ernest Stodgely (before JAN STEEN'S "Christening"). Now look at this, FLOSSIE; very curious, very interesting. Gives you such an insight into the times. This man, you see, is wearing a hat of the period. Remarkable, isn't it?

Miss Featherhead. Not so remarkable as if he was wearing a hat of some other period, ERNEST, is it?

The Elderly Lady (before a View of Amsterdam, by Van der Heyden). Now, you really must look at this, my dear—isn't it wonderful? Why, you can count every single brick in the walls, and the tiny little figures with their features all complete; you want a magnifying-glass to see it all! How conscientious painters were in those days! And what a difference from those "Impressionists," as they call themselves.

Her Comp. (apathetically). Yes, indeed; I wonder whether it would be better to get our tea here, or wait till we get outside?

The Eld. L. Oh, it's too early yet. Look at that poor hunted stag jumping over a dining-room table, and upsetting the glasses and things. I suppose that's LANDSEER—no, I see it's some one of the name of SNYDERS. I expect he got the idea from LANDSEER, though, don't you?

Her Comp. Very likely indeed, dear; but (pursuing her original train of thought) you get rather nice tea at some of these aerated bread-shops; so perhaps if we waited—(S.C., S.C.)

IN GALLERY No. III.

Two Pretty Nieces with an Elderly Uncle (coming to "Apollo and Marsyas," by Tintoretto). What was the story of Apollo and Marsyas, Uncle?

The Uncle. Apollo? Oh, come, you've heard of him, the—er—Sun-God, Phœbus-Apollo, and all that?

His Nieces. Oh, yes, we know all that; but who was Marsyas, and what does the Catalogue mean by "Athena and three Umpires?"

The Uncle. Oh—er—hum! Didn't they teach you all that at

school? Well they ought to have, that's all? Where's your Aunt—where's your Aunt?

Mr. Ernest Stodgely (before the Portrait of the Marchesa Isabella Grimaldi). There, FLOSSIE, don't you feel the greatness of that now? I'm curious to know how it impresses you!

Miss Featherhead. Well, I rather like her frock, ERNEST. How funny to think aigrettes were worn so long ago, when they've just gone out again, don't you know. It must have been difficult to kiss a person across one of those enormous ruffs, though, don't you think?

IN GALLERY No. IV.

Mr. Schohorff (loudly). Ah, that's a picture I know well; seen it many a time in the Octagon Boudoir at dear old HATCHMENT'S. But it looks better lighted up. I remember the last time I was down there they told me they'd been asked to lend it, but the Countess didn't seem to think (S.C., S.C.).

Mrs. Frivell (before "Death of Dido," by Liberale da Verona). Why is she standing on that pile of furniture in the courtyard, though?

Mr. F. Because Aeneas had jilted her, and so she stabbed herself on a funeral pyre after setting fire to it, you see.

Mrs. F. (disapprovingly). How very odd. I thought they only did that in India. But who are all those people looking-on?

Mr. F. Smart people of the period, my dear. Of course Dido would send out invitations for a big function like that—Wind-up of the season—Farewell Reception—sure to be a tremendous rush for cards. Notice the evident enjoyment of the guests. They are depicted in the act of remarking to one another that their hostess is doing all in her power to make the thing go off well. Keen observer of human nature, old LIBERALE!

Mrs. F. Selfish creatures!

IN THE VESTIBULE.

Mrs. Townley-Ratton (about to leave with her husband, encounters her cousins, the Miss RURAL-RATTONS, who have just arrived). Why, SOPHY, MARY! how are you? this is too delightful! When did you come up? How long are you going to be in town? When can you come and see me?

Miss Sophy Ratton (answering the two last questions). Till the end of the week. What will be the best time to find you?

Mrs. T. R. (warmly). Oh, any time! I'm almost always in—except the afternoons, of course. I'm going out to tea or something every day this week!

Miss Sophy R. Well, how would some time in the morning—

Mrs. T. R. The morning? No, I'm afraid—I'm afraid it mustn't be the morning this week—so many things that one has to see to!

Mr. T. R. (lazily). You'd better all come and dine quietly some evening.

[He yawns, to tone down any excess of hospitality in this invitation.]

Mrs. T. R. (quickly). No, that would be too cruel, when I know they'll want to go to a theatre every night! And besides, I really haven't a single free evening this week. But I must see if we can't arrange something. You really must drop me a line next time you're coming up! Good-bye, dears, we mustn't keep you from the pictures—such a fine collection this winter! Love to your Mother, and say I shall try to call—if I possibly can!

Mr. T. R. (as they descend the stairs). I say, SELINA, you forgot to ask 'em where they are. Shall I run back and find out, eh?

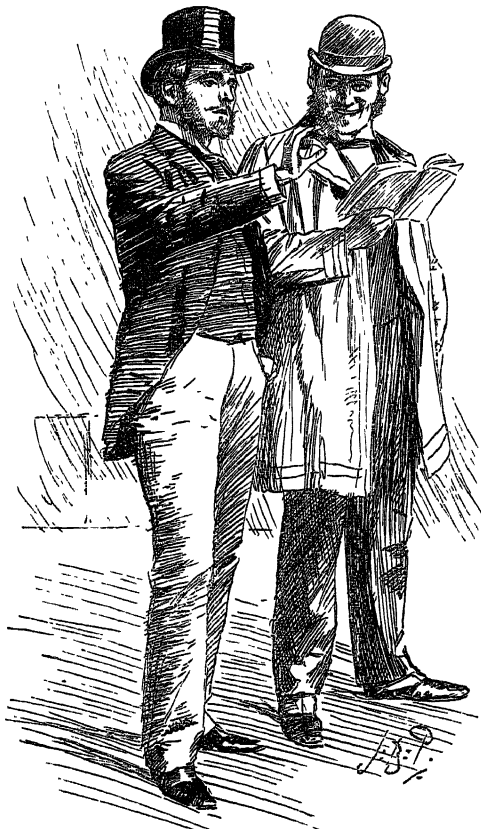
Mrs. T. R. Not on any account. They're probably at the Grand as usual, and if they're not, it will be a very good excuse if I can't call. You are such a fussier, ALFRED!

Miss Sophy (to Miss MARY). What a let-off! I wouldn't have minded lunch so much—but dinner—no, thank you, my dear!

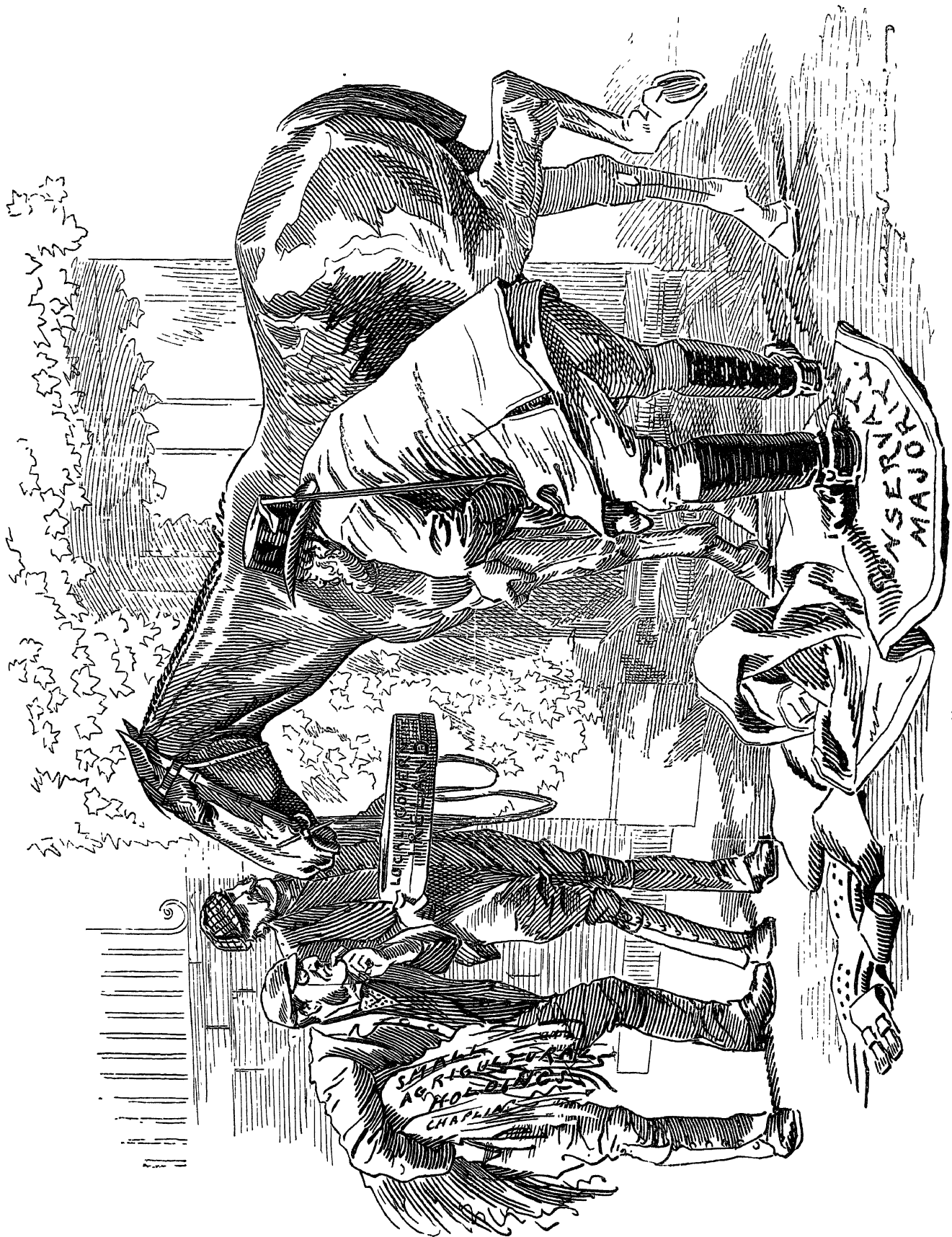
Miss Mary (gloomily). She may call on Mother and ask us all yet.

Miss Sophy. She doesn't know where we are, and I took good care not to tell her. It's getting too dark to see much, but we'll just walk through the rooms, to say we've done it—shall we? [They do.]

A SETTLER FOR MR. WOODS.—Mrs. RAM does not at all wonder at Amateurs being able to "pick up old pieces of china at CHRISTY'S," for she has often heard that you've only got to go to King Street, where anyone may see them "knocked down under a hammer."



"My dear fellow, as if it was possible to mistake his touch!"



"OFF HIS FEED." "HUM! SEEMS TO HAVE WASTED A BIT! WANTS A TONIC."



"THINGS ARE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM."

Mr. Foozler (who, while waiting for the last Train, has wandered to the end of the Platform, opened the door of the Signal-box, and watched the Signalman's manipulations of the levers for some moments with hazy perplexity, suddenly). "ARF O' BURT'N 'N BIRER F' ME, GUV'NOR!"

"OFF HIS FEED!"

SCENE—The St. Stephen's Stables. Stall of the Favourite, "Majority," who is being inspected by the great "Vet." (S-L-SB-RY) in presence of the Groom (B-LF-R), and the Stable-help (OH-PL-N).

Stable-help (anxiously). Why, he used to be a stunner, and a safe and steady runner,

And we trusted him, most confident, for landing us the Stakes. Now, what can the cause of *this* be? He's a-looking queer and quibsy;

And his off fore leg seems shaky, and the rest ain't no great shakes. Groom (sharply). Not too much of it, you HARRY! You are here to fetch and carry,

And not to pass opinions in the presence of the Vet. But he *does* look dicky, Mister; I've tried bolus, I've tried blister, But I haven't got him up to his old form by chalks, Sir, *yet*!

Vet. (dubiously). You're a bit new at the "biz.," lad, and I tell you what it is, lad,—

These thoroughbreds aren't managed like a dray-horse, don'tcher know.

They want very careful feeding, and Sangrado purge or bleeding Won't suit our modern strain—of man or horse. Steady, lad! Woa! [Examines him.]

Groom (rather sulkily). Well, Sir, what do you make it? Vet. Off his feed?

Groom. Well, he don't take it. Not voracious, so to speak, Sir, as he do when cherry ripe.

Vet. Ah-h-h! May want a change of diet. Eye is neither bright nor quiet,

And his coat seems dull and roughish, though he's sound in pulse and pipe.

Stable-help. Don't take kindly to his fodder, and, what I thinks even odder,

With a temper like a hangel, gits a bit inclined to kick. Landed Art Dyke a fair winner!

Groom (testily). Well, you are an eighty-tonner

At superfluous patter, HARRY!

Stable-help (aside). Lor! His temper's gitting quick!

What has been and popped the acid in his style so prim and placid?

Doesn't shine like what he thought to as head-groom. Yus, there's the rub!

Vet. (looking at sieve). Seem to shy *that* feed! Groom. I mixed it with the greatest care, and fixed i

With an eye to tempt his appetite, but there, he's off his grub!

Vet. (to Stable-help). Takes your green stuff better? Stable-help. True, Sir!

Groom. But too much o' that won't do, Sir. Can't live on tares entirely! (Aside.) This here boy's too full of beans.

Vet. Ah! I see the whole position. He's a bit out of condition, Wants a tonic and skilled treatment. Yes, no doubt that's what it means.

With an appetite that's picksome comes a temper tart and tricksome, But a pick-me-up—I'll send one—will, I'm sure set all that square.

And if there's further wasting, then, without too headlong hasting, Give him, as soon as possible—a little Country Air.

LORD WILDERMERE'S MOTHER-IN-LAW.

SHE's as bad as can be, but she's "Precious" to me, Though her conduct cannot be called free from a flaw; For in spite of blackmail, I have vowed ne'er to fail In the duty I owe to my Mother-in-law.

There have been flippant sneers and conventional jeers, At a worthy relation that I hold in awe; Though it angers my wife, all the joy of my life Comes from drawing big cheques—for my Mother-in-law.

Peccadilloes she had, but she isn't all bad, And the folks who have sneered shall their libels withdraw; To our dance she shall come, and the world be struck dumb At the way that I've whitewashed my Mother-in-law.

She shall rise from the slime of what people called crime, To a virtuous height, for I always foresaw 'Twould be wise to proclaim to all ages the fame Of that much-maligned female—a Mother-in-law.



WHAT OUR ARTIST (THE CHEEKY ONE) HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

"LOOK HERE, MY PRINCE OF PICTURE-DEALERS—A GREAT FRIEND OF MINE, THE COUNTESS OF WATERBRUSH, IS GOING TO HAVE AN ART STALL AT THE LITTLE PEDDLINGTON BAZAAR. COULD YOU SPARE HER LADYSHIP ANY OLD RUBBISH YOU CAN'T GET RID OF? IT'S FOR A CHARITY, YOU KNOW."—"ACH! ZÖH! VELL, MY YOUNG VRENT, I HAFE ZUM TOZENS OF YOUR VATER-CULLERS ZAT PERHAPS HER LATYSHIP MIGHT MANAGE TO KET RIT OF—FOR A CHARITY, YOU KNOW! SHE IS FERRY VELCOMME, I ASSURE YOU!"

DEATH IN THE POP.

RATHER alarmed by reading in paper about "explosive buttons." Seems that combs, collars, cuffs, buttons and things made to imitate ivory and tortoiseshell are really highly combustible. Lady in West of England had her dress ignited by sudden explosion of a "fancy" button! In consequence, advise my wife "to use that new hair-brush I gave her very gingerly, or she'll be blown up." She wants to know "why I didn't find that out before buying it." Difficult to find suitable reply. Result—nobody blown up so far, except myself.

Combing my few remaining locks. No harm in comb, I suppose, as maker assured me it was "only made of celluloid." Comb suddenly driven a couple of inches into my head, with loud report! In bed for three weeks. Write to maker, who says, "Didn't I know celluloid was mixture of camphor and gun-cotton?" No, I didn't.

Playing billiards, when sufficiently recovered. Just executing fiftieth spot-stroke in succession, when—an explosion! Cue driven out of my hand, and half-way down marker's throat. Turns out that ball was a mixture of Turkish Delight and nitroglycerine, and objected to my hitting it. Marker brings action, and gets damages out of me.

Little later. New fancy waistcoat. Buttons like pearl. Rub one, to give extra polish—Bang!—explosion. Where am I? In the middle of next week, on which date I write this.

CON. BY A WELSHER.—Why has Wales more Clerks than England?—Because it has a *Penman more*.

ENCOUNTER.

(An Effort in the Spasmodic-Obscure, after the American Original quoted by Mr. James Payn in "Our Note-Book.")

Two Spooks, swirled fast along the Vast,
Meeting each other "at the double,"
Collided, squirmed, then howled aghast,
Each to the other, "What's your trouble?"

"Alas!" one whined, "Rymed Rot I read,
Affected to admire, and quote it!"
The other wailed, with shame-bowed head,
"My case is even worse,—I wrote it!"

THE SCALE WITH THE FALSE WEIGHTS.

(A Page from the Newgate Calendar—up-to-date Edition.)

THE two Convicts were tried at the same Assizes, put in the same dock and sentenced by the same Judge. So a companionship sprang up between them considering that one was by birth and education a Gentleman, and the other was not. And they went to the same prison, and listened to the same words of the same Chaplain, and took their occasional exercise in the same practising yard. And as luck would have it, they served the same time, and were liberated at the same moment.

"I am afraid I must say good-bye, GILES," said ST. JAMES, as they emerged into freedom from the portals of the gaol. "Good fellow as you are, GILES, you do not belong to my set, and your presence would be embarrassing."

"Oh, would it!" returned GILES, who had already recognised some of his friends. "Well, I don't want to press my company on anyone."

"No offence!" exclaimed ST. JAMES, "I beg you—no offence! But we have both to begin life again, and union is not strength in a case such as ours!"

"Oh, no offence!" acquiesced GILES, as he accompanied some of his pals to a neighbouring public-house.

ST. JAMES, left to his own devices, hurried to the Chambers that he used to rent before he went to prison. They were "To Let." He rang the bell, and the porter started back when he saw him.

"Hope you don't want to enter, Sir," said he; "but the Guv'nor gave strict orders, as if you called, that you was not to go in. It ain't my fault, Sir, but the Guv'nor is the Guv'nor!"

Disheartened by this rebuff, he tried the house of a friend, but was so scornfully received, that he made up his mind never to visit another acquaintance. Of course he found that his name had been removed from his Clubs, and not a single individual would recognise him. He was an outcast, and a ruined man. So he walked about the streets until his shoes were in holes, and his last penny exhausted. Then he lay down to sleep. But this was against the regulations, and so he was hustled from pillar to post, until at last he found himself in a very low part of town. He was trudging past a public-house, when who should emerge from its cheerful-looking recesses but GILES. "Hallo!" cried the young man, who seemed the picture of health, "are you down?"

"Yes—very," returned ST. JAMES. "I haven't a friend in the world, and no one will have anything to say to me."

"What a shame!" cried the other. "Why, with me, I have had a rare old time! Everybody has been pleased to see me."

"But hasn't your conviction injured you?"

"Not particularly. I have lots of people who support me. Why, if we were too particular with one another, we shouldn't have a pal in the world! Hope there's nothing wrong."

"Why, don't you call this wrong? Here are you, as jolly as possible, and I—a miserable man!"

"Can't be helped. We are in the same box."

"Are we?" said the semi-genteel Convict. "Well, I should have scarcely believed it! Then, I suppose I must comfort myself with the thought that the same law applies to the rich as the poor."

"Does it?" returned the commoner Convict. "Then all I can say is, that whatever the law may be, the punishment is never the same." And ST. JAMES, with a bitter sigh, wished he could change places with his more fortunate dock-mate.

THE CHEF'S NEW DISH FOR TRAVELLERS.—"Insurance of Passengers' Luggage."—Bravo, THOMAS COOK AND SON! Not "too many Cooks," but "just Cooks enough!" Hitherto the traveller had only to present himself ready "dressed" to be thoroughly Cook'd, and done throughout, to a turn. Now, in addition, his baggage can be book'd and Cook'd; and, should any "Gravy delictum" happen to it, the value of the lost portmanteau and boxes will be handed over to the aggrieved passenger.

PATHETIC DESCRIPTION OF THE PRESENT STATE OF MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.—"He is running WILDE at the St. James's Theatre.—Yours, L. W. F."

CONFESSIONS OF A DUFFER.

VI.—THE DUFFER AT WHIST.

WHIST, it seems to me, is an affair of eyes, memory, and calculative ratiocination. As to eyes, I have a private theory that mine are bewitched. It is not mere short sight. At school and college I have seen Greek words on the printed page, and translated them correctly, and come to grief, because these words, on inspection, were somehow not there. Explain this I cannot, but it is a fact. The same with Whist; I see spades where clubs are, and diamonds for hearts, and a cold world accuses me of revoking and of carelessness, but it is *not* carelessness. It is something gone askew in phenomena. Thus, when I am a witness as to facts in a trial, perjury is the softest word for my testimony, so the Court thinks, because the Court is blessed with the usual relations between objective facts, and subjective impressions. I admit that I am less fortunate, but when I try to go into this, I am interrupted. However, this is why I revoke.

Then as to memory, I have none, for cards. It is extremely difficult, indeed impossible, to recall who played what, after the cards are once out of sight. I could tell you, like the man in the story, that such and such a statement is on the ninety-sixth page of the fifth volume of GIBBON, the page on the left, half-way down; useless things of that sort I remember: cards, not. As to calculation and inferences, I give it up. I just first play out all my kings, then all my aces, I lead trumps, if I have a bunch of them, and then it is my partner's turn to make his little points. I return his lead when I happen to think of it, which is not often. That is all I have to confess, but I have a friend, a brilliant player I call him, and he permits me to contribute his experiences, as mine are short and simple. To my mind, Whist would not be a bad game, if the element of skill were excluded; but give me Roulette. If foreign ladies would not snatch up my winnings, I should be a master at Roulette, where genius is really served, for I play on inspiration merely. But let me turn to the confessions of my friend, my Mentor, I may call him, a man who is a Member of the Burlington itself, one who has had losses, go to! Hear him speak:—

I have always sympathised, he says, with *Mr. Pickwick*, in regard to his experiences at Whist; that is to say, his experience on the second occasion narrated in his history. The first time, it will be remembered, all went well, when, owing to unfortunate lapses on the part of "the criminal Miller," who omitted to "trump the diamond" and subsequently revoked, he and the fat gentleman were worsted in an encounter with *Mr. Wardle's* mother and the immortal hero.

But at Bath there was a different tale to tell, the *Dowager Lady Snaphanaph* and *Mrs. Colonel Wugsby*, proved too able for him and *Miss Bolo*, who when he played a wrong card, which, like me, he probably did every other time, looked a small armoury of daggers, and subsequently in a beautiful instance of the figure known to the grammarians as *Hendiadys*, went home in tears and a Sedan chair.

Bearing in mind the advice attributed to *TALLEYRAND*, I have conscientiously endeavoured to become a Whist-player; but it is becoming increasingly obvious to me, that owing to the malison pronounced at my birth, my room is generally preferred to my company. And yet I have studied the subject according to my lights. Every instance of Whist in fiction which comes under my notice receives my undivided attention, and when I read *Miss BROUGHTON*, such a sentence as, "I suppose," she said, "that it's the right thing to play out all one's aces first? Her partner conscientiously endeavoured to veil the expression of extreme dissent which this proposition called forth, and with such success that the ace of hearts instantly and confidently followed his brother."

When I read hints like these, I garner them up for my own future use. I have pored over every known text-book on the subject, from *MATTHEWS* and *HOYLE* to *CAVENDISH*. I once went so far as to learn the proper leads by rote, forgetting them all within a week; and owing to my inveterate habit of endeavouring to justify the most flagitious acts by a supposed reference to authority, have earned for myself the name of "Pole."

There are some with whom I play, who contrive to make me feel more at my ease than do others, and even look upon me in virtue of my playing with "those men at the Club" as one having authority; for among the blind the one-eyed man is king. There is my Mother-in-law for instance, now I really enjoy a rubber with her. We sit down after dinner at a table scant of cloth, and either much too small or so inconveniently large that I cannot see the trump at the other end of it. She usually begins operations by misdealing, which is precisely what always happens to me with a new pack; nor do I yet understand how it is that the expert manages to deal at about sixty miles an hour without a mistake, whereas when my turn comes every other card seems to get stuck to its neighbour by a very superior kind of glue, so that they all come out in batches of twos and threes as it were, instead of one by one.

But when the deal has come right, her next step is to sort her cards, which she does by placing all her trumps apart from the others between her third and fourth fingers; I can thus tell how many she has, and am further assisted by her generally dropping one or two in the process face upwards on the table. This would be punishable at the Club; but as she would consider it "mean" were any allusions made to it, nothing happens. Towards the end of the hand her attention is apt to wander, and owing to her abstraction play comes to a dead halt. When a hint is offered that we are waiting for her, with prompt and business-like alacrity but regardless of the rigorous formula, "Place your cards, please," she will say, "Who led a spade?" there being at the time a club, a heart, and a diamond on the table. Then, being the only one who has a card of the leader's suit left, she revokes but is not found out. When she leads out of turn, as happens on an average four or five times every rubber, if I am against her, I call a suit from her partner, upon which she says, flaring up, "Is that the way you play at the Club? 'Cheats never thrive.'" Nor do we, for the

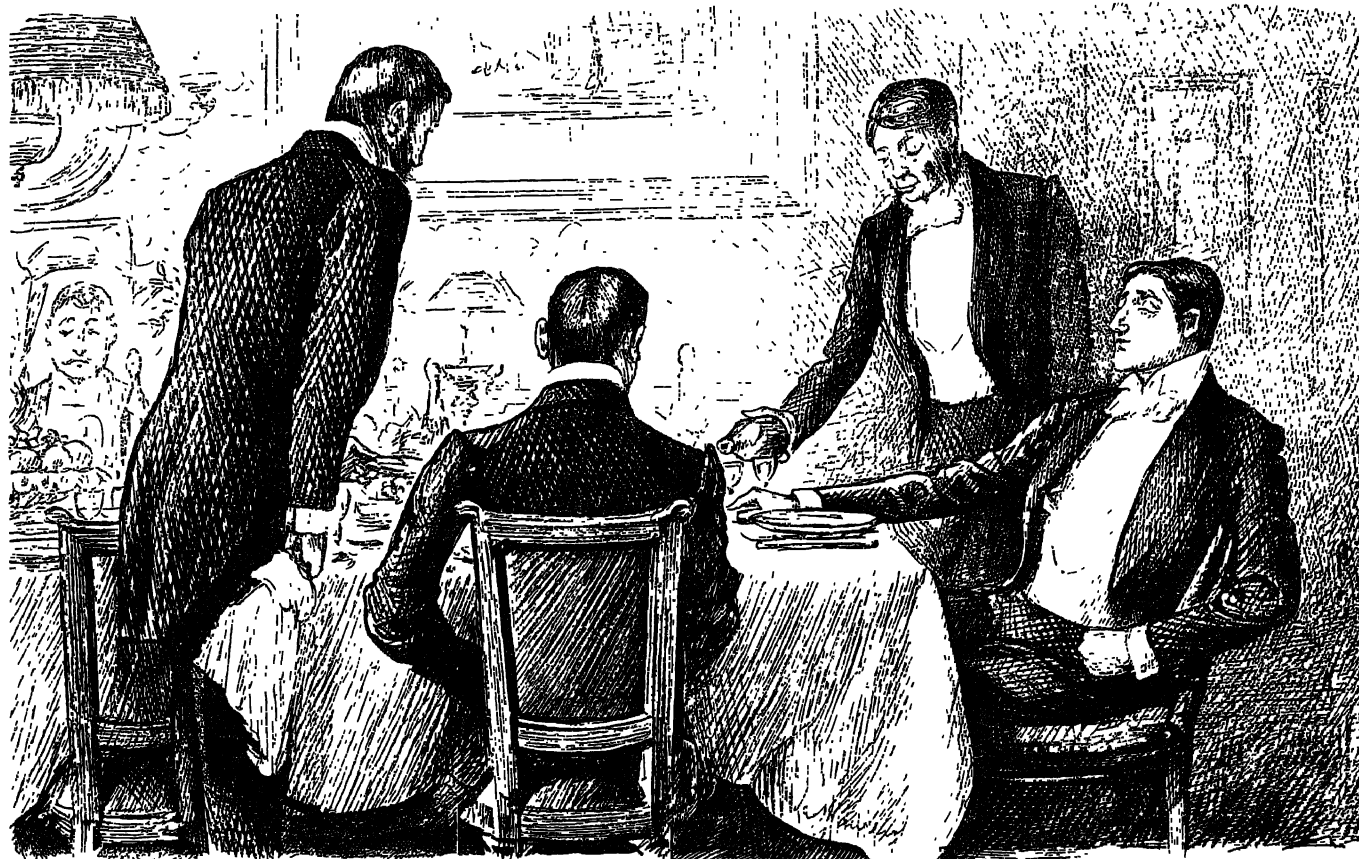
simple reason, that she seldom holds less than three honours in each suit, and from five to six trumps besides!

This, as I said, is the sort of Whist I rather enjoy; but when it comes to playing in sober earnest at the Club, there is a different tale to tell.

(This different tale will be told in the Duffer's next.)

"AIRY FAIRY LILLY UN!"—One day last week, *MR. W. S. LILLY*—i.e. *W. "SHIBBOLETHS" LILLY*—delivered an excellent lecture on the Papal-Italian question, and although at Birmingham, it was by no means a brummagem discourse. But to quote the immortal ballad of *Billy Taylor*, "When the Captain he come for to hear on't, He werry much applauded what she'd done," and, to apply the lines to the present instance, "When the POPE he comes for to hear on't," will he "werry much applaud," the opinions honestly and courteously enough expressed in this lecture? By the way, "*Leo and the Lilly*" would make a fine subject for a historical cartoon. The learned Lecturer took care to observe, with all the true modesty of the humble flower from which his name is derived, that he spoke only the opinion of a party, which party, whether small, considerable, or large, his audience could judge for themselves with the unclouded optic, as the party in question was, not to put too fine a point on it, Himself.





DANCING MEN.

"WHAT A CHARMING WALTZ THEY'RE PLAYING UPSTAIRS. (MORE CHAMPAGNE, WAITER. THANKS!)"

"I'VE ONLY JUST COME—NOT BEEN UPSTAIRS YET. ONE HEARS THE MUSIC SO MUCH BETTER DOWN HERE. (COLD CUTLET, PLEASE, AND SALAD. THANKS!)"

"A LITTLE HOLIDAY!"

[It is proposed that 450,000 colliers belonging to the Miners' Federation should cease work for a week or a fortnight. This, it is said, is regarded as an "amicable" Strike, not against the Masters, but to raise the price of coal by producing an artificial scarcity, and thus avoiding a threatened reduction of wages consequent upon over-production. This the Miners call, "Going on Play."]

Out-of-Worker to Out-on-Player:—

Who talks of "Solidarity of Labour,"—
A favourite shibboleth in these our days?—
To recognise one's duty to one's neighbour
Is that which all—in theory—will praise.
And Unions are upheld, and "Blacklegs"
scouted—
Friends of Fraternity *their* heads must
To prove their loyal brotherhood undoubtedly!—
But *here* there seems to be some slight
mistake.

Going on Play, mate, you of the broad
shoulders?

Take holiday awhile from pick and lamp?
Well your hard toil impresses all beholders,
Sweating amidst black seams and choking
"damp."

A "holiday," for rest and recreation,
None would begrudge you. But at the
expense

Of every other worker in the nation?
I don't quite see it! Maybe I am dense.

A "friendly" Strike, you call it; "amicable"!
Nice sounding words! Strikes mostly mean
hot war.

But in to-day's wild Socialistic Babel

Blest if I always know just where we are.
But if I'm out of work, or out of fuel,
Me and a many thousand like me, mate,
Your "friendly" conflict seems a *leettle* cruel
To us, with idle hands or empty grate.

I'd like to taste the sweets of "solidarity"
In this connection; so would my pale
friend;

He's a poor Clerk. I fancy human charity,
All round, a lot of bitter strife would end;
And if *that's* "solidarity," I'm for it;
But in your "play" *are* you considering *us*?
No need for snivelling bunkum; I abhor it;
But does fraternity shape itself *thus*?

Must fight for your own hand? Oh, ah!
precisely.

Only that's ISHMAEL, after all, right out.
Maybe that for yourself you're acting
wisely,—

Though even that seems open to some
But if your self-advancement means a smasher
To mill-hand, poor mechanic, labourer,
clerk.

Without a fire to fry his slender "rasher,"
Fraternity's outlook still looks rather dark.

With Coal two bob a hundred, and still rising,
Poor folk who buy it by the fourteen pound,
(Dukes at St. James's Hall, this sounds sur-
prising,

But if you'd understand it, just look round!)
Dockers and Brickies, charwomen and
"childer,"

With such small deer, mate, as my friend
and me,

Find one more "Social Question" to bewilder
The small brains left us by chill poverty.

Fighting *our* battle? Humph! A rather
roundabout

Way of so doing! P'raps your Masters,
Would claim the same—there *are* such
Bosses found about;

Westminsters, Liveseys, Norwoods, and
that crew,

All for our good, not only Strike-Committees,
But Rate-payers' Defence Leagues, and
the like!

Oh, the poor Propertied Classes! How one
Those victims of the School Board, Council,
Strike!

If Miners and Mine-Owners pull together
To raise the price of Coal—well, it may suit
Both them and you. But, in this bitter
weather,

Your "Solidarity" brings *us* bitter fruit.
When our pinched fire dies down to its last
ember,

The picture of you "making holiday" thus
Won't warm our wives and kids. Strike!—
but remember

That what is "Play" to you means death

A POSER FOR MR. WEATHERBY.—Mrs. RAM
is not in the least astonished at its being said
that certain horses turn out "regular flyers,"
because, she says, "she has often heard of
mares' nests."

"MINER PREMISES."—In the Coal Districts.



“A LITTLE HOLIDAY!!”

WORKING-MAN AND
POOR CLERK. }

“AH! IT'S ALL VERY WELL,—BUT WHAT'S *PLAY* TO *YOU* IS *DEATH* TO *US*.” .

WHAT DO THEY MEAN BY IT?

IN an interesting description (that appeared in the *Times* for Saturday, February 27) of the working of the "Jacquard Card-Preparing Machine," which is, it appears, "a machine for superseding the human brain, eye, and hand"—(so that soon all who can afford it will be fitted up with these machines, and keep their brains, eyes, and hands in reserve for very special occasions)—it was stated that "the blank cards are automatically fed to the punches." That punches should be spelt without the capital P is of course a Printer's error, deserving capital punishment. Mr. P. thinks it right to state in answer to numerous inquiries, that all his *Punches* speak by the card. But as to even the smallest of the *Punch* family being "fed" on cards, or getting his or her living by cards, the statement is utterly at variance with the facts. Mr. P. is quite sure that the "Jacquard Automatic Reading and Punching Syndicate" will at once retract the injurious statement, or the youthful, vigorous and pugnacious *Punches* will be inquiring of Mr. P., as Sam Weller did of Mr. Pickwick when that gentleman's great name was apparently taken in vain, "Ain't nobody to be whopped for takin' this here liberty?" that is, adapting the question to the present occasion, "Ain't nobody's head to be *Punch'd* for this mis-use of an ancient and honourable name?"

THE NAIL-MAKERS' STRIKE.—They refuse to work unless higher wages are paid "down on the nail."



A "HUNTING FIXTURE."

HUNG UP ON A STILE, AND HOUNDS RUNNING LIKE MAD.

CRIES WITHOUT WOOL.

NO. II.—THE GROWL OF THE BEAR.

(By a Singer in "Air.")

["In consequence of the rumour that, . . . American stocks declined heavily . . . The rumour proved totally without foundation."

Any Money-article; any day.]



THERE is little that goads us with fiercer despair
(Those who buy, you perpend, stock, debenture or share,
Such as speculate mainly; investors are rare—)
Than this growl ill-conditioned of pestilent Bear!

With a craftiness planned and a malice unfair, [air—
Improvising a scare unsubstantial as
Now it's "war," now "disease," and the world must prepare
For the death of, say, GOULD, or a Chilean flare;

Or the "cutting of rates:" I am quite unaware
What it means, I declare, but it's "cutting," I swear, [lionnaire
To a person like me, not a flush mil-
Who must "realise" scrip,—and the canker of care.

It would seem, we could e'er so conveniently spare
From a world too competitive, blarneyed with blare,

Both the Yankee of Wall-Street, his London confrère,
And all criers of "Lost!" when no losses are there;

All the wreckers, whose lair is secure past compare,
All who batten on bones with a maw debonair,
And the carcass of Poverty torture and tear
With historical fraud, and benevolent glare.

Who will join me in sport that is novel—who'll dare
In his prosperous pit to go baiting the "Bear,"
Who will lead him a dance, who his talons will pare,
And make summary work of this ursine affair?

"MUST IT COME TO THIS?"

SCENE—The War Office. Present Mr. STANHOPE; to him enter Inspector-General PUNCH.

Mr. Stanhope. Ah, Sir, glad to see you. Can I do anything for you?
Inspector-General. Well, not for me—but you may and must do something for those I represent—the Volunteer Officers.

Mr. Stan. Oh, you have come about them, have you? Well, you say what I said about them in my Memorandum the other day?

In.-Gen. I noticed what you did not say—you hoped during the present year to see some practical proposals.

Mr. Stan. Well, what do you want more?

In.-Gen. The proposals themselves.

Mr. Stan. They will come in good time.

In.-Gen. No time in this matter will be good—except the present.

Mr. Stan. Oh, you leave it to me, you will see it will be all right.

In.-Gen. No—unless you attend to the matter at once—now—at this moment.

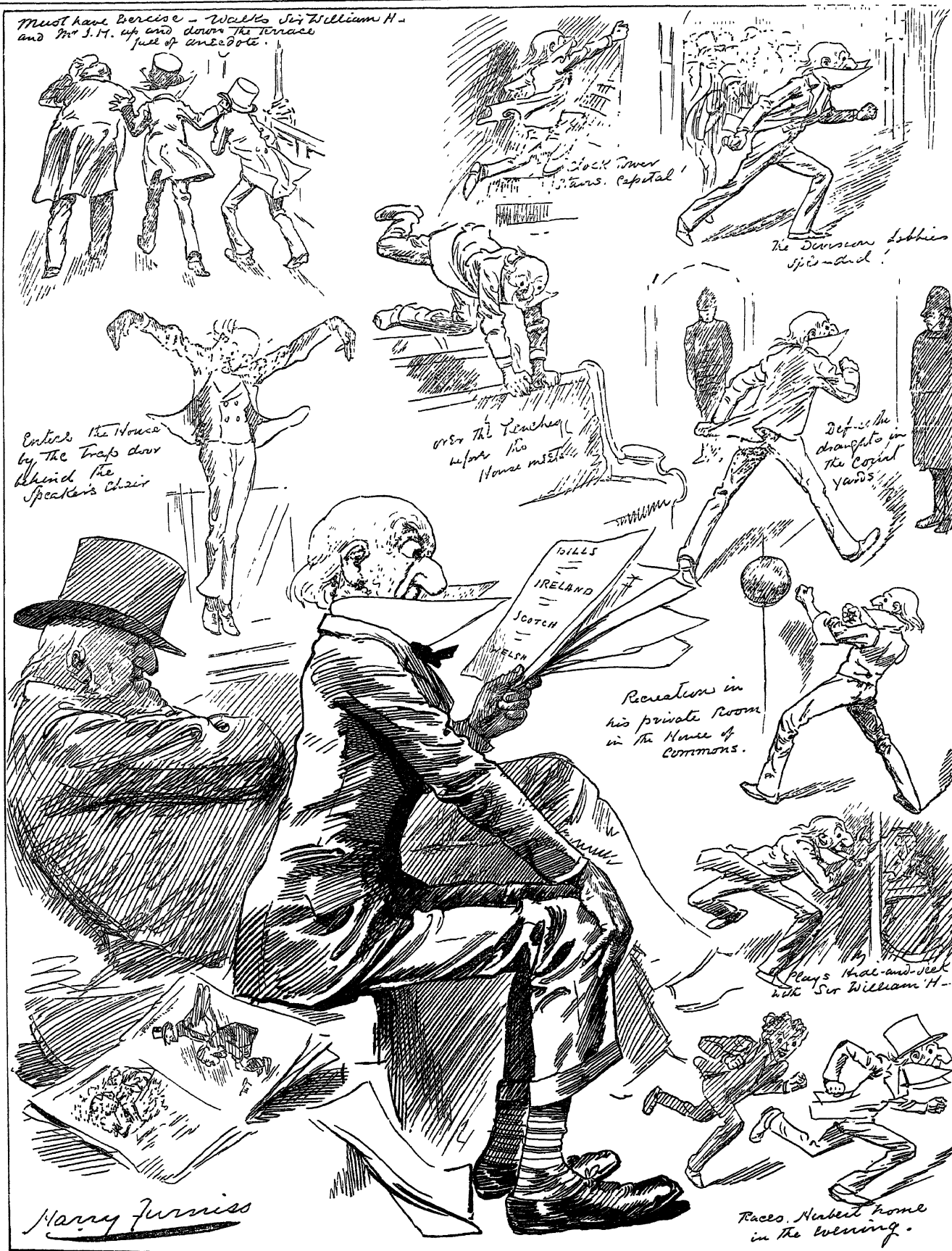
Mr. Stan. How you do take me up! What a hurry you are in!

In.-Gen. Shilly-shallying to the rear—action to the front. Now, then, produce your proposals.

Mr. Stan. (reluctantly producing a paper from a pigeon-hole). Well, here they are—(giving them)—what do you think of them?

In.-Gen. (after a hurried perusal). Humph! At any rate let them be published at once, that those interested may be able to come to an immediate decision as to their utility. Do you hear, Sir? Adieu!

(And if the SECRETARY of STATE for WAR is a wise man, he will act upon the hint thus offered him.)



GRAND OLD ENERGY.

[It is stated that Mr. GLADSTONE feels very much the want of exercise since his return to Parliamentary duties.]

DREAMS.

[Mr. JOHN MORLEY having said that he would be sorry for the country whose young men ceased to dream dreams, Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL twitted him with having described the Progressive party as young men who dream dreams, and added, "They are words which I will never let die."]

DREAMS, my dear Lord? Well, there are dreams and dreams,

Are those of BURNS much worse than those of WEMYSS?

Are WESTMINSTER's vain visions, though The dreamer, less absurd or more obscure Than those of some "young man" who dares to hope

That he with crowded London's ills can "Behold this dreamer cometh!" So of old The sons of JACOB, envious, scornful, cold, And fearful for their privilege of birth And of possession, in derisive mirth, Cried at young JOSEPH's coming. A "young man,"

O reverend oracle! Yet his wit outran, His wisdom far outsoared, for all their boast, The *nous* collective of the elder host;

And PHARAOH, when his "wise men" vainly schemed,

Found statesmanship in a young man who You will not let them die? Well, as you list!

The words, Sir, with a Machiavellian twist, Tickle the ears of those smart word-fence blinds,

And garbled catch-words win unwary minds, And, maybe, witless votes. Poor London dreams

Of—many things most horrible to WEMYSS! The nightmare-incubus of old abuse Properly privilege, expense profuse

Of many lives for one, the dead-hand's grip On the slow generations, the sharp whip

Of a compulsory poverty, the gloom Of that high-rated den, miscalled a Home!

All these it knows, and many miseries more, And dreams of—Betterment! You'll "never let die.

JOHN MORLEY's words?" You cannot, though you try.

In vain 'gainst dreaming youth you feign to Because you're yet a Young Man—and you Dream!

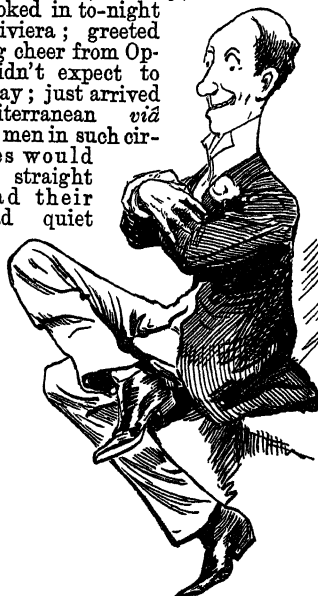
ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, February 29.

—Mr. G. looked in to-night from the Riviera; greeted with rousing cheer from Opposition; didn't expect to see him to-day; just arrived from Mediterranean *via* Paris; most men in such circumstances would have gone straight home, read their letters, had quiet dinner, "and so to bed," as the late Mr. PEPPS occasionally remarked.

"That's all very well for you elderly fellows, TOBY," said Mr. G., beaming with health and smiles. "ARMITSTEAD, for



Lord Elcho.



VERY LITERAL.

The Major. "NO DOUBT YOU'RE VERY FOND OF ANTIQUES, MISS EUGENIA?"
Miss Eugenia. "OH YES, INDEED!—AND I'M DEVOTED TO GRANDMAMMA!"

example, went straight off home. I was careful to see about that; he's a fine fellow, and I humoured him by letting him suppose he was looking after me as far as Biarritz, and on to Pau. In no other way could I have got him to make a holiday. Think I rather wore him out at St. Raphael. When a man gets over sixty he doesn't care about his ten or fifteen mile walk before luncheon. However, I brought ARMITSTEAD back all right, and, packing him off home at Charing Cross, just popped in here to see how you are getting on."

In respect of business, not getting on at all. Things going awry. Ministerialists won't come up to scratch in Division Lobby; Majority

that used to flash forth a hundred-candlelight strong, now flickered down to a score. Opposition growing jubilant and aggressive; Irish Members, long quiescent, waking up as of yore. To-night Prince ARTHUR, stung to quick by remarks from JOHN DILLON, made rattling speech defending his Irish policy; poured contumely and scorn on heads of Irish Members.

"You," he said, with gesture of passionate scorn, "see no source of regeneration for Ireland but in refusal of tenants to pay their rent."

Lord ELCHO and other young bloods on Ministerial Bench cheered; old stagers looked grave.

"Ah, ah!" said CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, looking on from the Front Opposition Bench, "I spy the beard of the Irish Secretary under the muffler of the Leader of the House."

"Dear me," said ESSELMONT, who overheard the remark; "I don't remember BALFOUR with a beard when he was at the Irish Office. You're not mixing him up with GRANDOLPH?"

"Get thee to a nunnery, worthy draper," said CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, "and in that leisurely retirement read your SHAKSPEARE."

"A nunnery!" cried ESSELMONT, more than ever bewildered; "why they wouldn't let me in. I suppose you mean a monastery; but man and boy for fifty years I've gone to Kirk, and nothing would—"

Business done.—One Vote in Committee of Supply.

Tuesday.—The MARKISS not in his place in Lords to-night. Looked in at Arlington Street to inquire if absence was due to illness.

"Not at all, TOBY," said the MARKISS who, indeed, looked quite fit. "There was nothing particular on the paper to-night, so I didn't go down. It's necessary for Nephew ARTHUR to be regular in his attendance on the Commons. But in the Lords it's different. A happy fortune places the Leader there in a position that relieves him from strain of unbroken attendance. With STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL looking after foreign policy, and DENMAN taking charge of home affairs, my post is really a sinecure. They talk about ending or mending of the House of Lords; but as long as we are blessed with this remarkable combination of legislative and administrative capacity we can laugh at the idle threats."

It was DENMAN who took the floor to-night; moved Second Reading of a Bill, the simple and comprehensive object of which was to repeal Local Government Acts of England and Scotland. These passed only a Session or two ago by continuous united effort of both Houses of Parliament. DENMAN been closely watching them in operation. Finds them disappointing, and so would have them repealed. House fully constituted, with LORD CHANCELLOR on Woolsack, Mace on Table, and quorum present; gravely listens, whilst tall, white-haired, sad-faced man rambles on in plaintive voice, urging proposition which, if carried out, would arrest machinery of Local Government throughout the Kingdom, leaving all to be gone over again. No one smiles, much less winks or wags the head. It is just as solemn and as orderly as if it were the MARKISS himself submitting a Resolution or making a statement. Only, when the plaintive voice ceases and the tall figure is reseated on the Bench, nobody proposes to continue the conversation. LORD CHANCELLOR rapidly gabbles shibboleth in which "content" stumbles over "not content."

"Not contentshaveit," says LORD CHANCELLOR, by way of last word; leaves Woolsack; the few Peers slowly pass out. It seems the House has adjourned, DENMAN'S Motion being negatived without Division, and Local Government in England and Scotland will proceed to-morrow as it has gone on to-day.

Business done.—House of Commons, having agreed to meet at two o'clock to-morrow instead of twelve, makes up for it by getting itself Counted Out at eight o'clock.

Wednesday.—Came across LOCKWOOD this afternoon in remote part of corridor, gesticulating whilst he recited some lines. Fancy he's getting up that lecture on the "Lawyers in *Pickwick*," announced for delivery in York on the 15th. Most interesting undertaking. As CHARLES RUSSELL says, "*Coke-upon-Lyttleton* will have to take a back shelf in the Law libraries when *Lockwood-upon-Dickens* is in circulation."

Wonder how he finds time for these excursions into the bye-paths of literature? Hands full at the Bar; frequent attendant here; and yet he has time to discover *Pickwick*! He tells me great secret of capability for this kind of work is plain living and regular habits.

"A chop or steak at eight o'clock with a potato (boiled in its jacket) and a tumbler of toast-and-water; that's my regular dinner; leaves me clear-headed and free for a couple of hours' work at my briefs before I go to bed. Except when kept down at House, rarely out of bed after eleven. Up at five; cold bath; dry toast; hot milk; another grind at my briefs; ride down to Court; at it all day, with intervals for Abernethy biscuit when Court adjourns; and so the mill goes round."

"Don't you think," said BOB REID, "it's a little unprofessional of LOCKWOOD going into this *Pickwick* business? The cases were never, that I know of, reported in the *Law Journal*. Good fellow LOCKWOOD, but a little apt to stray outside the ropes. Now he's started lecturing, there's no knowing how far he'll go. We may see him on the stage bowling BEERBOHM TREE out as *Hamlet*, or even with his face corked, dancing a breakdown at St. James's Hall. What does he want to go a-lecturing for? Do you think he'll draw?"

"Draw!" I cried. "Why, he's always drawing; he's drawn for *Punch*." That shut up Master BOB. When you want to hear disparaging remarks about a man, nothing like going to his bosom friend. *Business done.*—Irish.

Thursday.—Mr. G. in fine form to-night; delivered two speeches, each in highest form of Parliamentary Debate. Infinite variety in manner. Before dinner, Prince ARTHUR moved to take Morning

Sittings on Tuesdays and Fridays for rest of Session. That means virtual appropriation on very threshold of Session of time belonging to private Members. They furious; Mr. G. in benignant mood; shocked, he must confess, at Prince ARTHUR's unparalleled greed; but not disposed to turn a deaf ear to his importunity. "If you'd make it Easter, now," he said, with winning voice and manner, "limit the scope of resolution to that date, I'm not sure that I should feel disposed to say you nay."

Prince ARTHUR jumped at proposal. Sufficient unto Easter are the Morning Sittings thereof. If he wanted more he could ask again. Meanwhile he was in possession of what he wanted.

House looked on in amazement at this little scene. Opposition expected Mr. G. would have thundered forth denunciations of Prince ARTHUR's audacity. Here he was making terms with the enemy; doing it all, too, with imposingly judicial manner that was irresistible. Before House quite knew where it was, everything was settled.

"Now I'm furnished, Now I'm furnished, for my flight"—of oratory."

It was BLUNDELL MAPLE chanting this line, sung in another place by *Hecate*. Flight didn't amount to more than asking question as to whether audiences at unlicensed places of entertainment (in neighbourhood of Tottenham Court Road or elsewhere) open for

Radical or Liberal entertainments, are duly protected from fire? Members went off to dinner, pondering on this conundrum. Came back to find Mr. G. on his legs again, denouncing proposition to vote £20,000 for

survey of railway from Mombasa to Nyanza. A splendid piece of invective; almost literally shrivelled up poor JOEIM, at whom some of the scorching flame was pointed with outstretched forefinger. For more than half an hour, at period of night when most gentlemen of his years are snugly tucked up in bed, Mr. G. held the audience entranced, thunderous cheers rolling forth in rapid succession from Liberal ranks, now and then answered by low growl from Ministerialists.

"What a man it is!" cried KENRICK, looking on with monumental suavity; "almost sorry he left us. Sometimes, at his best, he equals our JOE." *Business done.*—A couple of Votes in Supply.

Friday.—BRYCE at last got access to mountains in Scotland.

Been wandering round foot of them through many Sessions, and several Parliaments. Always something happened to prevent his reaching the top. Don't believe he'd have got there to-night, only for FARQUHARSON.

When F. came forward to second Motion, incidentally observing, "I'm the proprietor of a mountain myself," we felt something must be done, and BRYCE'S Motion was agreed to.

FARQUHARSON, for rest of evening, object of respectful regard. Some inquiry as to where he kept his mountain. Did he bring it to Town with him when he came up for the Session? And, when at home, was he in habit of leaving it out all night?

"Don't happen to have it about you, I suppose?" WILFRID LAWSON asked, eyeing his trousers' pockets.

FARQUHARSON very reticent on subject. Rumour, just before House adjourned, that his mountain is one of those situated in the Moon—but this only envy.

Business done.—Access secured to FARQUHARSON'S mountain and others in Scotland.

STRANGE CHARGE AGAINST A GREAT POET.—Lord TENNYSON'S *Robin Hood* is to be produced at DALY'S, New York, and simultaneously, to secure copyright, by one performance only, at the Lyceum. We never thought TENNYSON a plagiarist before this, but here is proof positive he's at it now,—Lord TENNYSON'S *robbing Hood*!!



"Monumental Suavity."



The Man who Owns a Mountain.

"ARE YOU HANSARD NOW?"

Merchant of Venice.

"[The entire stock of *Hansard's Parliamentary Debates* . . . was offered for sale. The vast collection, nearly 100,000 volumes, scarcely fetched the price of waste paper.]—*Daily Paper*."

THE Auctioneer exclaimed,—“These Vols.

Have neither fault nor blot.
I think that I, without demur,
May call them quite ‘a lot.’

“Speeches by RUSSELL, PAM, and BRIGHT,
Good for the heart and head.
Take them as spoken; if you like,
Pray take them, too, as read.”

But when the Auction did begin,
Bidders, alack! were lacking;
Back numbers hove in sight in shoals,
Yet seemed to have no backing.

“Then this,” quoth he, “appears to be
The dismal situation;
Though from these speeches statesmen quote,
For them there’s no quotation.

“The eye has ‘heavenly rhetoric,’
Hear WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE cry;
But heavenly rhetoric now, ‘tis plain,
Itself is all my eye.

“A penny! Really such a bid
I can’t allow to pass;
A man who’d offer coppers here
Must be composed of brass.

“‘Progress’ I cannot well ‘report,’
Unless this lot is bought in;
The only progress seems to be,
When there ‘ll be no reportin’.

“Such priceless gems, such wretched bids!”
The hammer-man did shout;
“If you desire, I knock them down—
You first must knock me out!

“No higher offer? Then I’m forced,
Pray pardon the suggestion—
To take a hint from Parliament,
And ‘move the Previous Question.’”

ANOTHER SHAKSPEARE!

THE last play by M. BLAQUE VAN DER BOSCH has just been translated into English. It is

called *The Blackbeetle*, and is a purely domestic drama. The following Scene from the last Act will give some idea of the exquisite simplicity and pathos of this great work. M. VAN DER BOSCH’s admirers freely assert that SHAKSPEARE never wrote anything like this. It will be noticed that M. VAN DER BOSCH, like M. MAETERLINCK, does not



Mysterious!

always name his characters, but only mentions their relation to each other.

SCENE XXV.—The Great Grandmother, the Mother-in-law, the Female First Cousin one remove, and the Brother-in-law’s Aunt are discovered standing on the table, and the Half-sister’s Nephew by marriage on a chair.

The Mother-in-law. Eh? eh? eh?
The Female First Cousin one remove (pointing to Half-sister’s Nephew by marriage). He! he! he!

The Great Grandmother. Ay! ay! ay!
The Half-sister’s Nephew by marriage (shuddering). Oh! oh! oh!

The Brother-in-law’s Aunt (to him). You! you! you! [The Half-sister’s Nephew by marriage descends and resolutely steps upon the Blackbeetle. Curtain.]

ENTÊTEMENT BRITANNIQUE.

RONDEAU.

MAL à la tête, ennui, migraine,

We risk in trying to explain

Why, though the Income-tax is high,

This country never can supply
Such galleries as line the Seine.

Yet gifts are treated with disdain,

Which gives the would-be donors pain,—

We’ve now a name to call that by,

“*Mal à la TÊTE.*”

Next time an offer’s made in vain

MACNEILL, or someone, will obtain,

Or ask, at least, the reason why,

And even dumber folks will cry,

“By Jove! they’ve made a mull again,

MULL *à la TÂTE!*”

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

EVERYBODY who took delight in our old friend *Uncle Remus* will thoroughly enjoy

A Plantation Printer, by JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS. The Baron doesn’t recommend it to be taken at one sitting, the dialect being rather difficult, but a chapter at a time will be found refreshing. The like advice may be acted upon by anyone who has invested in the latest volume of the Library of Wit and Humour, entitled *Faces and Places*. By H. W. LUCY. The “Faces”

are represented by a portrait of Ride-to-Khiva BURNABY, and one of the Author of these entertaining papers. The first brief narrative, which ought to have been called “How I met BURNABY,” is specially interesting; and the only disappointing thing in the book is the omission of “An Evening with Witches,” as a companion picture to “A Night at Watts’s.”

By the way, in my copy of *A Plantation Printer*, the English printer has made one slip, a sin of omission, at p. 153, where, Miss CARTER, a charming young lady, is watching a Georgian Fox-hunt. She sees “a group of shadows, with musical voices, sweep across the Bermuda fields.”

“O ow beautiful!” exclaimed Miss CARTER, clapping her little hands,” and, we may add, dropping her little “h” in her excitement. “I can put up with the loss of an ‘h,’ but not for a wilderness of aspirates would I have lost this healthy, cheery chapter,” says THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

TO A RAILWAY FOOT-WARMER.

At first I loved thee—thou wast warm,—

The porter called thee “ot,” nay, “bilin.”

I tipped him as thy welcome form

He carried, with a grateful smile, in.

Alas! thou art a faithless friend,

Thy warmth was but dissimulation;

Thy tepid glow is at an end,

And I am nowhere near my station!

I shiver, cold in feet and hands,

It is a legal form of slaughter,

They don’t warm (!) trains in other lands

With half a pint of tepid water.

I spurn thy coldness with a kick,

And pile on rugs as my protectors.

I’d send—to warm them—to Old Nick,

Thy parsimonious Directors!



Brer Rabbit.

RICH V. POOR.

(A Note kindly contributed by Our Own Graphic Reporter.)

NOTHING could have been more impressive than the closing scene of a trial that was one of the features of the present Sessions. The Counsel for the Prisoner made no pretence of hiding his emotion, and freely used his pocket-handkerchief. Many ladies who had until now been occupied in using opera-glasses, at this point relinquished those assistants to the eyesight, to fall back upon the restorative properties of bottles filled with smelling-salts. Even his Lordship on the Bench was seemingly touched to the very quick by the Prisoner’s dignified appeal for mercy. Before passing sentence, the Judge glanced for a moment at the number of titled and other highly respectable witnesses who had testified to the integrity of the accused. Then he addressed the Prisoner:—

“You have pleaded guilty to an indictment which charges you with having misappropriated trust moneys. You have reduced a fortune of £28,000 to £7,000. This means a wretched pittance to beneficiaries who, before your fraud, were enjoying a fairly decent income. I am aware that you are a distinguished Magistrate,—that you have belonged to many Clubs,—that there is not a slur upon the cooking that used to distinguish your dinner-parties. I know the severity of the sentence I am about to pass, and I wish my conscience would permit me to give you a lighter punishment. But I cannot.”

The accused was then sentenced to five years’ penal servitude.

A little later another prisoner was put in the dock for stealing twenty shillings. The prisoner (who was a sailor) was sentenced to ten years’ penal servitude, and seven years’ police supervision. The case was of no public interest.

The Modesty of Genius.

WHEN TRAILL his list of Minor Poets drew, SPRUGGE’S friends exclaimed, “Why, SPRUGGE, he’s left out you!”

To which SPRUGGE calmly answered, “Yes, I know it; And he is right. I’m not a Minor Poet.”

FROM AN IRISH REPORTER IN A TROUBLED DISTRICT.—“The Police patrolled the street all night, but for all that there was no disturbance.”

NEW SONG OF TRIUMPH FOR SALVATIONISTS AT EASTBOURNE, ACCOMPANIED BY DRUM AND IRRIGIOUS CYMBALS.—“*Tra-la-la-Booth-te-ray!*”



DEMEANING THEMSELVES so!—Mrs. R. cannot understand our aristocracy being constantly Chairmen at public dinners. *She* wouldn’t be a Chairwoman for anything.

WHERE “GHOSTS” OUGHT TO EXIST.—“*Haunt ‘um Street, W.*” It’s an artistic quarter. [Is this Horton Street? Possibly.—ED.]

PEOPLE WHO WOULD BE ALL THE BETTER FOR BECOMING TEMPERANCE MEN.—“The Lushais.”



"DIVIDED DUTY."

Right Hon. the Minister for War. "SURELY, MY LORD CHANCELLOR, YOU CAN EXEMPT HIM FROM JURIES. THE 'REGULARS'——"
Lord Chancellor. "WELL, NO, MR. STANHOPE, I THINK NOT." (*Aside.*) "WE MUST MAKE SOME USE OF HIM!"

LIVING AND LEARNING.

MISS SYMPER, who has never been out of London, saw an advertisement headed "Salmon Flies" in a shop window. "Well!" she exclaimed, "I never knew till now that Salmon was a flying fish!"

"A CABINET Minister, in the Casual Ward," was the heading of an article in the *D. T.* last Friday, and it turned out to be all about the Richie and the Poorie.

THE BEHRING SEA QUESTION.—Some delay at present, but immediately after signing we shall commence "sealing."

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

(A Story of Adventure not in the least Likely to be True.)

"Do you see what RITCHIE has been doing?" asked the Secretary of State for War of one of his colleagues.

"If you mean visiting the Casual Wards, after attending a meeting in the East End of London, I do," replied the Home-Secretary. "An excellent idea, no doubt, suggested by that old story of the Amateur Casual, which appeared some twenty or thirty years ago in the columns of an evening paper."

"But don't you think it is playing it a little low?" suggested the First Lord of the Admiralty.

"Well, I don't know," returned the 'Autocrat of the W. O. "After all, there is nothing like personal experience."

And then all three were silent, lost in profound consideration. Shortly afterwards they bade one another adieu, declaring that they had greatly enjoyed their Cabinet Council.

It was some hours later that a soldier, wearing the uniform of the Guards, appeared at the Wellington Barracks, and requested that he might be permitted to undertake a spell of "sentry go." He was not known by the Non-commissioned Officer on duty, but as his papers appeared to be correct, permission was given him to act as substitute for Private SMITH, who was next on the roster.

And about the same time a person, wearing the garb of a convict, made his way to one of Her Majesty's Prisons, and requested an interview with the Governor. His garb obtained for him immediate admission to the precincts of the gaol.

"Well, my man," said the Governor, when his visitor appeared before him; "what do you want?"

"If you please, Sir," replied the person in the garb of a convict, "I shall be very much obliged if you will permit me to have an hour or so at oakum-picking."

"Absolutely impossible," replied the Crown Official, "such luxuries are only allowed to individuals who have been properly introduced to us by a Judge and Jury."

"I fancied," returned the wearer of the felon's garb, "that an order from the Home-Secretary would smooth all difficulties."

"Certainly," admitted the Governor, "but such documents are only supplied to European Royal Personages, or other foreigners of extreme distinction."

"I have the requisite document," replied the curiously-garbed stranger, and he was bowed into a well-appointed cell, and furnished with the tangled rope for which he had petitioned.

And about the same time a sea-faring man applied to be rated on one of Her Majesty's Ships of War.

"Impossible!" was the immediate reply of the Captain, who was rather short-tempered.

"Nothing is impossible to the Admiralty," said the sea-faring man; "and, if you will glance at this paper, you will see that I have special permission from Whitehall to be mast-headed, or to undertake some other naval manoeuvre of a more modern date."

Suppressing an exclamation of a somewhat profane character, the Captain gave the required permission, and a few minutes later the sea-faring man was mounting (with some difficulty), the quivering rungs of a rope-ladder.

A few hours after the happening of these events, a weary soldier,

a half-starved convict, and a sailor covered with bruises, met by chance in the common room of a tavern. For some minutes they were too exhausted to speak. At length, the convict declared that the organisation of Her Majesty's Prisons was simply perfect.

"I greatly doubt it," replied the soldier; "but I can insist with truth, that nothing can possibly equal the admirable condition of the Queen's Barracks."

"I don't for a moment believe it," put in the sea-faring man; "but I am prepared to swear that the arrangements of the Admiralty could not possibly be better."

"Very likely," sneered the convict; "and no doubt they could not be worse!"

Upon this the three men began quarrelling and boasting of the merits of the institutions they had recently visited.

"Pardon me," at length observed the convict, "but I have had some legal training, and it seems to me that you are both gentlemen of great discernment. Nay, more, I should imagine that your education is greatly in excess of that possessed by men of the same standing in the professions you appear to have adopted."

"Not unlikely," replied the soldier, smilingly removing his disguise; "because I happen to be the Secretary of State for War."

"And I," said the sailor, following suit, and emerging from his sea-faring garb, which now was found to be covering an official uniform—"And I am the First Lord of the Admiralty."

Before the two Ministers could recover from their surprise, the wearer of the convict's garb had also divested himself of a part of his costume, and the whole of his "make-up."

"You see you need not be ashamed of my company," he observed, with a smile, "as I am the Home-Secretary."

Then the three Ministers laughed, and each one of them insisted that his particular branch of the Government Service was better than the branches of his colleagues.

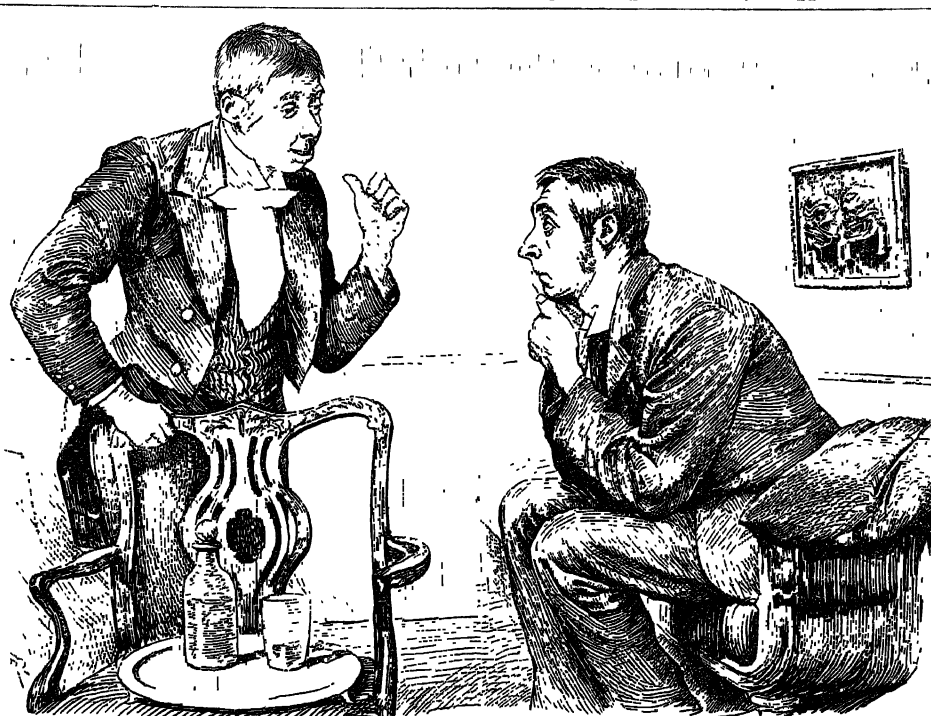
"Let us change costumes," suggested the Home-Secretary, "and try for ourselves. I will become a soldier, you can appear as a convict, and subsequently we might make a further alteration, and allow our friend of the Admiralty to try some oakum-picking." But both the First Lord and the Secretary of State raised objections.

"And yet," urged the Home-Secretary, "I do not think you would find much difference between oakum-picking and sentry-go, and a plank-bed and a hammock on board a torpedo-boat have each great claim to points of similarity."

"We readily believe you," replied the representative of the War Office, "and therefore further test is unnecessary."

"Quite so," added the greatest living authority on Naval matters; "and thus I think we can conveniently leave further personal investigation to such enthusiasts as Mr. RITCHIE and his Private Secretary." And so, perfectly satisfied with the result of their peregrinations, the Ministers again bade one another adieu, and, this time, finally separated.

A GREAT LOSS TO EVERYBODY.—It is a great source of disappointment to Mr. Punch that GRANDOLPH should have declined to be an Alderman. It may be a question as to whether he would have enlarged the sphere of his influence, but, by accepting the turtle, it is Aldermanically certain that within six months our GRANDOLPH would have doubled his weight and increased his circumference.



THE PITFALLS OF CULTURE.

Friendly and Sympathetic Footman. "WELL, THEY TELL ME, SIR, AS MR. BROWN, THE DENTIST ROUND THE CORNER, IS QUITE AT THE HEAD OF THE PROFESSION,—IN FACT, WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL 'PRINCIPALLY FORCEPS,' SIR!"

[No doubt the good man intended to say "Facile princeps," but he didn't.]

"HAIR-CUTTING, SINGEING, AND SHAMPOOING."

(A Sketch in a Hair-dresser's Saloon.)

SCENE—A small but well-appointed Saloon, with the usual fittings. As the Scene opens, its only occupants are a Loquacious Assistant and a Customer with a more than ordinarily sympathetic manner.

The Loquacious Assistant. No, Sir, we're free to go the minute the clock strikes. We've no clearing up or anything of that sort to do, not bein' required to puffer any duties of a menial nature, Sir. 'Ed a little more to the left, Sir... Sundays I gen'ally go up the river. I'm a Member of a Piskytorial Association. I don't do any fishin', to mention, but I jest carry a rod in my 'and. Railway Comp'ny takes anglers at reduced fares, you see, Sir... No, Sir, don't stay 'ere all day long. Sometimes the Guv'nor sends me out to wait on parties at their own residences. Pleasant change, Sir? Ah, you're right there, Sir! There's one lady as lives in Prague Villas, Sir. I've been to do her 'air many a time. (He sighs sentimentally.) I did like waitin' on 'er, Sir. Sech a beautiful

woman she is, too,—with 'er face so white, ah! 'AWKINS her name is, and her 'usban' a stockbroker. She was an actress once, Sir, but she give that up when she married. Told me she'd 'ad to work 'ard all her life to support her Ma, and she did think after she was married she was goin' to enjoy herself—but she 'adn't! Ah, she was a nice lady, Sir; she'd got her 'air in sech a tangle it took me three weeks to get it right! I showed her three noo ways of doin' up her 'air, and she says to me, "What a clever young man you are!" Her very words, Sir! Trim the ends of your moustache, Sir? Thankee, Sir. Yes, she was a charmin' woman. She 'ad three parrots in the room with 'er, swearin' orful. I enjoyed goin there, Sir; yes, Sir. Ain't been for ever sech a while now, Sir. I did think of callin' again and pertendin' I'd forgot a comb, Sir, but I done that once, and I'm afraid it wouldn't do twice, would it, Sir? Sixteen her number is—a sweet number, Sir! Limewash or brilliantine, Sir?... And I know 'er maid and her man, too; oh, she keeps a grand 'ouse, Sir! (Observing that the Sympathetic Customer is gradually growing red in the face and getting hysterical.) Towel too tight for you, Sir? Allow me; thank you, Sir. (Here two fresh Customers enter.) Ready for you in one moment, Gentlemen. The other Assistant is downstairs 'aving his tea, but he'll be up directly

[The two fresh Customers watch one another suspiciously, after the manner of Britons. The first, who is elderly, removes his hat and displays an abundance of strong grizzled hair, which he surveys complacently in a mirror. The second, a younger man, seems reluctant to uncover until absolutely obliged to do so.

The Grizzled Customer (to the Other Customer, as his natural self-satisfaction overcomes his reserve). 'Shtenishing how fast one's hair does grow. It's not three weeks since I had a close crop. Great nuisance, eh?

The Other Customer (with evident embarrassment). Er—oh, yes—quite so, I—I daresay.

[He takes up a back number of "Punch," and reads the advertisements with deep interest. Meanwhile, the Loquacious Assistant has bowed out the Sympathetic Customer, and touched a bell. A Saturnine Assistant appears, still masticating bread-and-butter.

The Second Customer removes his hat, revealing a denuded crown, and thereby causing surprise and a distinct increase of complacency in the Grizzled Gentleman, who submits himself to the Loquacious Assistant. The Bald Customer sinks resignedly into the chair indicated by the Saturnine Operator, feeling apologetic and conscious that he is not affording a fair scope for that gentleman's professional talent. The other Assistant appears to take a reflected pride in his subject.

The Loq. Ass. (to the Grizzled Customer). Remarkable how some parties do keep their 'air, Sir! Now yours—(with a disparaging glance at the Bald Customer's image in the mirror)—yours grows quite remarkable strong. Do you use anything for it now?

The Gr. C. Not I. Leave that to those who are not so well protected!

The Loq. Ass. I was on'y wondering if you'd been applying our Resuscitant Stimulant, Sir, that's all. There's the gentleman next door to here—a chemist, he is—and if you'll believe me, he was gettin' as bald as a robin, and he'd only tried it a fortnight when his 'ed come out all over bristles!



"You 'ave been losin' your 'air!"

[The Bald Customer feebly declines this meretricious adornment. The Loq. Ass. (to his subject). Know Mr. PARIS PATTERTON of the Proscenium Theatre, Sir? 'E's 'ad to call in our Guv'nor, Sir. 'Is 'air's comin, off, Sir, dreadful, Sir. The Guv'nor's been tryin' a noo wash on his 'ed.

The Gr. C. Ha, poor beggar! Wash doing it any good?

The Loq. Ass. (demurely). That I can't tell you, Sir; but it 'as a very agreeable perfume.

The S. A. I think I've taken off about as much as you can spare, Sir!

The Gr. C. (with a note of triumph). Look here, you know, there's a lot more to come off here—won't be missed, eh?

The Loq. Ass. No, Sir, you've an uncommon thick 'ed—of 'air, I mean, of course!

The S. A. If you'll take my advice, you'll 'ave yours singed, Sir.

The B. C. (defectedly). Why, think it's any use?

The S. A. No doubt of that, Sir. Look at the way they singe a 'orse's legs. [The Bald Customer yields, convinced by this argument. The Gr. C. No singeing or any nonsense of that sort for me, mind!]

[They are shampooed simultaneously.

The B. C. (piteously, from his basin). Th—that's c-cold enough, thanks!

The Gr. C. Brussels, what? Sprouts, eh?

The Loq. Ass. Hee-hee! no, Sir, bristles like on a brush. But you can afford to 'ave your laugh, Sir!

The Sat. Ass. (to the Bald Customer, with withering deference). Much off, Sir?

The B. C. (weakly thinking to propitiate by making light of his infirmity). Well, there isn't much on, is there?

The S. A. (taking a mean advantage). Well, Sir, it wouldn't be a very long job numberin' all the 'airs on your 'ed, cert'nly! (Severely, as one reproaching him for carelessness.) You 'ave been losin' your 'air! Puts me in mind of what the poet says in 'Amlet. "Oh, what a fallin' off!" if you'll excuse me, Sir!

The B. C. (with a sensitive squirm). Oh, don't apologise—I'm used to it, you know!

The S. A. Ah, Sir, they do say the wind's tempered to the shorn lamb so as he can't see 'imself as other's see 'im. But what you ought to 'ave is a little toopy. Make 'em so as you couldn't tell it from natural 'air now-adays!

The Gr. C. (aggressively from his). Here, colder than that—as cold as you can make it—I don't care!

The B. C. (drying his face meekly on a towel). A—a hand-brush, please, not the machine!

The S. A. No, Sir, machine-brush would about sweep all the 'air off your 'ed, Sir!

The Gr. C. Machinery for me—and your hardest brush, do you hear?

The Loq. Ass. {together, to
their respec- Shall I put anything on
The S. A. tive patients). your 'ed, Sir?
'Like anything on' your
'air, Sir?

The B. C. (hopelessly). Oh, I don't know that it's much good!

The S. A. Well, you may as well keep what little you 'ave got, Sir. Like to try our 'Irsutine Lotion, capital thing, Sir. Known it answer in the most desprit cases. Keep it in 'alf-crown or three-and-sixpenny sizes. Can I 'ave the pleasure of puttin' you up a three-and-sixpenny one, Sir? (*The Bald Customer musters up moral courage to decline, at which the Assistant appears disgusted with him.*) No, Sir? Much obliged, Sir. Let me see—(with a touch of sarcasm)—you part your 'air a one side, I think, Sir? Brush your 'at, Sir? Thankee, Sir. Pay at the counter, if you please. Shop—there!

The Loq. Ass. Think your 'air's as you like it now, Sir? Like to look at yourself in a 'and-glass, Sir? Thank you, Sir.

[*The Bald Customer puts on his hat with relief, and instantly recovers his self-respect sufficiently to cast a defiant glare upon his rival, and walk out with dignity. The Grizzled Customer after prolonged self-inspection, follows. The two Assistants are left alone.*]

The Loq. Ass. Pretty 'proud of his 'air, that party, eh? Notice how I tumbled to him?

The S. A. (with superiority). I heard you, o' course, but, as I'm always tellin' you, you don't do it delicate enough! When you've been in the profession as long as I have, and seen as much of human nature, you'll begin to understand how important it is to 'ave tact. Now you never 'eard me stoop to flattery nor yet over-familiarity—and yet you can see for yourself I manage without 'urtin' nobody's feelings—however bald! That's tact, that is!



"INFLAMMABLE BUTTONS." UN PAGE D'AMOUR.

HORACE IN LONDON.

TO A WAITER. (AD PUERUM.)

NONE of your mis-
pronounced
Gallic shams,
Waiter;
Call not "Potato"
a "Pomme-de-
terre, maître
Dottle." I'd rather
you styled it
"Pertater,"
As Britons, sure,
may.

As for *décor*, let
the linen be
stainless—
Crowns of exotics
are gauds for
the brainless.
Crowns, indeed!
Here's half-a-
crown; you
would gain less
Off from a gour-
met.



MRS. R. has just purchased the first two volumes of *The History of the Popes* (edited by F. ANTROBUS), "because," she says, "I particularly want to read about the time of the Reminiscence, with all about FIFTH THE SIXTH and the Humorists."

SERIOUS CASE.—A patient who doesn't want it known that there's anything the matter with him, has placed himself under the care of Dr. ROBSON ROOSETER PASHA, "because," he says, "his visits then are 'sub Roose-ah!'" [Now we know what's the matter with him.—ED.]

A PLEA FOR THE DEFENCE.

SCENE—*Mr. Punch's Sanctum.* MR. PUNCH discovered, to him enter MR. JOHN BULL.

Mr. Punch. Well, MR. BULL, what can I do for you?

Mr. Bull. I want to know your opinion, *Mr. Punch* on the report of Lord WANTAGE's Committee on Recruiting?

Mr. P. Which of the reports, my friend? There seem to be two—one by the Soldier Members, and the other by the Government Under-Secretary of State for War.

Mr. B. Can't they be lumped together, *Mr. Punch*?

Mr. P. Well, yes, in the sense of being discarded. They are neither satisfactory, although they contradict one another.

Mr. B. So I think, *Mr. Punch*. What is to be done?

Mr. P. I will do my best to answer you. But just as a preliminary question, may I ask whether you insure your house, MR. BULL?

Mr. B. Why, yes, certainly. I pay for guardianship and protection. If I did not, I should have to start fire-engines and the rest of it myself.

Mr. P. Quite so. And you find it cheaper in the long run.

Mr. B. To be sure. I have got much, too much to do to bother about the details of security from fire.

Mr. P. Again quite so. Then why don't you pay for your Army?

Mr. B. But I do, and a precious round sum too!

Mr. P. However, it is difficult to get recruits. And in England any and everything can be bought by money.

Mr. B. Pardon me, *Mr. Punch*, that's all nonsense. Abroad, they can get soldiers at half the price that—

Mr. P. (interrupting). Quite wrong, MR. BULL. Soldiers are just as dear on the Continent as they are here. Only, you see, the foreigners look after the fire themselves—they become soldiers, instead of securing substitutes.

Mr. B. What do you mean?

Mr. P. That you must either pay the market price, or go in for conscription. Your money—or your life!

Mr. B. Well, I really think I must consider it—I do, indeed!

Mr. P. And the sooner the better, MR. BULL; and if you do not believe me, give Lord WANTAGE's Committee Report a second reading.

[Scene closes in upon MR. JOHN BULL giving the document reconsideration.]



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

*To our M.P., who rather fancies himself a great political force in the House.
(Day before the Meeting of Parliament.)*

"WELL, MR. BINKS! AND WHAT BRINGS YOU UP TO TOWN?"

THE BOGIE MAN.

(NEW AND STARTLING CIVIC VERSION.)

Gog and Magog sing, sotto voce:—

Oh, huddle near us, cherished ones!
Hushed is our civic glee.
The Voters, they have played the fool
About the L. C. C.
Oh, Turtle, dear—at table—
Oh, Griffin, spick and span,
I hear the Civic Fathers say
Here comes the Bogie Man!

Chorus.

Oh, hush! hush! hush!
Here comes the Bogie Man!
What hope, dears, when BEN TILLET
Is made an Alderman?
Oh, whist! whist! whist!
He'll catch ye if he can!
Then vain you'll run, my popsey-wops,
From this new Bogie Man!
When we sit down to dinner,
My giant chum and I,
O'er calipash and calipee
We're both inclined to cry.

For if Progressist fingers
Once dip into our pan,
Aloud, but vainly, we may cry,
Whist! whist! the Bogie Man!

Chorus.—Oh, hush! hush! hush!
Here comes the Bogie Man!
Then hide your heads, my darlings;
He'll catch ye if he can.
Then whist! whist! whist!
This new Progressive plan
Would make our popsey-wopsey-wops
Slaves to this Bogie Man!

In vain the *Times* might thunder,
In vain the *Standard* squall,
To frighten little Moderates;
They paid no heed at all
When CHURCHILL tried yah-boohing,
Away the Voters ran
And voted straight, with hearts elate,
For yonder Bogie Man!

Chorus.—Oh, hush! hush! hush!
Here comes the Bogie Man!
He'll collar all our civic perks,
'Tis his "Progressive" plan.
Oh, whist! whist! whist!
He'll catch ye if he can.
Heaven save you, my own popsey-wops,
From yonder Bogie Man!

Oh, pets, it gives us quite a shock
To think of your sad fate,
If you *should* lose your Guildhall rock,
And *we* be doomed by fate.
For BURNS our pride would humble,
No "giants" in his plan!
Oh, Turtle sweet, oh, Griffin neat,
Beware, yon Bogie Man!

Chorus.—Oh, whist! whist! whist!
Here comes the Bogie Man! [prog.
Gog and Magog, choice wines, good
Are no parts of *his* plan.
Oh, hush! hush! hush!
He'll catch ye if he can!
Progressive "slops," my popsey-wops,
He'll give—yon Bogey Man!

Oh, ROSEBURY turned tr-r-raitor,
And LUBBOCK seemed to cool,
McDOUGALL, now, and PARKINSON
May proudly play the fool.
London's delivered to be ruled
On the "Progressive" plan, [name—
And "BEN" can bear the honoured
Ye gods!—of ALDERMAN!!!

Chorus.—Oh, hush! hush! hush!
Here comes the Bogie Man!
Turtle, be cautious; Griffin, hide!
You're under his black ban.
Oh, whist! whist! whist!
We'll save ye, *if we can*,
My pretty popsey-wopsey-wops,
From yon bad Bogie Man!

To Queen Coal.

(By her Fond but Poor Lover.)

"If thou art not dear to me,
What care I how dear you be!"

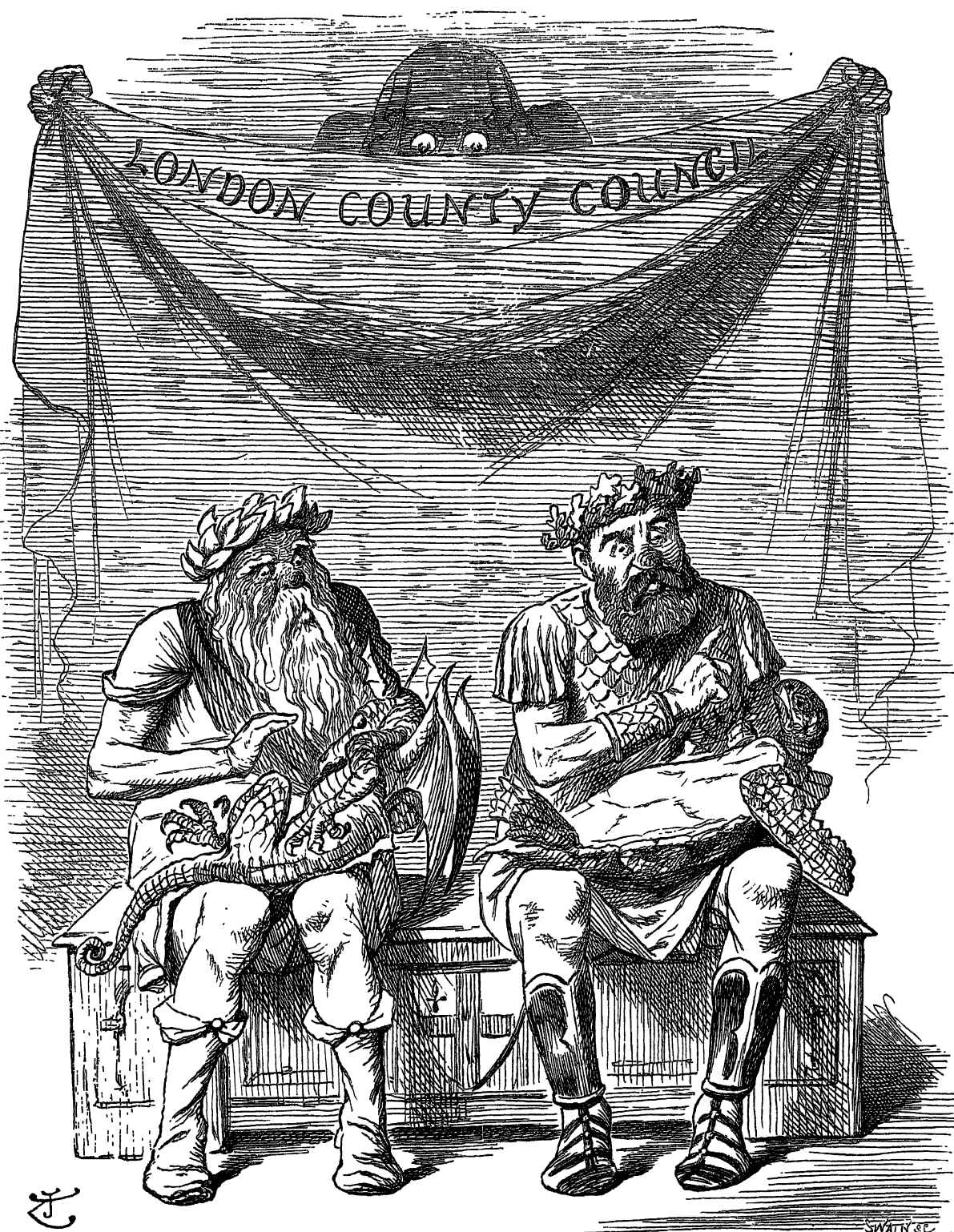
BUTTER AND BOSH.

["Many customers who want Margarine will not consent to buy it under that name, but insist on its being called 'Butter.'"—*Daily Paper.*]

Oh, Wisdom, surely here your words you waste
On men who consciously deceive their taste;
Who cheating self are blindest when they've
seen,

And call that Butter which is Margarine.
"Give me," 'tis thus their sentiments they
utter,

"Firkins of Bosh, but label them as Butter.
Who cares for honest names? they're all my
Decipiat qui vult decipi." [eye.]



THE BOGIE MAN.

"HUSH! HUSH! HUSH!
HERE COMES THE BOGIE MAN!

"THEN HIDE YOUR HEADS, MY DARLINGS;
HE'LL CATCH YOU IF HE CAN!"

"ON THE BLAZON'D SCROLL OF FAME."

[To each man of the Crews of the three Life-boats stationed in the Isle of Wight, at Brightstone, Brook and Atherfield, respectively, *Mr. Punch* has had pleasure and pride in presenting an illuminated copy of the Picture and Poem entitled "MR. PUNCH TO THE LIFE-BOAT MEN," which appeared in his issue of February 13. The names of the coxswains and crews of these three boats, the *Worcester Cadet*, the *William Stanley Lewis*, and the *Catherine Swift*, are inscribed thereon (as they should be in the memories of all true Britons), as follows:—Of the *Worcester Cadet*, JAMES COTTON (Coxswain), ROBERT BUCKETT (Second Coxswain), ROBERT SALTER, WILLIAM BARTON, FRANK EDMUNDS, FRANK BUCKETT, GEORGE NEW, GEORGE MORRIS, GEORGE SKOTTER, GEORGE HAWKER, EDGAR WHITE, WILLIAM MERWOOD, and JAMES HEDGECOCK.

Of the *William Stanley Lewis*, JOHN HAYTER (Coxswain), BEN JACOBS (Second Coxswain), ROBERT COOPER, W. JACOBS, J. COOKE, G. WHITE, W. CASSELL, T. HOOKEY, J. NEWBURY, J. COOPER, J. HOOKEY, R. WOODFORD, M. CASSELL, WILLIAM HAYTER, W. BLAKE, and W. HOOKEY.

Of the *Catherine Swift*, WILLIAM COTTON (Coxswain), DAVID COTTON (Second Coxswain), JAMES COTTON, THOMAS COTTON, FRANK COTTON, JOHN COTTON, CHARLES COTTON, WALTER WOODFORD, WALTER WHITE, CHARLES HARDING, and B. WHILLER.

These names thus receive—as they deserve—honourable record "For distinguished bravery and gallant conduct whilst on duty on the occasion of the wreck of the s.s. *Eider*, January 31, 1892."]

On the Scroll! And why not? Be you sure that it bears
Many entries less worthy of record than theirs,
The rough sea-faring fellows, whose names now go down,
With applause from their Sovereign to swell their renown,

To posterity's ears. And right pleasantly, too,
They should sound on those ears; for, run over each crew
And you'll find that those names have a true homely smack
Both of country and kinship; there's JIM, there is JACK,
There is BOB, there is BILL, TOM and GEORGE, CHARLIE, FRANK;
Can you not hear them sound o'er the waves as in rank
They go down to their work, ringing right cheery hail
Through the shrieks of the storm that shall not make them
pale.

Those bold Britons? They're brothers, sires, cousins, and sons,
For see how the "family name" through them runs
Those COTTONS could make up a crew at a pinch!
Whilst the HOOKEYS and WHITES from that task need not flinch.
Yes, these names sound as well on the Scroll, after all,
As NAPOLEON or CÆSAR; and when the Great Call
Of the last human Muster Roll comes, some plain "BILL,"
Whose business was rather to save than to kill,
May step before mad ALEXANDER.

Well, brothers,
(You BUCKETTS, and WOODFORDS and COOPERS and others,
Whose names he need hardly string into his rhymes,)
Punch hopes you may look on this Record sometimes
With pleasant reflections. Mere words, he well knows,
Will not—"butter your parsnips"—(to put sense in prose):
But you have his hearty good will, and you know it,—
Right gladly he takes this occasion to show it!
And when or wherever *another* should come,
Be sure your friend *Punch* won't be careless or dumb!

CONFESSIONS OF A DUFFER.

VI.—THE DUFFER AT WHIST.

(Continued.)

I AM really fond of the game, which is fortunate, though my partners don't think so; but I am free to confess, that nothing short of an absorbing admiration for it and desire to excel, could tempt me to brave the sarcasms, even insults, to which I am subjected. Your thoroughgoing Whist-player as such—admirable in private life as I personally know him to be—the moment he begins the daily business of his life, seems to cast his better nature to the winds. At another time and place he would lend a sympathetic ear to any tale of woe; now and here nothing seems to interest him but his own immediate welfare, which he pursues with concentrated energy and earnestness. I verily believe that if, at one of two

adjoining tables, the chandelier fell on the players' heads to their exceeding detriment, the occupants of the other table would scarcely lift their eyes or interrupt their rubber for one moment. *Fiant chartæ ruat cælum*—let the cards be made whatever chandeliers fall.

The players at my Club are all good, one especially so, a retired Colonel of a West Indian regiment, of whom I stand in mortal dread. He has short shrift for any failings, even of players nearly as good as himself, whilst as for me! though he has never yet resorted to personal violence with a chair-leg, yet that would not surprise me; and my pestilent fate in defiance of all mathematical odds in such case made and provided, is to cut him as my partner three and four times in succession in an evening. I sometimes have glimmerings of sense, and in hands presenting no particular difficulty, if they contain plenty of good cards—can manage to scrape along in a way I think fairly satisfactory even to him, though he never encourages me by saying so. But an awful thing happened the other night. I had played one rubber with him and won it, though it was only a rubber of two instead of a bumper, as it would have been if I had played properly—for being in doubt and remembering the adage, I had led a trump, but it subsequently turned out that *the adversaries had called for them*. Now I never see an adversaries' call, and but rarely those of my partner, unless when made glaringly conspicuous by a ten and a two, so I led this wretched card with disastrous results.

However, my partner accepted the situation with unexpected suavity, merely remarking pleasantly, as an item of general interest,

"The only time my partner ever leads a trump is when the adversaries call." I smiled inanely—what else could I do? for I was dimly conscious that the stricture might have justification in fact. Yes, this was bad; but worse remains behind. In the last hand of the next rubber, my partner had four trumps; so had I; he had, besides a very long suit; hence he extracted the trumps, and we were left with the last two between us, mine being the better. I got the lead, of course, exactly at the time I did not want it; although everyone else knew where the smaller trump was, I did not, so I drew it from my partner's hand, and then led him a card of which he had none in the suit; this card, as ill-luck would have it, belonged to an enormously long suit, of which one of the adversaries had entire control. So this gentleman got in and made about six tricks in it, finishing up with the two; he therefore made with his spades all—indeed, I rather think more tricks than the Colonel ought to have made in his diamonds, each of which, now losing cards, he successively banged down with increasing anger and turbulence of gesture, as the enormity of my crime was borne in upon him. It was the deciding game of a rubber; the adversaries' score had stood at one, while we were at two, and besides, we had had two by honours; as they made four by cards, they went out—and so did I—not without an *obligato* accompaniment on muted strings; unwhispered whispers of "confounded block-head!" "blundering idiot!" "well, of all the born fools!" and similar objurations.

When I came to think the matter over in cold blood, I could see that my proper course would have been to lead the losing card before drawing my partner's trump. I merely made a mistake (a fatal one I grant) in the order of playing them. That was all.

My friend goes on to make learned remarks about "American leads," "the fourth best," and the difficulties of playing a knave; lead him at once, I think, on *Dogberry's* principle: and "thank heaven you are rid of a knave."

The depths of my guilt may be guessed from the fact that many of my Mentor's explanations are Hittite to me. People talking of laying up a wretched old age by net playing, I should be laying it up for other people if I did play much. Half-crown points, a partner who knows how to score (those counters and candlesticks, or the machines with little bone grave-stones that shut up with a snap, bother me), and amiable conversation on well-chosen topics while the game goes on, make the kind of Whist that I enjoy. We used to play it in Common Room in the happy past; it was easier than Loo, which I never quite understood. The rigour of the game is the ruin of Whist.



"When I come to think the matter over in cold blood."

POPULAR SONGS RE-SUNG.

"*Sich a Nice Man 'Too!*" is one of the latest, and greatest, successes of the clever Coster Laureate, Mr. ALBERT CHEVALIER, who, "Funny without being Vulgar," proves that he, the Muse of the Market Cart, and Bard of the Barrow, "Knocks 'em in the Old Kent Road,"—and elsewhere—with well-deserved success. As is ever the case with the works of genuine genius, "liberal applications lie" in his "patter" songs, the enjoyment of which need by no means be confined to the Coster and his chums. For example, at Caucus-Conferences and places where they sing—and shout—the following might be rendered with relish:—

No. VII.—SICH A SMART MAN TOO!

(Coster-Jim on Corkus-Joe.)

There's party-men yer meets about
What wins yer 'eart instant;
Of *their* success there's ne'er a doubt,
They romps in in a canter.
There's one as means to lick the lot,
Brum Joe, the art'f'list dodger.
For 'im we Rads wot 'ot and 'ot;
Sez we, "Yus, JOE's the codger!"

Chorus.

Sich a smart man too! Sich a *very* smart man!
No Tory pride, no toffish affectation!
Yet 'e somehow makes yer feel
That in 'im yer 'ave to deal
With a gent, if not by buth, by edgercation!

'E made 'is pile in a snide way,—
'Down on ther nail' 'is motter—
Went to the front, and came to *stay*;
Whigs might pertest and potter.
'Is game was doin' the poor good,
And doin' of it 'andsome.

JACK CADE they called 'im,—which wos rude—
'Acos 'e talked o' ransom!



Then won't 'old WEE look rummy?"

Chorus.

Sich a smart man too!
Sich a *very* smart man!
No "Lily" pride, no blue-blood affectation!
Yet he somehow made yer feel
That in 'im yer 'ad to deal

With a gent by nature
and by edgercation!

You ought to seen 'im on the stump,
Smart frock and stiff shirt collar;
Got up regardless, clean-cut chump,
Orchid for button-oler!
'E cocked a snook at pride o' race.
We shouted "Brayvo, BRUMMY!"
Peg on, we'll put yer in fust place;

Chorus.

Sich a smart man too! Sich a *very* smart man!
No *Rip wan Winkle* HARTY affectation!
Yet 'e somehow made yer feel
That 'e jest knowed 'ow to deal
With the "Gentlemen" by buth and edgercation.

Acrost 'is phiz there stole a smile,
Like sunshine in November.
Sez 'e, "I'm for the Sons o' Tile!"
O yus, don't we remember!
We fancied JOE wos one of hus,
A cove we might ha' trusted.
Now you should 'ear the Corkus cuss
At the Brum bubble—busted!

Chorus.

Sich a smart man too! Sich a *very* smart man!
No orty scorn, no "arm-cheer" affectation!
One as somehow made yer feel
'E alone knowed 'ow to deal
With Allotments, Taxes and Free Edgercation!

'E chose to play at hodd man hout;
'E ain't the fust by many
Wot's tried to Tommy-Dodd the rout
With a two-eaded penny.
It's broke our trust; 'e can go 'ome
With Toffdom for next neighbour.
'E won't cut Capital's cockscumb
In the 'Oly Cause o' Labour!

Chorus.

Sich a snide man too! Sich a *very* snide man!
And now,—but that's 'is hartful affectation!—
'E would like to make hus feel
As he only "plays genteel,"
To give Toffs a Demmycratic Hedgercation!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 7.—JOKIM in a bad way to-night. People are wanting to know how it has come about that TATE's offer of £80,000 for Picture Gallery, with £80,000 worth of pictures thrown in to start it, has, after long correspondence with CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, been withdrawn. JOKIM rises to explain.

"What I should really like to do," he whispered to me, in confidence, "is to give him one for his *tête*, as we say in cribbage. But suppose I must speak him fair." Did his best in that direction though undercurrent of observation in lengthy paper he read decidedly set in direction of making TATE out as a cantankerous wrong-headed person who, proposing to bestow some £160,000 in way of free gift, expected to have his wishes consulted in such matter of detail as selection of site for Gallery.

"I venture to hope," said JOKIM, in conclusion, "that the door is not finally closed on the establishment of a Gallery for British Art."

"That's not quite it," said Young Father DILLWYN, with hand to ear, listening from corner seat below Gangway he shares with that

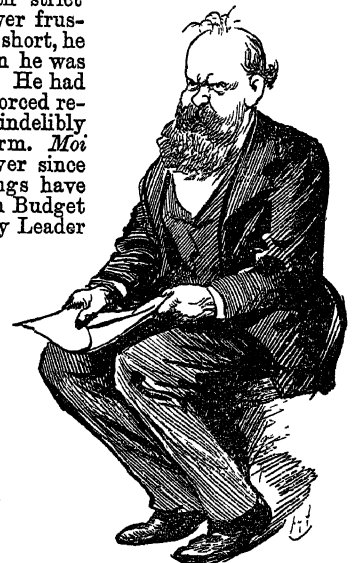
other eminent statesman, the SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE. "What we complain of is, that you have so managed matters that the door hasn't been opened."

"Ah, well," said JOKIM, wringing his hands, "it's no use my trying anything. Remember once seeing in dock of police-court at Lyons, a sailor brought up charged with some offence. On his arm was tattooed the legend, '*Pas de chance*.' He told long story of honest endeavour, combined with strict honesty and tireless industry, ever frustrated by malign accident. In short, he was no sooner out of prison than he was sent back upon fresh conviction. He had no chance, and one time, in enforced retirement from the world, he indelibly inscribed the legend on his forearm. *Moi aussi, je n'ai pas de chance*. Ever since I joined this Government things have gone wrong with me, whether in Budget Schemes, when acting as Deputy Leader of the House, with £1 notes, and now in this affair, where I run my head against TATE (sort of *tête-à-tête*), and, though I'm innocent as a lamb, everybody will have it that I've muddled things and lost the nation a munificent gift. *Pas de chance; cher Toby; pas de chance!*"

HANBURY been looking into our Army Service, and behold! it is very bad. Condemns it, look, stock, and barrel. Things no better than they were in time of Crimean War. Our Army costs more, and could do less than any in the world. Curious to find statement like this gravely made in presence of twenty-eight Members, all told, including the SPEAKER. Suppose it's true, Empire on verge of precipice, into which, on slightest impulse, it may totter and disappear. Hon. Members, in the main, care so little that they busy themselves



Young Father Dillwyn.



Craig (not Ailsa).

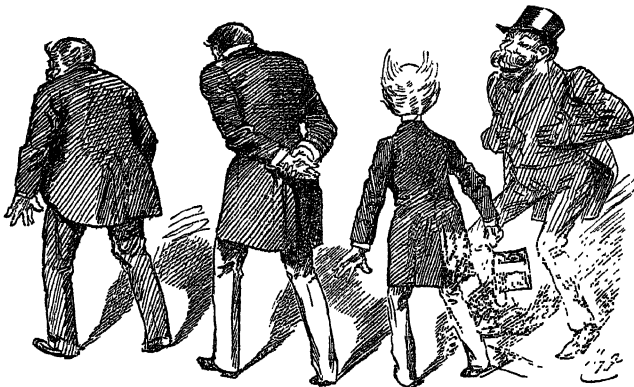
writing letters, chatting in Lobby, gossiping in Smoke-room; the few present admirably succeed in disguising terror that must possess them as HANBURY, in solemn voice, utters his lamentation.

"HANBURY," said CRAIG, looking across the House at tall figure below Gangway, "reminds me of the old party that met LOCHIEL, and told him his prospects in the next war were at least doubtful,—

'LOCHIEL, LOCHIEL, beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle-array.'

LOCHIEL STANHOPE reckes no more than the Northern Chieftain; makes speech nearly two hours long, proving to empty, but interested Benches, that never since Peninsular War had Great Britain an Army so large or so fully equipped. When midnight struck, the few Members present shook themselves, yawned, and went home. *Business done.*—In Committee on Army Estimates.

Tuesday.—Never saw in the flesh procession of Russian Convicts starting on their journey to Siberia. Have read about it, though; have even seen pictures thereof. The most saddening and soul-depressing of these came back to mind just now, when PULESTON, PELLY and BURDETT-COUTTS forlornly filed forth at command of Chairman of Committees, amid cheers of heartless Opposition. If they'd only been a little more ragged in appearance, and, above all, if they had been connected by leg-chain, illusion would have been complete. Members on Front Benches, as they passed them, wearily faring forth, could not have resisted natural impulse to feel in their waistcoat pocket for a kopek or two to bestow upon the unfortunates.



Mr. Swift MacNeill's little joke.

It was the suddenness of the sentence, the swift falling of the blow, that made it so cruelly heavy. Last Friday these three Members had supported a vote subsidising East Africa Co. in matter of preliminary expenses of railway through their territory. Someone had discovered they were peculiarly interested in undertaking. To-day SWIFT MACNEILL raised the question of parliamentary law in such cases. Moved Resolution that vote of three Members be disallowed.

Nothing could exceed gentleness of MACNEILL's demeanour. Rather in sorrow than in anger he moved in the matter, anxious, as all Irish Members are, for purity of Parliamentary practice and sanctity of constitutional principles. Almost blubbered in BURDETT-COUTTS's waistcoat; embraced PELLY and PULESTON in comprehensive smile of amity.

Encouraged by this attitude, the three Members assumed easy, almost jaunty, manner. True, PULESTON admitted he would not have done it if he'd thought anyone would have made a row about it—"as the little boy said when he was being spanked for putting his fingers in the jam-pot," observed MARJORIBANKS, *sotto voce*. BURDETT-COUTTS almost haughty in his defiance of the descendant of the Uncle of JONATHAN SWIFT, Dean of St. Patrick's.

PELLY pensive in manner and enigmatical in allusion; felt it particularly hard thus to be placed in the dock, as if he were an Irish County Councillor under Prince ARTHUR's new Bill. Only last Friday, in debate preceding the very Division now under discussion, he had delivered an Address which disclosed intimate acquaintance with topographical bearings of rarely trodden wilds in Central Africa. Had shown how an Agent of East Africa Company, setting forth from So-and-so, had, after perilous passage, reached So-on. After a night of broken rest, his pillow soothed by the roar of GRANDOLPH's nine lions, he had set out again. Crossing the River So-forth he wandered for hours, carrying the flag of his country through the limitless plains of Etoctera.

House listened entranced, whilst PELLY hurried them from So-on to So-forth.

"Excellent speech," said the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, himself not unfamiliar with land-surveying; "but the country seems a little monotonously named."

"It's not that," cried PELLY, interrupting; "the fact is, I can't pronounce the names in the despatches, and call them So-on."

House delighted with this explanation; PELLY found himself at one bound in front rank of Parliamentary orators. This only last Friday; to-day called upon to defend himself from charge of breaking written law of Parliament. Bad this, but worse to come. When PELLY's pensive voice died away, COURTNEY rose from Chair and sternly said, "In accordance with practice of the House, the three Hon. Members will now withdraw." So they strode forth, clothed with innocence. PULESTON first, with ghastly smile on his face; BURDETT-COUTTS next, wondering what they would think of this in Stratton Street; PELLY bringing up the rear, the forlornest file that ever passed between ranks of jeering spectators, slowly making their way from So-on to So-forth. *Business done.*—None.

Thursday.—"The Leadership isn't all beer and skittles, is it?" I said to Prince ARTHUR just now, trying to put the best face on a melancholy business.

"No," he said, shortly, "and it isn't public business at all."

Quite true. What officers in command of sham-fights call "the general idea" of the Sitting to-night, was—questions beginning at half-past three; over probably at four; House in Committee; take up Army Estimates; peg away at them till midnight; then "Who goes home?" Time-table of what actually took place slightly, but firmly different. House met at three; prayers, which appropriately prefaced HENRY FOWLER's motion to permit Salvation Army to go its own way on quiet Sabbaths at Eastbourne. Debated this till twenty minutes past six, the SOLICITOR-GENERAL heartily joining in the service; then questions, seventy or eighty of them, not seven or eight of public interest, the rest of character that might be raised on dull days in Vestry-hall.

At half-past seven, time to dress for dinner. Still, Members think they'll just wait and see business commenced. "Instead of which," as the Judge said, up gets SWIFT MACNEILL, asking permission to move Adjournment of House in order to discuss famine in India, and short-comings of Indian Government. SPEAKER invites those who support application to rise in their places. Gentlemen below the Gangway, with hearts bleeding for famished fellow-creatures in far-off Ind (subject reminds them, by the way, that dinner is nearly ready), leap to their feet. Twice the forty necessary thus forthcoming; leave given, and SWIFT MACNEILL proceeds to open his budget. Then strange thing happens. The eighty Gentlemen who sprang up to secure hearing for MACNEILL, being on their legs, conclude that, as it's so near dinner-time, scarcely worth while resuming their seat; so they bundle forth, MACNEILL, somewhat ungratefully (for they had secured his opportunity) urging them to "be off, if they didn't want to hear about the sufferings of their fellow-creatures."

At ten o'clock MACNEILL episode closed. Prince ARTHUR moved, with intent to expedite business, a Resolution taking Report of Supply after midnight. Talked on this till twenty minutes to twelve. Business reached at last, but since Debate closes at midnight, no time to do anything. Committee of Supply accordingly postponed, and Members begin chatting about Gresham College, admitting in course of conversation that there is nothing to talk about, since Government have adopted suggestion of objectors to scheme.

Business done.—None.

Friday.—MACNEILL the Avenger to the front again, with his Motion about the Siberian Exiles. "JEMMY" LOWTHER, in most judicial manner, supports Motion, that votes of PELLY, PULESTON and BURDETT-COUTTS on Mombasa Affair shall be struck out. Prince ARTHUR argues on other side; Mr. G. throws weight of his authority into scale against the Exiles; JOKIM feebly attempts to reply. On Division, in full House, Government defeated by five votes. MACNEILL's smile, as he announced the figures, simply enormous. "At first I thought it was an earthquake," said STANHOPE, shuddering. Nerves shattered by second defeat of Government in the week. *Business done.*—Looks as if the Government's was—very nearly.



The Salvationist Solicitor-General.

YE MODERATES OF LONDON!

YE Moderates of London
Who sat at home at ease,
Ah! little did you think upon
The dangerous C. C.'s!
While comfort did surround you,
You did not care to go
To remote
Spots to vote
When the stormy winds did blow.



The Stay-at-Home Voter.

But when the Thames Embankment,
The finest road in town,
Is riotous with tramscars,
Will *that* make rates come down?
Will all these free arrangements,
Free water, gas, do so?
Oh, they may!
Who can say?
And the Companies may go.

When LIDGETT and McDUGALL
Are censors of the play,
We can patronise the Drama
In a strictly proper way;
When PARKINSON's Inspector
Of Ballets, we shall know
He will stop
Any hop
If he sees a dancer's toe.

Such grandmaternal rulers
Will settle life for us,
And Moderates, escaping
All canvassing and fuss,
Can still, from cosy firesides,
Through three long years or so,
Watch whereat
Jumps the cat,
And which way the wind does blow.

LOCKWOOD THE LECTURER.

["Last Tuesday Mr. FRANK LOCKWOOD, Q.C., M.P., delivered a lecture entitled 'The Law and Lawyers of Pickwick,' to a large gathering of the citizens of York, which place he represents in Parliament."—*Daily Telegraph*.]

AIR—"Simon the Cellarer."

OH, LOCKWOOD the Lecturer hath a rare store
Of jo-vi-a-li-tee, [galore,
Of quips, and of cranks, with good stories
For a cheery Q.C. is he!
A cheery Q.C. and M.P.

With pen and with pencil he never doth fail,
And every day he hath got a fresh tale.
"A Big-vig on Pig-vig," he quaintly did say,
When giving his lecture at York t'other day.

For Ho! ho! ho!
FRANK LOCKWOOD can show
How well he his DICKENS
Doth know, know, know!

Chorus.—For Ho! ho! ho! &c.

HOSPITALITY A LA MODE.

["Programmes and introductions are going out of fashion at balls."—*Weekly Paper*.]

SCENE—Interior of a Drawing-room during a dance. Sprightly Damsel disengaged looking out for a partner. She addresses cheerful-looking Middle-aged Gentleman, who is standing near her.

She. I am not quite sure whether I gave you this waltz?

He. Nor I. But I hope you did. I am afraid it is nearly over, but we shall still have time for a turn. [They join the dancers.]

She. Too many people here to-night to make waltzing pleasant.

He. Yes, it is rather crowded. Shall we sit out?

She (thankfully, as he has not quite her step). If you like. And see, the band is bringing things to a conclusion. Don't you hate a *cornet* in so small a room as this? So dreadfully loud, you know.

He. Quite. Yes, I think it would have been better to have kept to the piano and the strings.

She. But the place is prettily decorated. It must have cost them a lot, getting all these flowers.

He. I daresay. No doubt they managed it by contract. And lots of things come from Algeria nowadays. You can get early vegetables in winter for next to nothing.

She. Yes, isn't it lovely? All these palms, I suppose, came from the Stores.

He. No doubt. By the way, do you know the people of the house at all?

She. Not much. Fact was, I was brought. Couldn't find either the host or hostess. Such a crowd on the staircase, you know.

He. Yes. Rather silly asking double the number of people the rooms will hold, isn't it?

She. Awfully. However, I suppose it pleases some folks. I presume they consider it the swagger thing to do?

He. I suppose they do. Do you know many people here?

She. Not a soul, or—

He. You would not have spoken to me?

She. Well, no—not exactly that. But—

He. You have no better excuse ready. Quite.

She. How rude you are! You know I didn't quite mean that.

He. No, not quite. Quite.

She. By the way, do you know what time it is?

He. Well, from the rooms getting less crowded, I fancy it must be the supper hour. May I not take you down?

She. You are most kind! But do you know the way?

He. I think so. You see, I have learned the geography of the place fairly well.

She. How fortunate! But if I accept your kindness, I think I should have the honour of knowing your name.

He. Certainly; my name is SMITH.

She. Any relation of the people who are giving the dance?

He. Well, yes. I am giving the dance myself—or rather, my wife is.

She. Oh, this is quite too delightful! For now you can tell me what to avoid.

He. Certainly; and I have the pleasure of speaking to—?

She. You must ask my *chaperon* for my name. You know, introductions are not the fashion.

He. And your *chaperon* is—?

She. Somewhere or other. In the meanwhile, if you will allow me?

He (offering his arm). Quite!

[*Exeunt to supper.*]

MR. PUNCH'S UP-TO-DATE POETRY FOR CHILDREN.

No. I.—"LITTLE MISS MUFFIT."

LITTLE Miss MUFFIT
Reposed on a tuffet,
Consuming her curds and whey—
She had dozens of dolls,
And some cash in Consols
Put by for a rainy day.



But though calm and content
While she drew Three per Cent.,
The Conversion unsettled her mien,
And she said, "Though they've
thrown us
This Five-Shilling Bonus,
I cannot brook Two pounds fifteen!"

Comes a Broker—outsider—
Who chanced to have spied her,
And "Options" and "Pools" he extols—
When he pictures the profit
(Commission small off it),
She cheerfully sells her Consols.

Then she starts operations
With fierce speculations
In Stocks of all manner and shape;
But whatever she chooses
Her "cover" she loses,
And sees it run off on the tape.

So alas! for Miss MUFFIT—
She now has to rough it,
And never gets jam with her tea;
While the Bucket-shop Dealer
Employs a four-wheeler,
Regardless of L. S. and D.

"The Frogs" at Oxford.

SCENE—Parlour of Private House, Oxford.
TIME—Quite recently. Cook wishes to speak to her Mistress.

Cook. Please, 'm, I should like to go out this evening, 'm, which it's to see them Frogs at the New Theatre.

Mistress. But it's all Greek, and you won't understand it.

Cook. O yes, 'm. I once saw the Per-formin' Fleas, and they was French, I believe, leastways a Frenchman were showin' of 'em, and I unnerstood all as was necessary. [After this, of course she obtains permission.]

MRS. RAM's Uncle (on the maternal side) has recently joined the religious sect known as the Plymouth Brethren. This has greatly distressed the good Lady. "If it had been anything else," she says, "a Moravian Missionary, or a Christian Brother-in-law, I wouldn't have minded. But to think that an Uncle of mine should have become a Yarmouth Bloater is a little hard on a poor woman no longer in her idolescence."

WILFUL WILHELM.

An Imperial German Nursery Rhyme. (From the very latest Edition of "Struwwelpeter.")



Wilful Wilhelm. "TAKE THE NASTY PUNCH AWAY!
I WON'T HAVE ANY PUNCH TO-DAY!"

YOUNG WILHELM was a wilful lad,
And lots of "cheek" young WILHELM had.

He deemed the world should hail with joy
A smart and self-sufficient boy,

And do as it by *him* was told;
He was so wise, he was so bold.

If anyone dared stop his play,
He screamed out—"Take the wretch away!
Oh, take my enemy away!
I won't have any foes to-day!"

His old adviser WILHELM swore
Was a pig-headed senile bore.
He meant to try another tack,
So his Old Pilot got the sack.
Nay more, one day, in a fierce squall,
He smashed his picture on the wall;
Tore up the papers when they said
He was a little "off his head."
He yelled, in his despotic way,
"Not any Press for me," I say!
"Oh, take that nasty *Punch* away!
I won't have any *Punch* to-day!"

He deemed himself, and this was odd,
A sort of new Olympian god;
And when the wise, who watched his whim,
Sighed, "Have the gods demented him?
Quem deus vult, et cetera," he
Was just as mad as mad could be;
And, just like other angry boys,
Kicked over tables, smashed his toys,
And cried out, "Take the things away!
I'll have nought but new toys to-day!"

"Prudence?" he yelled; "what do I care?"
And here he kicked the old pet Bear
His sire and grandsire had so cherished,
Till the old policy had perished
With Wilful WILHELM, who preferred
The Eagles. With a pole he stirred
Big Bruin up. "Oh, I'll surprise him!
And, if he growls, I'll 'pulverise' him."
Some thought that picking rows with Bruin
Meant folly, if it did not ruin;
But when they whispered words of warning,
Then Wilful WILHELM, counsel scorning,
Shrieked, "Take the nasty brute away!
I won't have any Bears to-day!"

Now, WILHELM, do not be absurd,
But listen to a friendly word!
You are a clever boy, no doubt,
And very smart, and very stout,
Like young AUGUSTUS, dainty eater,
Whose story is in *Struwwelpeter*.
Did'st ever read those truthful stories,
Good Dr. HEINRICH HOFFMANN's glories,
Which round the world have travelled gaily,
By Nursery pets consulted daily?
If not, just get "Shock-headed PETER";
Read of AUGUSTUS, the soup-eater,
And stuck-up "JOHNNY Head-in-Air,"
Who came down "bump" all unaware,
And "Fidgety PHILIP." You'll confess them
Pointed,—and don't try to suppress them,
Like Princes, party-men and papers
Which can't admire *all* your mad capers!
My Wilful WILHELM, you'll not win
By dint of mere despotic din;
By kicking everybody over
In whom a critic you discover,
Or shouting in your furious way,
"Oh, take the nasty *Punch* away!
I won't have any *Punch* to-day!"

WHAT THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, MR. PUNCH, SAYS TO THE ARTISTS' CORPS.—
"Gentlemen, you would no doubt like a brush with the enemy, to whom you will always show a full face. Any colourable pretence for a skirmish won't suit your palette. You march with the colours, and, like the oils, you will never run. You all look perfect pictures, and everybody must admire your well-knit frames. Gentlemen, I do not know whether you will take my concluding observation as a compliment or not, but I need hardly say that it is meant to be both truthful and complimentary, and it is this, that though you are all Artists, you look perfect models."



CONSCIENTIOUS.

Mr. Boozle (soliloquises). "MY MEDICAL MAN TOLD ME NEVER ON ANY ACCOUNT TO MIX MY WINES. So I'LL FINISH THE CHAMPAGNE FIRST, AND THEN TACKLE THE CLARET!"

"BUTCHER'D TO MAKE—."

[On Monday the 14th a "lion-tamer" was torn to pieces in a show at Hednesford.]

SHAME to the callous French, who goad
The horse that pulls a heavy load!
Shame to the Spanish bull-fight! Shame
To those who make of death a game!
We English are a better race:
We love the long and solemn face;
We fly from any cheerful place,—
On Sunday.

But, other days, we like a show.
There may be danger, as we know;
We put the thought of that aside,
For noble sport is England's pride:
We'd advertise a railway trip,
To see a wretched tamer slip
And die beneath the lion's grip,—
On Monday!

A REALLY EXCEPTIONALLY REMARKABLE AND NOTEWORTHY FACT.—*To-day, Thursday, March 17.*—Fine Spring weather. Have sat for over half-an-hour at a window looking on to the street, between 3'30 and 4'15 P.M., and have not once heard either the whole or any portion of the now strangely popular "*Ta-*

ra-ra-boom-de-ay!"... As I write this... ha!... The grocer's book!... "*Boom-de-ay*" without the "*Ta-ra*." The spell is broken! N.B.—As this delightful song has now a certain number of Music—"hall-marks," the places where it is sung can be spotted and remembered as "*Ta-ra's Halls*."

TO THE YOUNG CITY MEN.

TO MAKE MUCH OF (LUNCHEON) TIME; OR, A COUNSEL TO CLERKS. (AFTER HERRICK.)

GATHER ye fish-bones while ye may,
The luncheon hour is flying,
And this same cod, that's boiled to-day,
To-morrow may be frying.

The handsome clock of ormolu
A quarter past is showing,
And soon 'twill be a quarter to,
When you must think of going.

That man eats best who eats the first,
When fish and plates are warmer,
But being cold, the worse and worst
Fare still succeeds the former.

Then be not coy, but use your lungs,
And while ye may, cry "*Waiter!*"
For having held just now your tongues,
You may repent it later.

PONSCH, PRINCE OF OLLENDORFF.

(M. Maeterlinck's very latest Masterpiece.)

THE Belgian Master has tried, as he has already informed the world, "to write SHAKESPEARE for a company of Marionnettes." Encouraged by his extraordinary success, he has soared higher yet, and adapted our greatest national drama for the purposes of the (Independent) itinerant Stage. We are enabled by the courtesy of his publishers to give a few specimen scenes from this *magnum opus*, which, as will be seen, requires somewhat more elaborate mounting and mechanical effects than are at present afforded by the ordinary Punch Show. In M. MAETERLINCK'S version, Ponsch becomes the Prince of Half-seas-over-Holland; he is the victim of hereditary homicidal mania, complicated by neurotic hysteria. Inflamed by the insinuations of *Mynheer Olenikke*—a kind of Dutch *Mephistopheles* and *Iago* combined—he is secretly jealous of his consort the Princess *Jödi*'s preference for the society of *Djoë*, the Court Jester and Society Clown. Here is our first sample:—

A Chamber in the Castle. Princess Jödi discovered at a window with Djoë.

Jödi. Lo! lo! a shower of stars is falling upon the fowl-house!

Djoë. Oh! oh! a shower of stars upon the fowl-house? (*A water pipe in the back-garden bursts suddenly and splashes them.*) Ah! ah! I am wet all over! Have you a pocket handkerchief?

Jödi. Oh, look! a comet—an enormous one—has descended into the water-butt! The sky is blood-red, and the moon has turned the colour of green cheese. This bodes some disaster!

Djoë. It is unsettled—rainy—unpleasant weather. Can you lend me an umbrella?

Jödi. I cannot lend you an umbrella, because I have lent mine to the gardener's wife. Owls are roosting on the chimney-pots, and a stickleback has jumped out of the pond. Hush, my Lord the Prince approaches!

[*Prince Ponsch enters, bearing a stout staff, which he nurses gloomily, like an infant; a hurricane is heard in the middle distance; the waterpipe sobs strangely and then expires; a blackbeetle comes out of a cupboard and runs uneasily about, until a flash of lightning enters down the chimney and kills it.* PONSCH stands glaring at Djoë and the Princess.

Djoë (hastily). There is going to be a storm. Do not forget what I have uttered. Good evening!

[*He goes; the wind whistles a popular air through the keyhole.* *Jödi (nervously).* What an appalling evening! I have never seen the like of such a sky.

Ponsch. There is something about you this evening—how beautiful you are looking! Bring BEBBI-PONSCH.

Jödi (fetching the Infant Prince). Here he is. Why do you look so strangely at him?

Bebbi-Ponsch (a small, but important part). Is Pa-a-par poorly? Won't he play with me no mo-ore?

Ponsch. The soul of a little stage-child looms from under his green eyes! OLENIKKE was right, and I—No matter. I will open the window.

[*Opens it, and throws BEBBI-P. out. Sound of water-splash audible.*

Jödi. Oh my! Oh my! What have you done? He has fallen right into the moat—on one of the swans!

Ponsch. Indeed—on one of the swans? (*A pot of mignonnette is*

blown off the window-sill by a gust.) I will close the window. (*Closes it; a hailstorm beats on the panes.*) Is that really a hailstorm—or only birds?

Jödi. I can hear nothing. (*P. strikes her suddenly on the head with staff.*) Someone is knocking at my door. Come in! I cannot see anything now.

Ponsch. Can you, indeed, see nothing? [*He strikes her again.*

Jödi. Now I can see stars. I feel as if purple mills were going round in my head. I shall never kiss anybody any more. Oh! oh! oh! [*She dies.*

Ponsch. She was a beautiful woman, do you know? Oh, how lonely I shall feel hereafter! (*A black dog is heard scratching and sniffing outside the door.*) It is only Tobbi. Someone has trod on your toe, my poor Tobbi. Come in. Give me your paw. (*Tobbi enters, and flies suddenly at his nose.*) Oh, my nose is bleeding! Let us go to the pond. I do not know why I feel so melancholy this evening. [*He goes out, pursued by Tobbi.*

FANCY PORTRAIT.



THE HUMBUG-HUNTING FERRET. (VIVERRA LABOUCHERIENSIS.)

The Times (log.). "AH! WONDERFUL INSTINCT, AND OCCASIONALLY USEFUL. BUT I'M NOT PARTICULARLY PARTIAL TO HIM!"

the walls already! Already blood on the walls! (&c.).

The Bedell. The Prince has slain Djoë. Take him into custody.

The B. Ha! ha! ha! (Tries to rise—but is struck again). Ha! ha! (*PONSCH strikes once more.*) Ha!

[*The Bedell dies; a draught enters under the door and blows out two of the candles; a thunderbolt is heard coming down-stairs, and the Ghost of Jödi suddenly appears from behind a tapestry representing "The Finding of Moses."*

Ponsch (to Ghost). Have you any hearse-plumes at hand? Do not be angry with me. Can you hear my teeth? I am only a poor little old man. Will you please undo my necktie? (*cf. "King Lear"*). Let us go to breakfast. Will there be muffins for breakfast?

[*Exit, leaning heavily on Ghost's arm.* One more such night as this, and all our heads would have gone bald!

SAMPLE No. III.—*The Courtyard with a scaffold and gibbet. A blood-red moon is sailing amid the currant-bushes, and a shower of stars proceeds uninterruptedly.* PONSCH discovered looking through the fatal noose.

SAMPLE No. II.—*A Hall in Castle Ollendorff. A Marionette Theatre at the back of Stage. Djoë, a Belgian Bedell, and Dutch Dolls-in-waiting discovered.*

Djoë. Green flames are running along the walls, and blue globes are bounding about the back garden. I have never seen such a night. Here comes the Prince.

[*Enter PONSCH, conscience-stricken; all bow.*

Ponsch. I am not melancholy, but I have hardly any hair. Let the Play commence!

Curtain of Marionette Show rises; a Clown is seen chasing a butterfly.

A Councillor. Oh! oh! oh! [*Uproar; the Clown and Butterfly are withdrawn. A Skeleton appears on the Stage, and dances his head and limbs off in a blue light.*

Ponsch (rising). That was done purposely! You are driving at something. Confess it! Is there no topic more cheerful? I cannot bear it any longer!

[*Knocks down Djoë with his staff. A combat, during which Djoë several times obtains possession of the weapon, and wounds PONSCH. N.B.—Note the striking resemblance here to the similar, but very inferior, Scenes in "Hamlet."*

The Dutch Dolls (running about). Both of them bleeding already! There's blood on

Djacketch (the Court Executioner). Can you see anything through the loop?

Ponsch. Not yet. I cannot see the audience anywhere.

Djak. No; we are probably above the heads of the audience. But can't you distinguish Mr. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE?

Ponsch. Wait one moment. No, I cannot see Mr. SHAKSPEARE anywhere.

Djak. Because he has had to take a back seat. Look again. Can you see nothing?

Ponsch. I can make out an omnibus in the street. It is green.

Djak. Ay, ay! A Bayswater 'bus. They are green. But don't you see any of the general public?

Ponsch. I can see Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER, and some new Critics, and unconventional Dramatists. They are following the text with books of the Play. But there are no more errand-boys with baskets.

Djak. This is wonderful. No more errand-boys with baskets?

Ponsch. No more small children with babies!

Djak. No more small children? Do pray let me look. (*PONSCH retires, and DJACKETCH puts his head through the loop.*) Oh, I can see plainly now. There is not a single spectator left. They have all been bored to death!

Ponsch. All bored to death? Now then, lift your head a little, and I will fondle you. [*Pulls the cord towards himself.*]

Djak. Oh, what have you put round my neck? Oh me! You are going to . . . oh, you are!

Ponsch. Oh, I am!

Djak. Then—oh!

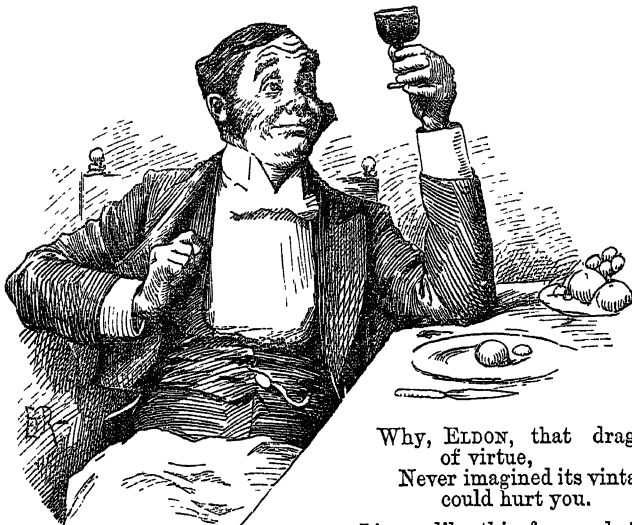
Ponsch. Oh!

[*Exeunt all, except DJACKETCH, who ceases kicking gradually. A peacock is heard warbling in a cemetery round the corner; a barn-door fowl jumps on a wheelbarrow, and crows.*]

FINIS.

HORACE IN LONDON.

TO A CRUSTED OLD PORT. (*AD AMPHORAM.*)



Why, ELTON, that dragon
of virtue,
Never imagined its vintage
could hurt you.

Liquor like this from a bottle
whose crust is whole,
Liquor like this rubs the rust
from the rusty soul;
The faddist it mellows: the
private
Secrets of State it can some-
how arrive at.

Under its spell frolics Hypochon-
driasis; [naire's bias is,
Poverty learns what a million-
Yes, Poverty, such a spell under,
Laughs at the County Court's
impotent thunder.

Fill, then! A bumper we'll
empty between us to
Bacchus, the *Pas-de-trois* Graces,
and Venus too, [man—
With all of that classical ilk,
Till the stars fade with the
morn and the milkman.

OLD liquor born on my birthday,
a twin to me,
Whether ordained wit and mirth
to put into me,
Or passions that witch and
defy us,
Or, peradventure, the sleep
of the pious.

Vaunt not its shippers, my friend,
but produce it—an
Actual, "forty-five," languorous
Lusitan,
Befitting, whate'er be its
label,
You, my good host, and the
guest at your table.

Steeped though you frown in this
dryasdust clever age,
Dare you presume to resist such
a beverage?

THE "TA-RA-RA" BOOM.

(*By Our Own Melancholy Muser.*)

I AM shrouded in impenetrable gloom-de-ay,

For I feel I'm being driven to my doom-de-ay,

By an aggravating ditty

Which I don't consider witty;

And they call the horrid thing, "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!"

Every 'bus-conductor, errand-boy, and groom-de-ay,
City clerk, and cheeky crossing-sweep with broom-de-ay

Makes my nervous system bristle

As he tries to sing or whistle

That atrocious and absurd "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!"

So I sit in the seclusion of my room-de-ay,

And deny myself to all—no matter whom-de-ay—

For I dread a creature coming

Whose involuntary humming

May assume the fatal form, "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!"

Oh, I fear that when the Summer roses bloom-de-ay,

You will read upon a well-appointed tomb-de-ay:—

"Influenza never lick'd him,

But he fell an easy victim

To that universal scourge—"Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ONE of the Baron's Assistant Readers has been reading a really interesting, well written novel in two volumes, by MARY BRADFORD-WHITING. It is called *Denis O'Neil*, and tells of the adventures of a young Irish Doctor who gets entangled in the plots of one of those Secret Societies that used to exist in "the most distressful country that ever yet was seen," some twenty years ago. The romance contains some clever sketches of character. The story (published by BENTLEY) ends sadly, and those who want to find fault with it will say it is too short.

The Leadenhall Press,—immortalised by its invention of that invaluable work of art, "The Hairless Author's Paper Pad," which the Baron herewith and hereby strongly recommends to Mr. GLADSTONE, who has so much writing to do with a pad on his knee, and for this purpose Mr. G. would find this the "*knee plus ultra*" of inventions,—this same Leadenhall Press has recently published a story without a title, offering a reward of £100 to any individual, or to be divided between such individuals, as may guess it. The story is in effect about a youth who lost his right eye in fighting another boy, and who subsequently revenged himself by depriving his antagonist of an eye by a violent stroke at Lawn-tennis. What can be the title? The Baron has had the following suggestions made to him:—

"An Eye for an Eye,"

"The Egotist," "My Eye!"

"Aye! aye!" "Ocular Demonstration,"

"A Man of One Eye-dear!" "Eyes Righted," "One Left," "The Other Eye,"

"Two Pupils and One Eye," "You and Eye," "The Eyes Have It."

The Baron "winks the other eye," and will be very glad should any hint of his have assisted a deserving person to gain the reward offered by Mr. TVER. *En attendant* the Baron has hit upon a still more novel idea. He will write some contributions towards short stories, and his readers shall finish them. The terms will be these:—The Baron commences a chapter, or a few lines of it, and leaves it unfinished, then his readers shall finish the sentence, and sometimes the chapter, for themselves. If the sentence, or the chapter, as the case may be, shall turn out to be exactly what the Baron would have written had he continued it, then he, the Baron, will award £100 to the successful candidate, or will award a division of that sum among the successful candidates. Every competitor shall pay the Baron £50. And to insure such payment, each competitor's cheque for this amount must accompany his or her contribution.

EXAMPLE.—CHAPTER I.—The harvest-moon was slowly rising. The heather, dried and burnt by the mid-day sun, appeared, to the eye unaccustomed to this aspect of the country, to be merely a rugged divergence from the main road. Descending carefully from his dog-cart, a small man in a big coat, muffled up to the eyes, proceeded leisurely to—

Now, then, what did he leisurely proceed to do? There's a fortune in it!—somewhere!—says

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.





STUDIES IN ANIMAL LIFE.

THE GOORMONG. (*Epicuri de Grege Porcus. British Isles.*)

Mr. Huggins. 'WHAT A 'EAVENLY DINNER IT WAS!'

Mr. Buggins. "B'LIEVE YER! MYKES YER WISH YER WAS BORN 'OLLER!"

SPRING TIME IN LEAP YEAR;

OR, THE JOLLY BATHERS.

*First Jolly Bather (singing, quaveringly):—*Spring's delights are now rev-i-i-v-i-i-ng,
Verdant leaflets deck each spr-a-ay!*Second Jolly Bather (impatiently). Don't, ARTHUR, make that row! B-r-r-r! (Shivers.) Spring's delights, indeed! And as to the "verdant leaflets" (unless you mean election squibs), where are they?**First Ditto. Ah, "verdant leaflets" not a bad name for Financial Reform tracts, et ad genus omne. Touch of your old satirical Saturday-Reviewish style there, Nunky!**Second Ditto (hastily). Oh, bother! What are we here for?**First Ditto (coolly). Why, to bathe, I presume.**Second Ditto. Bah! One would think, ARTHUR, we belonged to that society of lunatics who make a point of taking a matutinal plunge in the Serpentine every morning, all the year round, even if they have to break the ice to do it! Ineffable idiots! [Curls up.**First Ditto. Well, we may as well put a good face on it, Uncle. [Grimaces.**Second Ditto. Ah, yes, you can say so—at your age, ARTHUR. I like my morning tub in my bath-room—with the chill off. [Wraps his towel round his neck.**First Ditto. (Sings again, tremolo):—*Why linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away?*Second Ditto (sharply). Why, you're at it again, ARTHUR! And a Conventicler's hymn, too, this time. I'm a-a-shamed of you.**First Ditto. Ah! that's what LABOUCHERE, O'KELLY, CONYBEARE, and Company say! I don't mind; in fact, as I told 'em, I rather like it. Does me a world of good.**Second Ditto (admiringly). Ah! you have got a nerve, ARTHUR. I will say that for you. Still, you've been giving them something to "guy" you about lately, you know.**First Ditto (sharply). Ah! have I? Well, "I can assure you that I am the last person in the world to object to a process from which I have profited so much."**Second Ditto. Oh, yes, that was all very well for them, ever yonder. In fact, I own it was rather neatly put.**First Ditto (silly). Didn't "lack finish," was sufficiently "ad unquem," eh, Nunky?**Second Ditto (moodily). Ah! what do you youngsters know about those fine old fighting days? I didn't love DIZZY, but he was a neat hand with the foils, boy.**First Ditto. Especially in a bout with a friend,—with the buttons off. But I say, this isn't bathing, you know!**Second Ditto. No. (Eyeing the stream distastefully). Hadn't we better postpone the pleasure till a little later in the season, ARTHUR. When those "Spring's delights" of which you melodiously twangle are a leetle more en évidence.**First Ditto (pipes). Hawthorn buds give joyful tidings.*

Welcome, youths, 'tis bright bath-day!

Second Ditto. Ah! if we're here to do the Eclogue business, STREPHON can take his turn, as well as CORYDON. [Sings.

Let us plunge into the ri-i-i-v-e-e-r!

Leave our vesture on the bank!

*First Ditto. Bless me, STREPHON, how you shi-i-v-e-e-r!**Second Ditto. 'Tis like a fishmonger's tank!**First Ditto. Pooh! 'tis lovely—when you're in it;*

One bold header, and 'tis done!

Second Ditto. Ah, quite so, but—wait a minute,

Till I've warmed me with a run.

That will stir my circulation;

For the moment I am "friz."

First Ditto. Magnifique! my dear relation;

But, you'll own, it is not "biz."

*Both. We must o-o-o-ow-n it is not "biz!"**Second Ditto. Well, no, I suppose it isn't, ARTHUR. By the way, what's that row behind there?**First Ditto (looking). By Jove! it's that Gladstone gang! They've tracked us! (Sings)—*

They're after us! They're after us!

We're the individuals they require.

*Second Ditto (sardonically). What a lyric répertoire you have, ARTHUR! Old English glee, Puritan psalmody, Music-hall song, all come equally well to you, it seems. But those roughs mean mischief, Nephew mine!**First Ditto. Doubtless! They always do. And they've done*



SPRING TIME IN LEAP YEAR.

SALISBURY. "DON'T YOU THINK, NEPHEW ARTHUR, WE'D BETTER *PLUNGE*—BEFORE WE'RE *PUSHED*?"

some lately, drat them! I say, wouldn't they like to shove us in, as they did the old witches, to see if we can swim?

Second Ditto. By Jove! I shouldn't wonder if they tried. Don't you think, ARTHUR, (*valiantly*) it would be better, more manly, and more politic, perchance, to plunge in than to be pushed?

First Ditto (drily). Ah! just as the brave sheep—

"Committed suicide to save themselves from slaughter."

Second Ditto. Oh, hang your quotations! Happy omen! 'Tis Leap Year, is it not? Just a leap; though, like DERBY's, it be "in the dark," and—well, we shall know where we are, *anyhow*!

First Ditto. Ah, just so; and that's something!
[Left considering.]

"CLERK ME NO CLERKS."

It seems Sir E. C., Q.C., likes

The blatant, brazen, Boothian band,

Admires "abstaining" zeal that strikes

The biggest drum with boldest hand.

He says, "You must not judge some others' case
By tastes much more refined," less commonplace.

Yet, as Sir EDWARD disagrees

With those whose tastes he thus divined,

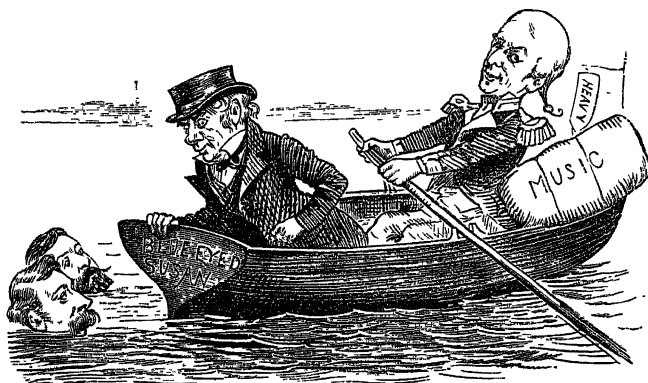
It's manifestly clear he sees

His taste in music's not "refined."

'Twas written long ago by CHAUCER's pen,
"The grettest clerkes ben not the wisest men."

"MY DEAR EYES! WHAT! SEE-USAN!"

At the Prince of Wales's, Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS, as *Captain Crosstree*, is more ARTHUR ROBERTS than ever, and, consequently, immensely droll. While he is on the stage, the audience is convulsed with spasmodic laughter, excepting when he tries to forget himself and his drollery in a loyal attempt at doing justice to Messrs. SIMS' AND PETTITT's words, and to the serious business of some situation intended to be dramatic. At such moments the laughter of the House is checked, a sudden gloom comes over the faces that were but now on the broad grin, even the lineaments of Mr. ROBERTS become agonised, and the audience, like *Christopher Sly* when bored by the Duke's players, mutter to themselves, "would t'were done." But these painful seconds, which, at the time, seem hours, are, we are glad to say, but brief and passing shadows over Mr. ROBERTS' own quaint humour which speedily reasserts itself, and, the Pettitt-and-



Arthur Roberts (to Arthur Williams). "The boat's getting along nicely, now we've got rid of some of the heavy cargo."

Sims fetters being cast aside, the People's ARTHUR is himself again, and more so than ever. And, when he is himself, he is simply the most absurd person that ever faced the footlights.

Miss NELLIE STEWART is a pretty singing, dancing, twisting, twirling Susan. But what induced handsome Miss MARION BURTON, once so gay and sprightly as *Cherubino* in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, to essay this musically dreary part of *William*, and, further, to wear a costume about as unlike that of the nautical and traditional *William* as can well be imagined, is a puzzle to anyone who



TEMPTATION.

Hairdresser. "ANY BAY-RUM, SIR?"

Middy. "THANK YOU—A—NO! NOT QUITE SO EARLY IN THE MORNING—YOU KNOW!"

knows what she *has* done and *can* do. Not a bit of dash in the character; all the good old conventional British Tar taken right out of it. She can indeed say with the fool in *The Yeomen of the Guard*, "I've got a song to sing, oh!" for she has two or three, but her "voice is wasted on the desert air," as they go for nothing, and therefore probably nobody else could make them go for anything.

Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS is funny, but his Variety Show scene, with soliloquy and song, is too long; or rather, it would not be too long, if the piece were only cut down to a two hours' entertainment.

Let this "Comic Opera," for so it is described in the bills, be cut down as ruthlessly, but not as blindly, as *William* cut down *Crosstree*: let something catching be substituted for most of the music of the First Act,—specially omitting the "Why, certainly!" interpolation, which is a feeble but evident imitation of Mr. W. S. GILBERT's classic "What, never?" "Well, hardly ever;" let the music of the Second Act be taken out by handfuls, and, if possible, let what remains be replaced by something sparkling; then, with less of sweet but sad *William*—for the present version of the part is quite "BURTON's *Anatomy of Melancholy*,"—with less of fascinating but squirming *Susan*, far less of minor characters generally, and more, by comparison, of the two MACS—meaning the two ARTHURS with the plural names ROBERTS and WILLIAMS,—also a telling song for Mr. CHAUNCEY OLCOTT (whose singing now wins an *encore* for an indifferent ballad),—with the Captain's-giggy hornpipe of Mr. WILLIE WARD retained, as also the graceful dancing of Miss KATIE SEYMOUR, and then, omitting as much of the plot and authors' written dialogue as can be conveniently spared,—very little of it would be missed,—there is no rhyme or reason why *Blue-Eyed Susan* should not run on as a Variety Entertainment for any number of nights and days, during which fresh material can be constantly substituted by Messrs. ROBERTS & Co. of the Drollery Company, Unlimited, without racking the fertile brains of Messrs. PETTITT AND SIMS.



A Mug of Burton.



THE SALVATION HOUSE OF COMMONS. OUR PARLIAMENTARY ARTIST'S DREAM, MARCH 10.



ONE FOR HIM.

Major Spoonleigh. "AND YOU RIDE SO WELL, AND—ER—YOU DRIVE SO WONDERFULLY WELL, AND—ER—YOU DANCE SO—ER—BEAUTIFULLY, AND YOU—ER—PLAY LAWN-TENNIS SO—ER—EXQUISITELY, AND—ER—OF COURSE YOU FISH ALSO?"

Mrs. Dasher. "NEVER FOR COMPLIMENTS, I ASSURE YOU; AND CERTAINLY NOT IN SHALLOW WATERS!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 14.—JACKSON turned up to-night answering questions from Irish Members. This reminds us he's

Irish Secretary. Been so of course since Parliament met; but quite forgotten it. Mention this to the SPEAKER who looked a little dull while Captain PRICE was discoursing on Navy Affairs in Committee of Supply. So went up to have a little chat with him in the Chair.

"My dear TOBY," he said, "I don't know whether you meant it, but you've paid JACKSON the highest compliment it is possible to convey. When in these times the CHIEF SECRETARY so manages to conduct business of his department that he himself is temporarily forgotten, he's doing it surpassingly well. My big brother ROBERT was once Chief Secretary, though perhaps you forget that also. He resigned because, as he said, there was not enough work to keep an active man going. That was long time ago. I daresay you had no chance of forgetting during the last five years that Prince ARTHUR was Chief Secretary?"

Cannot claim to have invented the compliment the SPEAKER

discerned; merely mentioning matter of fact; but, as he says, when in these days a Chief Secretary manages to get himself forgotten, the wheels at the Irish Office must be going pretty smoothly. JACKSON has not brought about this miraculous change by laying himself out to flatter or court Irish Members. He is exactly the same as he was when he filled office of Financial Secretary; doubtless the same as when he looked after his tanyard in Yorkshire. Goes straight to the point in simple unaffected business manner that ruffles no sensibilities. Fancy he could tan a hide in such a way that it would not feel any resentment.

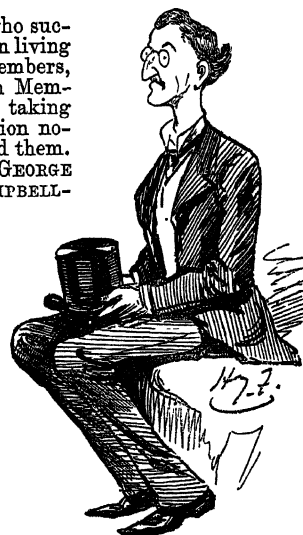
A predecessor at the Irish Office who succeeded, in more troublesome times, in living on peaceable terms with Irish Members, was CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN. Irish Members, swift judges of character, taking measure of both, came to conclusion nothing to be gained by rowing round them. What killed FORSTER, and turned GEORGE TREVELYAN's hair grey, made CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN smile—not an offensive smile, but one of interested amusement. JACKSON's sense of humour not so keen, but his imperturbability even more impregnable. If Irish Member trailed his coat before him, JACKSON would say, "My dear fellow, won't you get cold? Let me help you on with your coat."

SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, a judge on this particular point, says the MARKISS missed the greatest chance he has had for six months in not putting JACKSON in place of OLD MORALITY.

"Precious good thing for us, TOBY," says the SQUIRE, "that he didn't. JACKSON the very model



Chief Secretary.



T. P. Gill.

of a Leader of House, and Prince ARTHUR—well he's Prince ARTHUR."

"But I suppose you don't mean." I venture to ask, "that JACKSON is the exclusive type of a successful Leader?"

"No," says the SQUIRE, with a far-away look.

Business done.—Two Votes in Supply.

Tuesday.—Spent doleful afternoon in Committee of Supply. Circumstances call upon Members below Gangway, Radicals or Irishmen, to come to front, and make at least show of doing something. SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE pricks up his ears when Chairman puts question to allow £6 7s. 11d. on account of Sheerness Police Court. Why should Northampton contribute its quota, however small, to expenses of Sheerness Police Court? Debate and Division; after which, the SAGE retired to smoke cigarette through rest of afternoon, and discuss probable date of Dissolution.

Then Irish Members come on. Cream seems spooned off the mass in preparation for festivities on St. Patrick's Day, and only the

skimmiest of skim milk left. WEBB wobbles to the front; talks out vote for Chicago Royal Committee, although ATTORNEY-GENERAL tells him it will be all right as to Irish interests; being now close upon ten minutes to seven, when Committee must adjourn, WEBSTER hasn't time to make detailed explanations, but promises to do so on Report. WEBB maunders on all the same, and Vote postponed.

Great day for FLYNN. TIM HEALY thinks he's pretty smart as a debater; SEXTON believes he knows a thing or two; O'BRIEN is understood to be something of an orator. FLYNN will show House how all these qualities may be combined in one man. Does it by the tiresome twenty minutes, the lamentable half-hour; popping up on every question with comically judicial air; talking on with fatal feeble flatulent fluency, whilst GILL sits nursing his hat awaiting his turn.

Alack for Irish humour, eloquence and deviltry, that it should come to this!

Whilst FLYNN once again turns on the tap of his tepid dish-water, news comes that Lord HAMPDEN died this morning in far-off Pau. HAMPDEN was the BRAND who sat in Chair during Parliament of 1874, and wrestled nightly with the "bhoys" when they were in their prime—Major O'GORMAN rollicking through the night; JOSEPH GILLIS with lean hand outstretched and his "It seems to me, Mr. SPEAKER"; PARNELL in the white heat of passion; DELAHUNTY with his One Pound Notes, and poor MCCARTHY DOWNING with his scared look and his indescribable but unmistakable air of one accustomed to frequent the best society in Skibbereen.

After a fourth speech from FLYNN, with another to follow from WEBB, one almost envies the EX-SPEAKER lying at rest at the foot of the Pyrenees.

Business done.—A few Votes in Supply.

Thursday.—St. Patrick's Day in the evening. Irish Members rose to occasion; indeed, at one time O'KELLY and JOHN O'CONNOR rose together; remained on their legs in defiance of Standing Orders and angry protest of Chairman. Seemed as if someone must be suspended *pour encourager les autres*. Storm suddenly stilled; rising passion subdued by appearance of ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS on the scene, wanting to know about the Refreshment-bar in the Lobby,

which, he said, was lowering to the dignity and respectability of House.

Friday 12.15 A.M.—All this in Committee of Supply, which came to end at midnight. Then Report of Supply brought on; uproar renewed; Vote for Irish Teachers' Pension Fund under discussion. Irish Members mysteriously disappeared; SEXTON, understood to have ready prodigious speech on the subject, nowhere to be found. "JOHN O'CONNOR," NOLAN hoarsely whispered, "you have the longest legs in the Party; go and look up the bhoys, and I'll talk!"

Silently but swiftly LONG JOHN stole forth on his mission; NOLAN nobly performed his part. At end of forty minutes' breathless talk, the Colonel, feeling his mouth growing parched, moved adjournment of House. SPEAKER didn't recognise relevancy of argument; declined to put the question.

"The Hon. Member," he said, "has spoken for forty minutes, and not given a single reason in favour of his proposal."

"I was coming to that point," said NOLAN, "and, if it is quite in order, I will now approach it."

Ruled out of order. LONG JOHN, back from his foray, in course of which had hunted up SEXTON, threw himself into breach; moved the adjournment for irresistible reason.

"I object," he said, "to this important subject being dealt with at nearly one o'clock in the morning on St. Patrick's night."

T. W. RUSSELL condescended with his compatriots below Gangway on difficulties of situation. "Certainly hard," he said, "that on St. Patrick's night they should be called upon to discuss questions involving facts and figures." BALFOUR opposed adjournment; CONYBEARE strode in; commenced what promised to be long speech; Prince ARTHUR moved Closure; carried by nearly a hundred majority.

1.35 A.M.—House just back after division on question of adjournment; Ministerialists in full muster and full of fight; 41 for adjournment, 121 against. As if nothing been said during previous hour-and-half, ILLINGWORTH urges Prince ARTHUR to concede adjournment.

Prince ARTHUR rises to reply. Irish Members, pulling themselves together, walk steadily out, amid ribald laughter from Ministerialists. Once more the CURSE of CAMBOURNE turns up. This seems, quite naturally, to suggest the Closure; sort of automatic procedure; CONYBEARE—Closure. One more division just to wind up, and at ten minutes past two Vote carried and House up.

Business done.—Revival of old times.

Saturday, 1.20 A.M.—House just up, after prolonged wrangle, lasting, with interval for dinner, straight through from two o'clock yesterday afternoon. Met then for Morning Sitting designed to make progress with financial business. For four hours disputed how business was to be arranged. This left one hour for doing it. Sitting suspended at seven, resumed at nine.

At it again, talking about Royalties on Gold in Wales, Domestic Policy in Zululand, the Irish Question in the Falkland Islands, and Parliamentary Reporting. All this led gently up to passing of Vote on Account; a conclusion finally arrived at with the assistance of the Closure.

Business done.—Vote on Account taken.



The Storm in the Reform Club Tea-Cup.

"TIS MERRY IN HALL."

"WHAT'S in an 'at without an 'ed?" DISTAFFINA DE COCKAIGNE was wont to inquire, and "what's an 'all" (of Music like the London Pavilion) "without a NED" in the shape of Mr. EDWARD SWANBOROUGH, the all-knowing yet ever-green Acting Manager at this place of entertainment, who possessing the secret of perpetual youth in all the glory



"Knock'd 'em!"

of ever-resplendent hat and ever-dazzling shirt-front, ushers us into the Stalls in time to hear the best part of an excellent all-round show. It is sad to think that, probably as we were disputing with the cabman, the celebrated Miss BOOM-TE-RÉ-SA, alias LOTTIE COLLINS, Serious Comic and Dancer, was "booming" and "teraying" before the eyes of a delighted audience. Strange that we should not yet have heard the great original. But as she is not (so to adapt a line from the "Last Rose of Summer") "left booming alone," we have not escaped hearing several of her male and female imitators who, by her kind permission and that of her publishers, trade on her present exceptional success. However, when we entered the Stalls, Miss BOOM-TE-RÉ-SA had disappeared, and somebody with a song had "intervened"—a mode of proceeding not necessarily limited to the Queen's Proctor—before the object of our visit walked on to the stage, and when he did come a pretty object he was too, seeing that it was Mr. ALBERT CHEVALIER, the unequalled and inimitable Comedian of the Costermongers. He is a thorough artist in this particular line, and no indifferent one in others; but his Coster ballads are artistically first rate. The fashion of calling English singers by Italian names is on the wane, otherwise Mr. ALBERT CHEVALIER, of French extraction, would find an excellent Italian alias, closely associated with the operatic and musical professions, and most appropriate to the line he has adopted, in the name of "SIGNOR COSTA." The melody of Mr. CHEVALIER's "Coster's Serenade," of which, I rather think, he is the composer as well as librettist, is as charming as it is strikingly original. After the *Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche* had retired, clever and sprightly Miss JENNY HILL gave as a taste of lodging-house-keeperism, following whom came the Two MACs belabouring each other in their old hopelessly idiotic, but always utterly irresistible style; and then Lieutenant W. COLE—King COLE we "crowned him long ago"—gave his ventriloquial entertainment, who, with his troop of talking dolls, should have his address at Dollis Hill. There were many "turns" yet to follow when we left, at a comparatively early hour; and so, to quote old PEPPYS, "home with much content."

"TO HAVE AND TO HOLD."

Big promises and Party scoldings [ings.]
Won't cure "Small Savings" by "Small Hold-

THE MARVELS OF MODERN SCIENCE.

SCENE—Interior of Small Box containing telephone with book of addresses. Enter hurriedly Impatient Subscriber.

Impatient Subscriber (turning over leaves of address-book). Of course I can't find it! Ah! here it is! 142086. (Rings bell of telephone, and listens with receivers to his ear.) Now I have forgotten it! (Puts back receivers on rests, and refers again to book. Telephone bell rings in answer. He hurries back and calls. One hundred and forty-two nought eighty-six.

First Voice (from telephone). One hundred and forty-two?

Imp. Sub. Yes, and nought eighty-six.

First Voice. Which do you want?

Imp. Sub. Why, both.

First Voice. You can't. Must have one at a time.

Imp. Sub. It's only one. One four two nought eight six.

First Voice. One four two nought eight six?

Imp. Sub. Yes, please. One four two nought eight six.

First Voice. Very well. Why didn't you give the number before?

Imp. Sub. (angrily). Well, I have given it now. (He listens intently, exclaiming now and again, "Are you there?" and then rings.) One four two nought eight six, please.

First Voice (after a pause). What!

Imp. Sub. One four two nought eight six, please.

First Voice (as if the number is now heard for the first time). One four two nought eight six?

Imp. Sub. Yes, please. And look sharp!

First Voice. What?

Imp. Sub. One four two nought eight six.

First Voice. I hear. One four two nought eight six.

[The communication is cut off for a couple of minutes.

Imp. Sub. (for the sixth time). Are you there?

Second Voice. Yes. Who is it?

Imp. Sub. I am BOSH, BOODLE & Co.

Second Voice. RUSH, RUDDLE & Co.?

Imp. Sub. No. BOSH, BOODLE & Co.

First Voice. Have you finished?

Imp. Sub. No, no—we are still speaking. I want to know if you have sent that case of champagne to BUMBLETON?

Second Voice. What? I can't hear you.

Imp. Sub. (speaking very slowly, as if dictating to imperfectly educated infants). Have—you—sent—that—case—of—cham—pagne—to BUM—BLE—TON?

Second Voice (puzzled). Sent a case of champagne?

First Voice (interposing). Have you finished?

Imp. Sub. No, we are still speaking. Yes—have you sent a case of champagne to BUMBLETON?

Second Voice. Sent a case of champagne to BUMBLETON? No; why should we?

Imp. Sub. Because you promised TICKLEBY you would.

Second Voice (evidently perplexed). Promised TICKLEBY?

Imp. Sub. (in a tone of reproach). Yes, promised TICKLEBY.

First Voice (interposing). Have you finished?

Imp. Sub. No, we are still speaking; please



don't cut us off. (Returning to the champagne subject). Yes, you promised TICKLEBY you would send the case of champagne to BUMBLETON. (With inspiration.) You are the Arctic Wine Company, aren't you?

Second Voice. No. I am Secretary of the Curate's Papier Mâché Church Company.

Imp. Sub. (in a tone of sorrow). Aren't you one four two nought eight six?

Third Voice (coming from somewhere). Mind and bring a gun with you, and—

Second Voice. No. We are two four eight nought six seven. Good morning!

First Voice. Have you finished?

Imp. Sub. (angrily). I have not begun! You have put me on the wrong number!

First Voice (calmly). What number do you want?

Imp. Sub. (angrily). One four two nought eight six.

First Voice. Two four two nought eight six?

Imp. Sub. (with suppressed rage). No, one four two nought eight six.

First Voice. Very well. One four two nought eight six.

Imp. Sub. Yes, and don't make a mistake. [Long pause, during which he asks, "Are you there?" at intervals.

Fourth Voice. What is it?

Imp. Sub. Are you Arctic Wine Company?

Fourth Voice. Yes, all right! What is it?

Imp. Sub. (joyfully). Have you sent a case of champagne to BUMBLETON?

Fourth Voice. What? I can't hear you.

First Voice. (interposing). Have you finished?

Imp. Sub. No, we are still speaking. Have you sent a case of champagne to BUMBLETON?

Fourth Voice. We can't hear you. Send a messenger.

First Voice. Have you finished?

Imp. Sub. (shouting). Yes! (Is cut off.) Shorter to have done so at once!

[Uses intemperate language, and hurries off to get a Messenger. Curtain.

THE CHURLISH CABMAN.

AIR—"Ballyhooley."

THE Cabman's

thrifty fares,

Who would

seek subur-

ban airs,

Desire, of

course, a more

extended

"radius;"

But, Cabby, it

is clear,

Thinks quit

otherwise. I

fear

The contro-

versy's grow-

ing rather

"taydious."

Whether by night or day,

A fair fare the fare should pay,

And Cabby should not overcharge un-

duly;

But this is what riles me,

When churl Cabby will not see

A would-be fare, but just ignores him

coolly.

Chorus.

"Hi! hi! Cab! Hi!" Oh, no!

On the sullen brute will go;

When he wants a fare, he's clamorous and

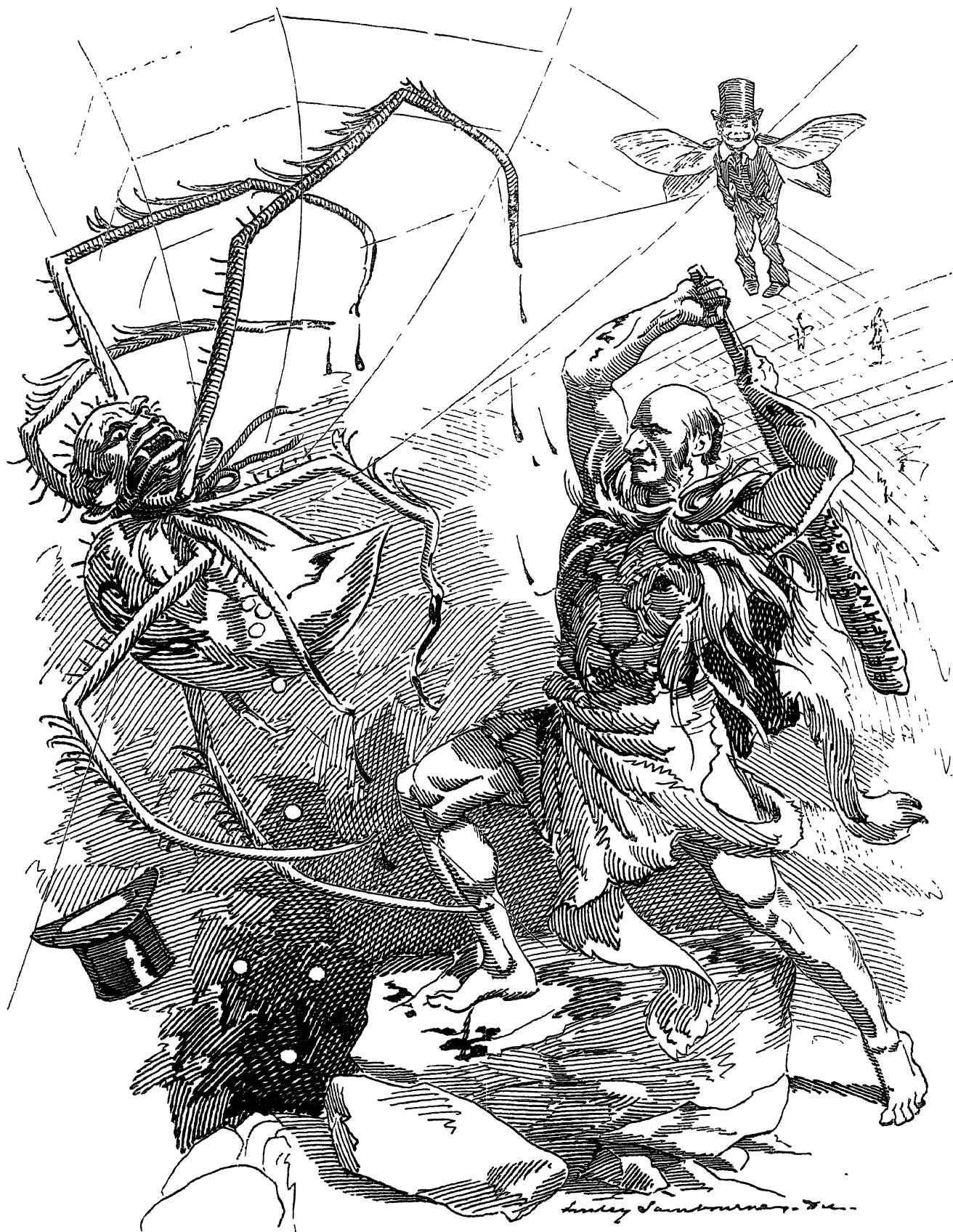
unruly;

But if he wants a drink,

With a sneer or with a wink,

He'll rumble on and just ignore you coolly.





DESTROYING THE MONEY-LENDER'S WEB; OR, THE THIRTEENTH LABOUR OF HERSCHELLES.



RATHER SMART ALL ROUND.

Lady Di. (who has been trying a Horse with a view to purchase). "AND DO YOU REALLY THINK THAT HE'S QUITE UP TO MY WEIGHT, MR. SPAVIN?"
Spavin. "LOR! MY LADY, HE'D CARRY TWO OF YOU!"
Lady Di. "WHAT? DO YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT I'M ONLY HALF A HORSEWOMAN?"
Spavin. "BY NO MEANS, MY LADY. BUT ANOTHER LIKE YOUR LADYSHIP WOULD LOOK SO WELL ON THE OTHER SIDE!"

HOW TO REPORT THE PRACTICE OF THE CREWS. (Newest Style.)

SCARCELY had the tintinabulum fixed on the altitude of the clock tower of the ecclesiastical building known to fame and rowing men as Putney Church sounded out the merry chimes of eleven in the forenoon, when the wielders of the sky-blue (or dark-blue) blades were observed by the eager frequenters of the tow-path carrying their trim-built ship to the water's edge. Not many moments were cut to waste before each man had safely ensconced himself on the thwart built for him under the experienced eyes of the champion boat-builder. The men looked, it must in all fairness be admitted, in the high level of condition. In each eye there blazed a stern determination to do or die on every possible occasion. When the signal to start was given, the boat was observed to move with the bounding speed of a highly-trained greyhound. The oars dipped into the water like one man, though a marked inclination was observed on the part of two or three of the oarsmen to "hurry," while the rest seemed equally disposed to be "late." A few fatherly words from the prince of modern coaches soon had the desired effect of placing matters on a more completely satisfactory footing. The suggestion often made in these columns that a swifter rate of striking should be introduced, was acted upon. The boat moved with perfect evenness, while the wavellets played round her like young dolphins out for a holiday.

I need only add that our old friend Jupiter

Pluvius proved once again to be a kind friend to those who tempted the dangers of the foaming tide in Putney Reach. In conclusion, it must be observed that the stroke was sometimes "short" and occasionally "long," but the "slides" moved like things of life, and contributed greatly to the pleasure of a very enjoyable outing.

DESTROYING THE SPIDER'S WEB;

Or, The Thirteenth Labour of Herschel's.

"To Lion-Hearted Hercules," the strong, Sounded the clarion of Homeric song.
 "Alcides, forcefullest of all the brood
 Of men enforced with need of earthly food."
Punch willsing gallant Herschel's, than whom
 Who was more worthy of Alcmena's womb
 Or Jovian parentage? Behold him stand
 With lion-hide on loins, and club in hand!
 Forceful and formidable to all foes,
 But fatal most especially to those
 Of Hydra presence and Stympalian beak,
 Whose quarry is unseasoned youth, who seek
 By subtle snares the Infant's steps to trip,
 And catch the Minor in their harpy grip.
 To his Twelve Labours, against monsters
 grim,
 Who might have lived in safety but for him,
 To snare, to slay, to humbug, and to cozen,
 Herschel's, just to make a baker's dozen,
 Adds a Thirteenth!

A wily, wicked wight,
 Dwelling in noxious nooks as dark as night,
 Beyond the radius of the housemaid's broom,
 And thence dispensing dire disgrace and doom

Long time our homes hath haunted. Greedy
 As furtive of advance as fierce of soul, [Ghoul,
 The Money-lending Spider is his name,
 And grim and gruesome was his little game.
 Of swollen body, of protuberant beak,
 He knew that Youths were green, and
 Infants weak,

And spun his web, invisible but strong,
 Where'er GRAY's well-named "little triflers"
 throng,
 Who, verily unmindful of their doom,
 He watched from forth his grubby haunts o
 gloom,
 And strove by sinister device to lure,
 Till, 'midst his viscous mazes once secure,
 Them he might seize and suck.

The Birds, the Boar,
 The Lion, or the Bull, all whom before
 Great Herschel's had tackled, were not worse
 Than the Colossal Spider, Albion's curse,
 The scourge of childish Wealth and youthful
 Rank.

The Moloch of our Minors! Fathers, thank
 Our new Alcides, who, with legal club,
 Could dare the web assault, the Spider drub!
 Worse than Tarantula venom hath the bite
 Of this Conkiferous Ogre, which to fight
 Herschel's did adventure! Thump! Bang!

Whack!
 The web is burst, the Spider's on his back,
 All impotently spluttering poisonous spleen
 Let's hope such monster may no more be seen.
 And let us hail great Herschel's, whose skill
 The high-nosed horror hath availed to kill.
 Blow, Infants, blow the pipe, and thump the
 tabor,
 In honour of the hero's Thirteenth Labour!

CONFESSIONS OF A DUFFER.

VII.—THE DUFFER WITH A SALMON-ROD.

No pursuit is more sedentary, if one may talk of a sedentary pursuit, and none more to my taste, than trout-fishing as practised in the South of England. Given fine weather, and a good novel, nothing can be more soothing than to sit on a convenient stump, under a willow, and watch the placid kine standing in the water, while the brook murmurs on, and perhaps the kingfisher flits to and fro. Here you sit and fleet the time carelessly, till a trout rises. Then, indeed, duty demands that you shall crawl in the manner of the serpent till you come within reach of him, and cast a fly, which usually makes him postpone his dinner-hour. But he will come on again, there is no need for you to change your position, and you can always fill your basket easily—with irises and marsh-marigolds.

Such are our county contents, but woe befall the day when I took to salmon-fishing. The outfit is expensive, "half-crown flees" soon mount up, especially if you never go out without losing your fly-book. If you buy a light rod, say of fourteen feet, the chances are that it will not cover the water, and a longer rod requires in the fisherman the strength of a SANDOW. You need wading-breeches, which come up nearly to the neck, and weigh a couple of stone. The question has been raised, can one swim in them, in case of an accident? For *one*, I can answer, he can't. The reel is about the size of a butter-keg, the line measures hundreds of yards, and the place where you fish for salmon is usually at the utter ends of the earth. Some enthusiasts begin in February. Covered with furs, they sit in the stern of a boat, and are pulled in a funereal manner up and down Loch Tay, while the rods fish for themselves. The angler's only business is to pick them up if a salmon bites, and when this has gone on for a few days, with no bite, Influenza, or a hard frost with curling, would be rather a relief. This kind of thing is not really angling, and a Duffer is as good at it as an expert.

Real difficulties and sufferings begin when you reach the Cruach-na-spiel-bo, which sounds like Gaelic, and will serve us as a name for the river. It is, of course, extremely probable that you pay a large rent for the right to gaze at a series of red and raging floods, or at a pale and attenuated trickle of water, murmuring peevishly through a drought. But suppose, for the sake of argument, that the water is "in order," and only running with deep brown swirls at some thirty miles an hour. Suppose also, a large presumption, that the Duffer does not leave any indispensable part of his equipment at home. He arrives at the stream, and as he detests a gillie, whose contempt for the Duffer breeds familiarity, he puts up his rod, selects a casting line, knots on the kind of fly which is locally recommended, and steps into the water. Oh, how cold it is! I begin casting at the top of the stream, and step from a big boulder into a hole. Stagger, stumble, violent bob forwards, recovery, trip up, and here one is in a sitting position in the bed of the stream. However, the high india-rubber breeks have kept the water out, except about a painful, which gradually illustrates the equilibrium of fluids in the soles of one's stockings. However, I am on my feet again, and walking more gingerly, though to the spectator, my movements suggest partial intoxication. That is because the bed of the stream is full of boulders, which one cannot see, owing to the darkness of the water. There was a fish rose near the opposite side. My heart is in my mouth. I wade in as far as I can, and make a tremendous swipe with the rod. A frantic tug behind, crash, there goes the top of the rod! I am caught up in the root of a pine-tree, high up on the bank at my back. No use in the language of imprecation. I waddle out, climb the bank, extricate the fly, get out a spare top, and to work again, more cautiously. Something wrong, the hook has caught in my coat, between my shoulders. I must get the coat off somehow, not an easy thing to do, on account of my india-rubber

armour. It is off at last. I cut the hook out with a knife making a big hole in the coat, and cast again. That was over him! I let the fly float down, working it scientifically. No response. Perhaps better look at the fly. Just my luck, I have cracked it off!

Where is the fly-book? Where indeed? A feverish search for the fly-book follows—no use: it is not in the basket, it is not in my pocket; must have fallen out when I fell into the river. No good in looking for it, the water is too thick, I *thought* I heard a splash. Luckily there are some flies in my cap, it looks knowing to have some flies in one's cap, and it is not so easy to lose a cap, without noticing it, as to lose most things. Here is a big Silver Doctor that may do as the water is thick. I put one on, and begin again casting over where that fish rose. By George, there he came at me, at least I think it must have been at me, a great dark swirl, "the purple wave bowed over it like a hill," but he never touched me. Give him five minutes law, the hook is sure to be well fastened on, need not bother looking at that again. Five minutes take a long time in passing, when you are giving a salmon a rest. Good times and bad times and all times pass, so here goes. It is correct to begin a good way above him and come down to him. I'm past him; no, there is a long heavy drag under water, I get the point up, he is off like a shot, while I stand in a rather stupid attitude, holding on. If I cannot get out and run down the bank, he has me at his mercy. I do stagger out, somehow, falling on my back, but keeping the point up with my right hand. No bones broken, but surely he is gone! I begin reeling up the line, with a heavy heart, and try to lift it out of the water. It won't come, he is here still, he has only doubled back. Hooray! Nothing so nice as being all alone when you hook a salmon. No gillie to scream out contradictory orders. He is taking it very easy, but suddenly he moves out a few yards, and begins jiggering, that is, giving a series of short heavy tugs. They say he is never well hooked, when he jiggers. The rod thrills unpleasantly in my hands, I wish he wouldn't do that. It is very disagreeable and makes me very nervous. Hullo! he is off again up-stream, the reel ringing like mad: he gets into the thin water at the top, and jumps high in the air. He is a monster. Hullo! what's that splash? The reel has fallen off, it was always loose, and has got into the water. How am I to act now? He is coming back like mad, and all the line is loose, and I can't reel up. I begin pulling at the line to bring up the reel, but the reel only lets the line out, and now he is off again, down stream this time, and I after him, and the line running out at both ends at once, and now



"I wade in as far as I can, and make a tremendous swipe with the rod."

my legs get entangled in it, it is twisted all round me. He runs again and jumps, the line comes back in my face, all slack, something has given. It is the hook, it was not knotted on firmly to start with. He flings himself out of the water once more to be sure that he is free, and I sit down and gnaw the reel. Had ever anybody such bad fortune, but it is just my luck!

I go back to the place where the reel fell in, and by pulling cautiously I extract it from the stream. It shan't come off again; I tie it on with the leather lace of one of my brogues. Then I reel up the slack, and put on another fly, out of my cap, a Popham. Then I fish down the rest of the pool. Near the edge, in the slower part of the water, there is a long slow draw, before I can lift the point of the rod, a salmon jumps high out of the water at me,—and is gone! I never struck him, was too much taken aback at the moment; did not expect him then. Thank goodness, the hook is not off this time.

The next stream is very deep, strong and narrow; the best chance is close in on my side. By Jove, here he is, he took almost beside the rock. He sails leisurely out into the strength of the stream, if he will come up, I can manage him, but if he goes down, the water is very swift and broken, there are big boulders, and then a sheer wall of rock difficult to pass in cold blood, and then the Big Pool.

He insists on going down, I hold hard on him, and refuse line. But he leaps, and then, well he *will* have it; down he rushes, I after him, over the stones, scrambling along the rocky face; great heavens! *the top joint of the rod is loose*; I did not tie it on, thought it would hold well enough. But down it runs, right down the line; it must be touching the fish. It is; he does not like it, he jiggers like a mad thing, rushes across the Big Pool, nearly on to the opposite bank. Why won't the line run? The line is entangled in my boot-lace. He is careering about; I feel that I am trembling like a leaf. There, I knew it would happen; he is off with my last casting-line, hook and all. A beauty he was, clear as silver and fresh from the sea. Well, there is nothing for it but a walk back to the house. I have lost one fly-book, two hooks, a couple of casting-lines, three salmon, a top joint, and I have torn a great hole in my coat. On changing my dress before lunch, I find my fly-book in my breast pocket, where I had not thought of looking for it somehow. Then the rain comes, and there is not another fishing day in my fortnight. Still, it decidedly was "one crowded hour of glorious life," while it lasted. The other men caught four or five salmon apiece; it is their Red Letter Day. It is marked in black in my calendar.

TOOTING.

["It is a noteworthy fact that while debates have been languishing at Westminster, at Tooting there have been Members enough to 'make a House' any day during the past fortnight, so keen an interest is the 'Royal and Ancient' game exciting."—*Daily Telegraph*.]

WHAT'S the use of hooting,
Or cir-cum-lo-cutting?

M.P.'s off
To play at Golf.
All the way to Tooting!

Petty points PAT'S moot-ing!

Chances not computing,
M.P. slips,

(Despite the Whips)
Off to Golf at Tooting!

Landlords *may* be looting,
Tenants *may* be shooting;

Where's the fun
In *that*? Let's run
Off to Golf at Tooting!

So M.P.'s are "scooting,"
On-the-gay-galoot-ing;
Cut the House
(It shows their *nous*)
For the Links at Tooting!

There is joy in shooting,
Wine-ing or cherooting,
Dinners, Moors,
Weeds—all are bores,
Compared with Golf at Tooting!



CONSIDERATION FOR OTHERS.

Tommy. "I HAD SUCH A BAD DREAM LAST NIGHT, GRANDPAPA!"

The Admiral. "TELL IT ME, TOMMY."

Tommy. "OH NO! IT WOULD ONLY FRIGHTEN YOU AS IT FRIGHTENED ME!"

"BEYOND THE DREAMS OF AVARICE."

["FIFTY POUNDS Reward will be gratefully paid to any Lady or Gentleman who will ASSIST in RECOVERING a valuable HEIRLOOM . . . Anyone with wealthy or influential friends can at once secure above reward. Address, &c."]

I AM an impecunious young man, and, the other day, on seeing this Advertisement in the *Times*, I was seized with a wild desire to "at once secure above reward." Said I to myself, "I have



wealthy and influential friends. There is my cousin's uncle, who has, I believe, thirty thousand a-year, though I never saw any part of it, or of him, for the matter of that; and there is my own aunt by marriage, whose second husband is a K.C.B., but I forget his name, and do not know where he lives." So I sat and thought about it for a time with my eyes shut, and then I started. The train was so full, that I imagined it must be market-day in some neighbouring town, but the station was so much fuller, that I could hardly get out

of the train. At last, edgeways, I reached a pale and melancholy ticket-collector, and asked him where I should find the address mentioned. He turned a pitying eye upon me, and, pointing to the crowd that filled the station, said, wearily, "They're all a-goin' there. I know, cos they've all arst me. You'd better foller 'em."

This statement filled me with desperation; I fought and struggled

through the vast crowd of persons "with wealthy and influential friends" until I reached the open street. By that time I was exhausted, and, finding that the street was even fuller than the station had been, I gave up the attempt. I saw that the reserve of gold at the Bank of England would not have sufficed to pay each applicant the promised £50. In any case I felt sure that by that time the whole of the money in the town must have been used up. So, without hat or umbrella, and with my coat as much divided up the back as up the front, I returned—to consciousness, and went on reading the newspaper.

"THE FORESTERS."

ALL the greatest swells
Of the U. S. A.
Come to see a new,
Fascinating play.
Verses by a Lord!
Music by a Knight!
Just the thing in which
Democrats delight.
When the hearty praise
Bursts from Yankee lips,
"Pass and blush the news
Over glowing ships;"
What are "glowing ships"?
That I've never guessed,
"Pass the happy news,
Blush it thro' the West;"
This I simply quote
From the poet's muse;

Hang me if I know
How you "blush the news"!
Anyhow, you do.
If the lines will scan,
"Till the red man dance,"
Do you think he can?
"And the red man's babe
Leap beyond the sea."
Active sort of child,
Surely, that must be!
"Blush from West to East,"
Blush from left to right,
"Till the West is East,"
And the black is white,
DAILY is the man!
Daily is the play,
"Dailies" puff it up,
In the kindest way.

MORE APPROPRIATE.—The Senate House, where the Degree Examinations take place, might well be termed "The Spinning House." It is there that unfortunate Candidates are "spun."



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Little Jones. "YOU'LL GIVE ME A DANCE TO-MORROW NIGHT, WON'T YOU, MRS. FOOTE?"
Mrs. Foote (who is anxious to show her matronly consideration for Unmarried Girls). "WELL I CAN'T PROMISE, AND IF THE MEN RUN SHORT, YOU KNOW, I SHAN'T DANCE AT ALL?"

THE TELEPHONE CINDERELLA; OR, WANTED A GODMOTHER.

"Far from taking up and developing the new mode of communication thus given into its hands, it (the Post Office) could not forget its attitude of hostility to the innovation, or conceive any larger policy than one of repressing the telephone in order to make people stick to the telegraph... The result is that England lags far behind all other civilised countries in the use of the telephone."—*Times*.]

AIR—"Utalume."

CINDERELLA, you sit and look sober,
 Cinderella, you mope and look queer—
 You mope, and look dolefully queer;
 As chill as JOHN MILLAIS' "October,"
 As you have done, this many a year.

It is hard on you; MOZART or AUBER
 Might fail your depression to cheer—
 Had you taken the draught named of
 Glauber,
 You could scarce look duller, my dear

II.

Our times, dear, are truly Titanic,
 Perfection seems Science's goal—
 Dim, distant, dark Science's goal—
 But we're still a bit given to panic.
 Monopolies moodily roll—
 Monopolies restlessly roll—
 That's why there's a movement volcanic
 That stirs us from pole unto pole—
 A moaning that's vainly volcanic,
 In the realms of the (Telegraph) pole.

III.

Deputations are serious and sober,
 Officials look palsied and sere—
 They indulge in rhetoric small-beer
 (Instead of sound sparkling October)
 They're frightened about *you*, my dear—
 (You, at present in two senses, dear!)
 They would scan the far future, and probe her,
 But can't—and it makes them feel queer;
 As you sit by the fire, looking sober,
 You make *them* sit up and feel queer.

IV.

Your sisters, whose airs are unpleasant,
 Regard you with arrogant scorn—
 With arrogant, uneasy scorn—
 True, they have the pull, for the present,
 But fear you, the fair youngest born.
 They know that your glory is crescent,
 And, though each uplifteth her horn,
 Each feels that *her* glory's senescent,
 In spite of their duplicate scorn.

V.

Miss Telegraph, lifting her finger,
 Says—"Sadly this minx I mistrust—
 Her manners I strangely mistrust—
 She'll distance us, dear, if we linger!
 Ah, haste!—let us haste!—for we must!
 She'll eclipse us—that *would* be a stinger!
 She'll rise, and our business is "bust"—
 My dear, we must snub her, and bring her
 Presumptuous pride to the dust—
 Till she sorrowfully sinks in the dust"

VI.

Post replies—"Oh, it's nothing but dreaming,
 Her hoping to put out *our* light!—
 Our brilliant and duplicate light!
 What did FERGUSSON say, blandly beaming
 Upon the tired House t'other night?
 He said *he* would make it all right.
 Ah, we safely may trust to his scheming—
 Be sure he will lead us aright—
 He won't let the damsel there dreaming
 Despoil us of what is our right—
 The monopoly plainly *our* right!"

VII.

Yet watch *Cinderella*, and list her!
 She yet will emerge from her gloom—
 Time will conquer her fears and her gloom.
 Before her she hath a bright vista.*
 The fairy Godmother will come!
 Redtape shall not long seal her doom.
 What is written is written! No "sister,"
 (Though scorning her beauty, and broom)
 Shall shroud her bright light in the tomb
 Which yet the whole land shall illumine!

VIII.

She's "some pumpkins"—though now she
 looks sober—
 She's brilliant; she is "no small beer."
 No, no, *Cinderella*, my dear!
 Your envious "sisters" may jeer,
 And sit on you yet, for a year;
 Redtape your advancement may fear,
 And Monopoly's patrons look queer;
 But, as sure as the month of October
 Is famous for sound British beer,
 Vested Interest time shall prove no bar
 To your final triumph, my dear!

* POE, not *Mr. Punch*, should have the credit
 of this and certain other Cockney rhymes.

"HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE."—"The competition for the Evill Prize also took place yesterday" (i.e., last Thursday. *Vide Times*). The prize so Evilly named was won by Mr. PHILIP BROZEL, of the Royal Academy of Music, who must have expressed himself as being at least deucedly delighted, even if he did not use some much stronger and wronger expression. Henceforth PHILIP BROZEL has an Evill reputation. Let us hope he will live up to it, and so live it down.



THE TELEPHONE CINDERELLA;

OR, WANTED A GODMOTHER.

MATINÉE MANIA.

(A Sketch at any Theatre on most afternoons.)

SCENE—*The Front of the House. In the Boxes and Dress-circle are friends and relations of the Author. In the Stalls are a couple of Stray Critics who leave early, actors and actresses "resting," more friends and relations. In the Pit, the front row is filled by the Author's domestic servants, the landladies of several of the performers, and a theatrical charwoman or two, behind them a sprinkling of the general public, whose time apparently hangs heavily on their hands. In a Stage-box is the Author herself, with a sycophantic Companion. A murky gloom pervades the Auditorium; a scratch orchestra is playing a lame and tuneless Schottische for the second time, to compensate for a little delay of fifteen minutes between the first and second Tableaux in the Second Act. The orchestra ceases, and a Checktaker at the Pit door whistles "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!" Some restless spirits stamp feebly.*

The Author. I wish they would be a little quicker. I've a good mind to go behind myself and hurry them up. The audience are beginning to get impatient.

Her Companion. But that shows how interested they are, doesn't it, dear?

Author. I think it ought to interest them, but I *did* expect they would have shown a little more enthusiasm over that situation in the last tableau—they're rather a cold audience!

Comp. It's above their heads, dear, that's where it is—plays are such rubbish nowadays, people don't appreciate a really great drama just at first. I do hope Mr. IRVING, Mr. HARE and Mr. BEERBOHM TREE will come in—I'm sure they'll be only too anxious to secure it!

Author. I don't know that I should care for it to come out at the Lyceum, but of course if the terms were very—oh, they're beginning at last! I hope this light comedy scene will go well. *(Curtain rises: Comic dialogue—nothing whatever to do with the plot—between a Footman and a Matinée Maid servant in short sleeves, a lace tucker, and a diamond necklace; depression of audience. Serious characters enter and tell one another long and irrelevant stories, all about nothing. When the auditor remarks. "Your story is indeed a sad one—but go on," a shudder goes through the house, which becomes a groan ten minutes later when the listener says: "You have told me your history—now hear mine!" He tells it; it proves, if possible, duller and more irrelevant than the other man's. A love-scene follows, characterised by all the sparkle and brilliancy of "Temperance Champagne"; the House witnesses the fall of the Curtain with apathy.)*

Author. That love-scene was perfectly ruined by the acting! She ought to have turned her head aside when he said, "Dash the teapot!" but she never *did*, and he left out all that about dreaming of her when he was ill with measles in Mashonaland! I wish they wouldn't have such long waits, though. We timed the piece at rehearsal, and, with the cuts I made, it only played about four hours; but I'm afraid it will take longer than that to-day.

Comp. I don't care how long it is—it's so beautifully written!

Author. Well, I put my whole soul into it, you know; but it's not till this next Act that I show my full power. *(Curtain rises on a drawing-room, furnished with dingy wrecks from the property-room—the home of JASPER, the Villain, who is about to give an evening party. Enter a hooded crone. "Sir JASPER, I have a secret of importance, which can only be revealed to your private ear!" (Shivers of apprehension amongst the audience.) Sir J. "Certainly, go into yonder apartment, and await me there." (Sigh of relief from spectators.) A Footman. "Sir, the guests wait!" Sir J. (with lordly ease). "Bid them enter!" (They troop in un-*

announced, and sit down against the wall, entertaining one another in dumb-show.) Footman (re-entering). "Sir, a roughly-dressed stranger, who says he knew you in Norway, under an alias, requests a few words." Sir J. "Confusion!—one of my former accomplices in crime—my guests must not be present at this interview!" (To Guests.) "Ladies and Gentlemen, will you step into the adjoining room for a few minutes, and examine my collection of war-weapons?" (Guests retire, with amiable anticipations of enjoyment. The Stranger enters, and tells another long story.) "I smile still," he concludes—"but even a dead man's skull will smile. Allow me then the privileges of death!" (At this an irreverent Pittite suddenly guffaws, and the Audience from that moment perceives that the piece possesses a humorous side. The Stranger goes; the Guests return. Re-enter Footman.) "Sir, an elderly man, who was acquainted with your family years ago, insists on seeing you, and will take no denial!" Villain (with presence of mind—to Guests.) "Ladies and Gentlemen, will you step into the neighbouring apartment, and join the dancers?" (The Guests obey. The Elderly Man enters, and denounces JASPER, who mendaciously declares that he is his own second cousin JOSEPH; whereupon the visitor turns down his coat-collar, and takes off a false beard.) "Do you know me now, JASPER SHOPPUN?" he cries. "I am JOSEPH—your second cousin!" . . . "What, ho, Sir Insolence!" the Villain retorts. "And so you come to deliver me to Justice?" . . . "Not so," says JOSEPH. "Long years ago I swore to my dying Aunt to protect your reputation, even at the expense of my own. I come to warn you that"—&c., &c. (The Audience, who are now in excellent spirits, receive every incident with uncontrollable merriment till the end of the Act. Another long wait, enlivened by a piccolo solo.)

Author. LAVINIA, it's too disgraceful—it's a deliberate conspiracy to turn the piece into ridicule. I never thought my own relations would turn against me—and yet I might have known!

Comp. It wasn't the play they laughed at, dear—that's lovely—but it's so ridiculously acted, you know!

Author. Of course the acting is abominable—but they might make allowances for that. It is so unfair! *[The Play proceeds. The Heroine's jealousy has been excited by the Villain, for vague purposes of his own, and the Hero is trying to disarm her suspicions. She. "But why are you constantly going from Paris to London at the beak and call of that man?" He (aside). "If she only knew that I do it to shield my second cousin, JASPER—but my oath!—I cannot tell her! (To her.) The reason is very simple, darling—he is my*

"Sir, a roughly-dressed stranger . . . requests a few words."



Private Secretary!" (Roars of inextinguishable laughter, drowning the Wife's expressions of perfect satisfaction and confidence. The Hero wants to go out; the Wife begs him to stay; she has 'a presentiment of evil—a dread of something unseen, unknown.' He goes: the Villain enters in evening dress.) Villain. "Your husband is false to you. Meet me in half an hour at the lonely hut by the cross-roads, and you shall have proof of his guilt." (The Wife departs at once, just as she is. Villain, soliloquising.) "So—my diabolical schemes prosper. I have got JOSEPH out of the way by stratagem, decoyed his wife—my early love—to a lonely hut, where my minions wait to seize her. Now to abduct the child, destroy the certificate of vaccination which alone stands between me and a Peerage, set fire to the home of my ancestors, accuse JOSEPH of all my crimes, and take my seat in the House of Lords as the Earl of Addelegg! Ha-ha—a good night's work! a good—" Joseph (from back). "Not so. I have heard all. I will not have it. You shall not! (&c., &c.) Villain. "You would thwart my schemes?" Joseph (firmly). "I would. My wife and child shall not—" (&c., &c.) Villain (slowly). "And the oath you swore to my Mother, your dying Aunt, would you break that?" Joseph (overcome). "My oath! my Aunt! Ah, no, I cannot, I must not break it. JASPER

SHOPPUN, I am powerless—you must do your evil will!" (He sinks on a settee. *Triumph of Villain, tableau, and Curtain.*)

Author. I wouldn't have believed that a modern audience would treat heroic conduct like that as if it was laughable. It's enough to make one give up play-writing altogether!

Comp. Oh, I wouldn't do that, dear. You mustn't punish Posterity! [The Play goes on and on; the Villain removes inconveniently repentant tools, and saddles the Hero with his nefarious deeds. The Hero is arrested, but reappears, at liberty, in the next Act (about the Ninth), and no reference whatever is made to the past. Old serious characters turn up again, and are welcomed with uproarious delight.

At the end of a conversation, lasting a quarter of an hour, the Lady's-maid remarks that "her Mistress has been very ill, and must not talk too much." Cheers from Audience. General joy when the Villain returns a hopeless maniac. Curtain about six, and loud calls for *Author.*)

Author. Nothing will induce me to take a call after the shameful way they've behaved! And it's all the fault of the acting. When we get home, I'll read the play all through to you again, and you'll see how it ought to have been done! A hundred and twenty pounds simply thrown away!

[Retires, consoled by her Companion, and the consciousness that true genius is invariably unappreciated.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 21.—Uneasy feeling spread through House to-night consequent on question addressed by MACINNES to UNDER-SECRETARY FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS. Wants to know "whether his attention has been called to the increase of drinking among Natives in the Coast Towns?" CAUSTON particularly depressed.

"I sat for Colchester for five years, you know," he said, "and grew into habit of regarding the Natives as my constituents. For five years never swallowed one without thinking I was reducing the number on the Register. Used to excuse myself on the ground that the particular bivalve that had disappeared must have been a Conservative, or it would never have been so stupid as to leave its comfortable bed to embark on such a journey. My interest in the oyster is now secondary. They don't flourish in South-wark; whelks more in our way down there. Still one cannot forget old associations, and confess I'm rather knocked over to hear this report MACINNES has brought up. Can't imagine anything more distressing than the spectacle of a drunken oyster

—probably with dis-hevelled beard—coming home late at night and trying to get into another Native's shell under impression that he has recognised

"Sir, I am not—" his own front door. Must see WILFRID LAWSON about this; get up an Oyster Temperance Society; framed certificates, blue ribbon, and all that. If the thing spreads, we shall have oysters emitting quite a rum-punch flavour when we add the lemon."

Gloom dissipated two hours later by appearance of BOBBY SPENCER at the Table. BOBBY doesn't often witch the House with oratory. Content with important though to outsiders obscure position he occupies in Party administration. His is the hand that pulls the strings to which Liberal Party dance. SCHNADHORST gets some credit, but everybody knows BOBBY's the man. To see these two political strategists in conference is sufficient to reassure the Liberal Party on the possible issues of the General Election.

SCHNADHORST complains that BOBBY has a trick, after addressing him through the ear-trumpet he (S.) carries in reminiscence of JOSHUA REYNOLDS, of putting his ear to the trumpet as if he expected the answer to arrive through that medium.

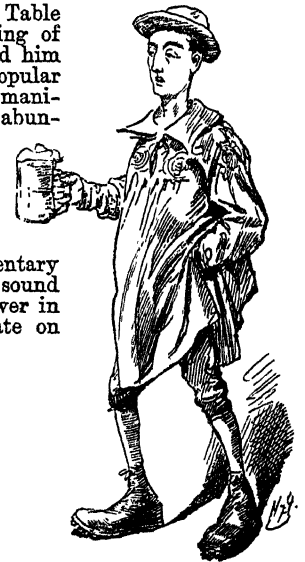
"Very embarrassing," SCHNADHORST says, "to have a

fellow first putting his mouth and then his ear to other end of your trumpet. Sometimes I say to him, sharply, 'I don't speak through the trumpet.' 'Oh, no, of course not,' he says, 'I beg your pardon,' and draws away. Presently he's back again, politely, as I speak, applying his ear to the trumpet. But it's only the absence of mind that arises from preoccupation in matters of State."

BOBBY, besides being the political director of the strategy of the Liberal Party, is a County Member. It was in this last capacity he appeared at Table to-night in Debate on Second Reading of Small Holdings Bill. House received him with hearty cheer. No one more popular than BOBBY. Delight uproariously manifested when, daintily pulling at his abundant shirt-cuff, and settling his fair young head more comfortably upon summit of his monumental collar, he deprecatingly observed—

"Mr. SPEAKER, Sir, I am not an Agricultural Labourer."

The speech a model of Parliamentary debating, full of point, resting on sound argument, lucidly stated, and all over in five minutes. *Business done.*—Debate on Small Holdings Bill.



"—an Agricultural Labourer."



J. Chamberlain del.

MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN ON THE HUMOURS OF PARLIAMENT."

Tuesday. — Morning Sitting. SEXTON at length worked off the speech on Irish Education Bill, that has hung over House like cloud since Bill was introduced in earliest days of Session. Wasn't in his place the first night; so friends and colleagues wore out the sitting to preserve his opportunity. When this next presented itself, SEXTON thought the hour and condition of House unsuitable for person of his consequence; declined to speak. To-day, his last chance, things worse than ever. Benches empty, as usual at Morning Sitting. But now or never, and at least there would be long report in Irish papers. So went at it by the hour. Finished at a quarter to five. At Morning Sitting, debate automatically suspended at ten minutes to seven; two hours and five minutes for everyone else to speak. SINCLAIR long waiting chance to thrust in his nose. Found it at last; but House wearied and worn out; glad when seven o'clock approached, and Bill read First Time.

At Evening Sitting, Lawyers had it all to themselves. ROBERTSON opened Debate on Law



THE LEADER OF THE HOUSE—(VIDE THE OPPOSITION PRESS).

of Conspiracy in admirable speech. Later came LOCKWOOD, speaking disrespectfully of "B." Then SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, girding at SOLICITOR-GENERAL; MATTHEWS followed, with plump assertion that Squire had not been talking about the Resolution. Finally CHARLES RUSSELL, with demonstration that "the Right Hon. Gentleman (meaning MATTHEWS) had displayed a complete misconception of the character and objects of the Resolution." Being thus demonstrated upon unimpeachable authority that nobody knew anything about the Resolution, House proceeded to vote upon it. For, 180; against, 226. Ministerialists cheered; Opposition apparently equally delighted. So home to bed, everyone determined first thing in morning get hold of newspaper, and see what the Resolution really was about. *Business done.*—Miscellaneous.

Wednesday.—"I wonder," said SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, curiously regarding CHAMBERLAIN discoursing on the Eight Hours Bill, "whom JOE meant by his reference at Birmingham on Saturday night to 'the funny man of the House of Commons.'—A man who has a natural taste for buffoonery, which he has cultivated with great art, who has a hatred of every Government and all kinds of restraint, and especially, of course, of the Government that happens to be in office.' Couldn't be HENEAGE, and I don't suppose he had JESSE in his mind at the moment. Pity a man can't make his points clearly. JOE used to be lucid enough. But he's falling off now in that as in other matters. Made me rub my eyes when I read his remarks about House of Lords, and remembered what he used to say on subject when he and I ran together. Certainly JOE is a man of courage. There are topics he might, with memory of past speeches, easily avoid or circumnavigate. But he goes straight at 'em, whether fence or ditch, takes them at a stride regardless of his former self, splashed with mud in the jump, or smitten with the horse's hoof. Makes me quite sentimental when I sit and listen to him, and recall days that are no more. Mrs. Gumbridge thinking of the Old 'Un is nothing to me thinking of the Young 'Un who came up from Birmingham in 1876, and who from '80 to '85 walked hand in hand with me.

We were patriots together.—Ah! placeman and peer
Are the patrons who smile on your labours to-day;
And Lords of the Treasury lustily cheer

Whatever you do and whatever you say,
Go, pocket, my JOSEPH, as much as you will,
The times are quite altered we very well know;
But will you not, will you not, talk to us still,
As you talked to us once long ago, long ago?

We were patriots together!—I know you will think
Of the cobbler's caresses, the coalheaver's cries,
Of the stones that we throw, and the toasts that we drink
Of our pamphlets and pledges, our libels and lies!
When the truth shall awake, and the country and town
Be heartily weary of BALFOUR & Co.,
My JOSEPH, hark back to the Radical frown,
Let us be what we were, long ago, long ago!"

"Bless me," I cried, "how beautiful! I didn't know that, among your many accomplishments, you were given to dropping into poetry."

"Tut, tut!" said the SAGE, blushing, "it isn't all my own; written years ago by MACKWORTH PRAED, about JOHN CAM HOBHOUSE. I've only brought it up to date."

Business done.—Eight Hours' Bill thrown out on a Division.

Thursday.—Private O'GRADY, of the Welsh Fusiliers, the hero of the hour. His annals short and simple. Got up early in the morning of St. Patrick's Day; provided himself with handful of shamrock, which he stuck in his glengarry. (Note.—O'GRADY, an Irishman, belongs to a Welsh Regiment, and, to complete the pickle, wears a Scotch cap.) The ignorant Saxon officer in command observing the patriot muster with what he, all unconscious of St. Patrick's Day, thought was "a handful of greens" in his cap, instructed the non-commissioned officer to order him to take it out.

"I won't do it," said gallant Private O'GRADY, the hot Celtic blood swiftly brought to boiling pitch by this insult to St. Patrick.

Irish Members vociferously cheered when STANHOPE read the passage from Colonel's report. Another non-commissioned officer advancing from the rear, repeated order.

"I won't do it!" roared the implacable Private O'GRADY.

Once more the Irish Members burst into cheering, whilst a soldier in uniform in Strangers' Gallery looked on and listened. Would like to hear his account of scene confided to comrades in privacy of barrack-room.

When STANHOPE finished reading report of officer commanding battalion, Irish Members leaped to their feet in body, each anxious to stand shoulder to shoulder with Private O'GRADY defying the Saxon. NOLAN, who had set ball rolling, might have got in first, but was so excited as to be momentarily speechless; could only paw at the air in direction of Treasury Bench where STANHOPE sat, PAT O'BRIEN, ARTHUR O'CONNOR, the wily WEBB, and the flaccid FLYNN, all shouting together. But SEXTON beat them all, and will duly figure in Parliamentary Report as Vicindicator of Nationality, Defender of St. Patrick, and Patron of Private O'GRADY.

"There's nothing new about Ireland," said POLDALLOCH, talking

the matter over later in the Lobby. "'Tis the most distressful country that ever yet was seen. Where they punish T. O'GRADY for the wearing of the Green."

Business done.—Small Holdings Bill read Second Time.

Friday Night.—

House behaved nobly to-night; FENWICK brought forward Motion proposing payment of Members. House arbiter of situation; might have voted itself anything a year it

pleased. Only say the word, and JOKIM would have been bound to find the money. Members flocked down in large numbers: CAMPBELL-

BANNERMAN, seated on Front Opposition Bench, declares he could distinctly hear smacking of lips of Hon. Members below Gangway when FENWICK observed he thought £365 a year would be reasonable allowance. However insidious temptation may have been, it was nobly resisted. Of nearly 400 Members who took part in Division, only 162 reached out their hand for the pittance, 227 lofty souls going into other Lobby.

Business done.—Private Bill Procedure Bill brought in.

VERY ORCHID!

["The more I think about it, the more I am convinced that the life of a Peer is not a happy one."—Mr. Chamberlain, before the Jewellers' and Silversmiths' Association at Birmingham.]

THE Orchid is a thoughtful plant—it loves the lordly hot-house, And naturally reprobates poor gilliflowers as "pot-house;" 'Tis rich, exotic, somewhat miscellaneously florid; The rough herbaceous annuals it vulgar deems, and horrid.

With all that's forced and precious it should fraternise in reason, With luscious fruits and rarest roots, and produce out of season; It may perhaps at primroses a condescending hand point; [point. It might be friends with stocks—but from a pure commercial stand-

And yet—it is a thoughtful plant—though such a growth fastidious, The proud but simple strawberry still seems to it invidious; Those ducal leaves that shine and twine around the nation's garden, It fancies more delectable than all the blooms of Hawarden.

This orchid's bosom bleeds to feel that, while he flaunts in colour, The chaplet of the strawberry should duller pine and duller, That obsoleteness, though delayed, should still be on the tapis, That, pending its extinction, its existence isn't happy.

O courtly leaves of strawberries, old England's grace and glory, Embazoned o'er the castle-keeps that moulder high and hoary, What comfort for your drooping days, what balm in dire dejection, That yonder orchid spruce extends his shelter and protection.

But, garland sere of Vere de Vere, wan ornaments of Fable, The orchid is a thoughtful plant, and likes a gorgeous table; And, should from out your coronals one berry bright be shining, His patronage may snap it up—to save it from declining!

BOAT-RACE DAY.

The Reader will kindly imagine that he has crossed Hammersmith Bridge, and is being carried along by a jostling stream of sight-seers towards Mortlake. The banks are already occupied—although it still wants half an hour to the time fixed for the start—by a triple row of the more patient and prudent spectators. On the left of the path, various more or less Shady Characters have established their “pitches,” and are doing their best to beguile the unsophisticated.

First Shady Character (presiding over a particoloured roulette board with a revolving and not unmanageable index). Three to one any colour you like! Fairest game in the world! I'm a backin' I'm a layin' . . . Pop it on, you sportsmen! (Two Sportsmen—a couple of shop-boys—“pop it on,” in coppers.) Yaller was your colour—and it is a yaller cap, sure enough! I'm a payin' this time. Try it again! (They do.) Blue's your fancy this turn, my lord. And green it is! Good ole Hireland for ever! Twenty can play at this game as well as one! Don't be afraid o' yer luck—'ave another go. Red did you put your coppers on? And it's yaller again—and you lose! (The Sportsmen pass on—with empty pockets.) Fairest game in the world!

Second S. C. (who has been conducting a Confidence Auction from a barrow and egg-box). Well, I 'ope you're all satisfied, and if you ain't—(candidly)—it don't make no bloomin' difference to me, for I'm orf—these premises is comin' down fur alterations.

[He gets off the barrow, shoulders the egg-box, and departs in search of fresh dupes.

A Vendor. Now all you who are fond of a bit o' fun and amusement, jest you stop and invest a penny in this little article I am now about to introduce to your notice, warranted to make yer proficient in the 'ole art and practice of Photography in the small space of five seconds and a arf—and I think you'll agree with me as it ain't possible to become an expert photographer at a smaller expense than the sum of one penny. 'Ere I 'old in my 'and a simple little machine, consistin' of a small sheet of glorss in a gilt frame. I've been vaccinated five 'underd-and-forty-one times, never been bit by a mad dog in my life, and all these articles have been thoroughly fumigated before leaving the factory, therefore you'll agree with me you needn't be afraid o' catchin' the Infloozenza. They tell me it's nearly died out now—and no wonder, with everythink a cure for it—but this article is a certain remedy. All you've got to do is to bite off a corner of the glorss, takin' care to be near a public 'ouse at the time, chew the glorss into small fragments, enter the public 'ouse, call for a pot o' four ale, and drink it orf quick. It operates in this way—the minoot portions of the glorss git between the jaws of the microbe, preventin' 'im from closin' 'is mouth, and thereby enablin' you to suffocate 'im with the four ale. (To the Reader.) Will you allow me to show you how this little invention takes a photograph, Sir? kindly 'old it in your 'and, breathe on it, and look steadily on the plate for the space of a few seconds. (All of which the Reader, being the soul of courtesy, obligingly does—and is immediately rewarded by observing the outline of a donkey's head produced upon the glass.) Now if you'll 'and that round, Sir, to allow the company to judge whether it ain't a correct likeness—

[But here the Reader will probably prefer to pass on.

Third S. C. (who is crouching on ground by a tin case, half covered with a rug, and yelling). Ow-ow-ow-ow! . . . Come an' see the wonderful little popsy-wopsy Marmoset, what kin tork five lengwidges, walk round, shake 'ands, tell yer 'is buthday, 'is per-cise age, and where he was keptured!

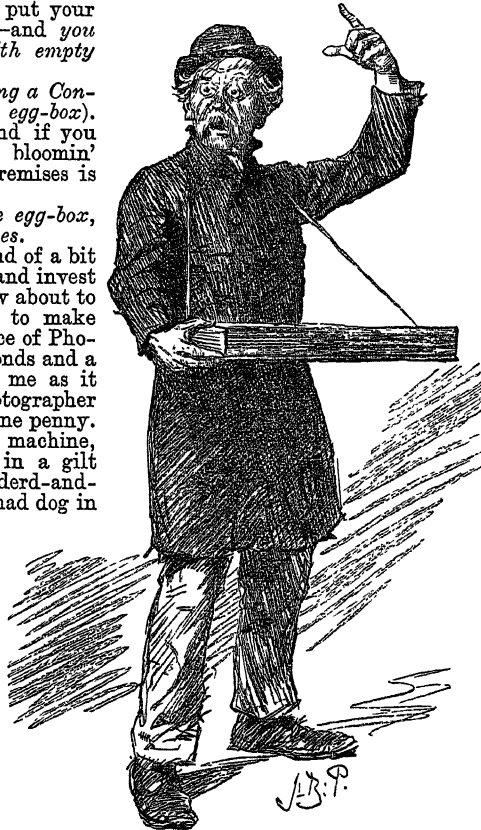
[Crowd collects to inspect this zoological phenomenon, which—as soon as an inconvenient Constable is out of hearing—reveals itself as an illicit lottery. Speculators purchase numbered tickets freely; balls are shaken up in the tin box—and the popsy-wopsy invariably gets distinctly the best of it.

Fourth S. C. (an extremely disreputable-looking old gentleman, with a cunningly curled piece of tape on a board). 'Ere, I'm ole BILLY FAIRPLAY, I am! Come an' try yer fortins at little 'Ide an' Find! Arf a crown yer don't prick the middle o' this bit o' tape.

Bet arf a crown, to win five shillin's! (A school-boy sees his way to doubling his last tip, and speculates.) Wrong agin, my boy! It's ole BILLY FAIRPLAY's luck—for once in a way!

[The School-boy departs, saddened by this most unexpected result.

Fifth S. C. (a fat, fair man, with an impudent frog-face, who is trying desperately hard to take in a sceptical crowd with the too familiar purse-trick). Now look 'ere, I don't mind tellin' yer all, fair an' frank, I'm 'ere to get a bit, if I can; but, if you kin ketch me on my merits, why, I shan't grumble—I'll promise yer that much! Well, now—(to a stolid and respectable young Clerk)—jest to show you don't know me, and I don't know you—(he throws three half-crowns into the purse). There, 'old that for me. Shut it. (The Clerk does so, grinning.) Thank you—you're a gentleman, though you mayn't look like it—but perhaps you're one in disguise. Now gimme 'arf a crown for it. Yer won't? Any one gimme arf a crown for it? Why—(unprintable language)—if ever I see sech a blanky lot o' mugs in my life! 'Ere, I'll try yer once more! (He does.) Now oo'll gimme arf a crown for it? (To a Genteel On-



“I'm ole Billy Fairplay, I am!”

looker, with an eyeglass, who has made an audible comment.) “See 'ow it's done!” So yer orter, with a glazier's shop where yer eye orter be! Well, if anyone had 'a told me I should stand 'ere, on Boat-Race Day too, orferin' six bob for arf a crown, and no one with the ordinary pluck an' straightforwardness to take me at my word, I'd have suspected that man of tellin' me a untruth! (To a simple-looking spectator.) Will you 'old this purse for me? Yer will? Well, I like the manly way yer speak up! (Here the Gent. Onl., observing a seedy man slinking about outside, warns the company to “mind their pockets”—which excites the Purse-seller's just indignation.) ‘Ere!—(to the G. O.)—you take your 'ook! I've 'ad enough o' you, I 'ave. You're a bloomin' sight too officious, you are! Not much in your pockets to mind—'ept the key o' the street, and a ticket o' leave, I'll lay! If you can't beyave as a Gentleman among Gentlemen, go 'ome to where you 'ad your 'air cut last—to Pentonville! (The G. O. retires.) There, we shall get along better without 'im. ‘Ow long are you goin' to keep me 'ere? Upon my word an' honour, it's enough to sicken a man to see what the world's come to! Where's yer courage? Where's yer own common sense? Where's your faith in 'uman nature? What do yer expect? (Scathingly.) Want me to wrop it up in a porcel, and send it 'ome for yer? Is that what yer waitin' for! Dammy, if this goes on, I shall git wild, and take and give the bloomin' purse a bath! (The Simple Spectator feels in his pockets—evidently for a half-crown.) ‘Ere, you look more intelligent than the rest—I'll try yer jest this once. Jest to show yer don't know me, and— (Shouts of “They're off! They're coming!” from the bank; the Purse-seller's audience suddenly melts away, leaving him alone with the Seedy Slinker.) ‘Ere, JIM, we may as well turn it up. ‘Ere come them blanky boats!

A Juvenile Plunger (with rather a complicated book on the event). If Oxford wins, I've got ter

git a penny out of 'im, and if Kimebridge wins, you've got ter git

a penny outer me!

Crowd (as the Crews flash by). Go it, Oxford! Ox—ford! No, Kimebridge! Well rowed, Kimebridge! . . . Oxford wins! No, it don't. I'll lay it don't! Splendid rycin'. Which on 'em was Oxford? The inside one. No, it worn't—they was outside. Well, Oxford was leadin', anyway! . . . There, that's all over till next year! Not much to come out for, either—on'y just see 'em for a second or so. Oh, I come out for the lark of it, I do . . . There goes the pidgins orf . . . We shan't be long knowin' now . . . ‘Ere's the Press Boat comin' back . . . There, wot did I tell yer, now? Well, they didn't orter ha' won, that's all—the others was the best crew . . . ‘Ere they are, all together on the launch, d'ye see? Seem friendly enough, too, considerin', torkin' to each other and all. Lor, they wouldn't bear no malice now it's over!

[Crowd disperse, and patronise “Popsy Wopsy,” the Roulette, Ole Billy Fairplay, &c., &c., with renewed zest.

Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM is staying with her niece in the country. She is much delighted with the rich colour of the spring bulbs, and says she at last understands the meaning of “as rich as Crocus.”

WILLIAM THE WHALER, AND HIS GREAT LONE WHALING EXPEDITION.

MODERN IMPERIAL GERMAN VERSION. (BY BIZZY THE PILOT.)

[“The arrangements for the German Emperor’s Whale-hunting excursion have been made.”—*The Times*.]

'Twas arter he'd got rid o' Me,
 Brave boys.
 When WILL-I-AM he did sa-a-a-ail,
 In a bit of a boat
 Which would scarcely float,
 And he went for to catch a Whale,
 Brave boys!
 All alone for to catch a Whale.

His Sire and his Grandsire trusted Me,
 Brave boys!
 Who was never known for to fa-a-a-il;
 But he thought he knew
 More than Cap'en and crew,
 In the matter o' catching a Whale,
 Brave boys!
 In the matter o' catching a Whale.

He'd inwented a new harpoon,
 Brave boys
 As was shaped on a whoppingish sca-a-a-le
 And he thought with delight,
 (The "magnanimous" mite!
 He was going to catch that Whale,
 Brave boys!
 He made cocksure o' catching that Whale!

There were several Whales about,
 Brave boys!
 Here and there a twitching a ta-a-a-il;
 And he thinks, thinks he,
 "I will catch all three,
 But pertikler that big black Whale,
 Brave boys!
 Most pertikler that big black Whale."
 Enraptured with his bit of a boat,
 Brave boys!
 He set forth to sea in a g-a-a-a-le;
 Which was altogether
 The wrong sort o' weather
 For a novice to capture a Whale,
 Brave boys!
 A mere nipper for to capture a Whale.
 I gives him the best of advice,
 Brave boys!
 For I knowed he was bound for to fa-a-a-il;
 But he ups, and he offs,
 And he snubs me, and he scoffs
 At the notion of a-missing that Whale,
 Brave boys!
 The mere notion of *not* catching that Whale.
 And he bobbles about on the waves,
 Brave boys!
 And his stout heart doth not qua-a-a-a-il;
 He's a foolish little chuck,
 But he's got a lot o' pluck,
 Still, he will not catch that Whale,
 Brave boys!
 He ain't going for to catch that Whale.
 There was three whopping Whales in the
 offing,
 Brave boys!
 And them he did loudly h-a-a-a-il;
 But to such a voice as his'n
 They worn't a-going to listen,
 Especially that big black Whale,
 Brave boys!
 Most especially that big black Whale.
 He crept up with his big harpoon,
 Brave boys!
 That monster to impa-a-a-ale,
 And stubbornly he kep' on
 A hurling of his weapon,
 Till he managed to hit that Whale,
 Brave boys!
 He managed to prick that Whale.
 Then he thought he'd done a mighty clever
 thing,
 Brave boys!
 But the Whale gave a fhwisk! with his
 ta-a-a-a-il,
 And then vanished from his view,
 With the harpoon wot he threw,
 And WILL-I-AM nearly followed that Whale,
 Brave boys!
 Wos werry near to following that Whale:
 Then WILL-I-AM the Whaler looked dum-
 foozled,
 Brave boys!
 And *I* sings out—a being within ha-a-a-il—
 "I told you, noble Cap'en,
 Exactly wot would happen!"
 So—he didn't catch that Whale,
 Brave boys!
 No—he never caught that Whale!

"NAMES AND THEIR MEANING."—*A propos* of some correspondence in the *Morning Post* under the above heading, we would ask, Why not make the Second Chief Commissioner for the Behring Straits Difficulty, Mr. SEALE HAYNE, M.P., with Lord SAY and SELE to speak on the subject, and then sign the official documents?

MRS. R. has heard much lately about the "Sandringham Stud" and the "St. Andrews Links," both of which, she understands, are very large. She can't make out how gentlemen prefer them to nice, neat little shirt-buttons!



A BROTHER PASTELLIST.

[Messrs. Goupil admit Artists and Students free to Mr. WHISTLER's Exhibition.]

Gatekeeper (stopping squalid Stranger). "NOW THEN, WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

S. S. "COME TO SEE JIMMY'S SHOW." Gatekeeper. "ONE SHILLING, PLEASE!"

S. S. "NOT ME! I'M A ARTIST—CORNER O' BAKER STREET—CHALKS. LE'MME THROUGH!"

[Chucked!]

"Signs" of the Times.

["He was brought up to speak in the ante-stumping era."—Lord Rosebery on Lord Granville.]

You do well, my dear Lord, to spread GRANVILLE'S renown.

Knightly, loyal, and courteous to monarch or clown,

He had pluck, and swift speech, though no mere Party Pump.

To our late platform level he hardly worked down;

But the popular sign of his day was "The Crown,"

Of ours 'tis "The Magpie and Stump."

A PROPHECY AS TO THE U. B. R.

WHEN the Eights are reaching Chiswick,
 One will give the other physic.

TWO DROMIOS.—One day last week at Highgate, a certain or uncertain WILLIAM PEA, horsedealer, was summoned by the Police for furious driving. The Police knew him well by sight, but not well enough, as he clearly proved what Mr. Weller Senior called "a alleybi." Evidently Mr. PEA has a double, and "as like as two Peas" is peculiarly applicable in this case. For if the other one isn't a Pea, he has been taken for one by the Pee-lers.

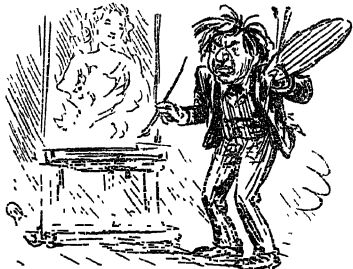
QUESTION OF POLITENESS.—Except in the case of a man's father having been "a big gun" at any time, to call anyone "a Son of a Gun," has hitherto been considered a gross insult. Is it equally insulting to speak of a Lady as "a Daughter of a Canon?"

AN EMPTY TRIUMPH.

(A Story of Show Sunday.)

It was Show Sunday; lovers of Art were streaming in and out of every Studio they could hunt up, fired with a laudable ambition to break the record by the number they visited in the hours between luncheon and dusk.

The residence of so rising a painter as TINTORETTO TICKLER was naturally a place in which no person of any self-respect would



neglect to be seen; and on this particular afternoon the entrance-hall, sitting-rooms, and studio were simply choked with an eager throng of friends, acquaintances, and utter strangers; for TINTORETTO's lavish hospitality was well known, and no expense had been spared to give his guests as favourable an impression of his talent as possible. A couple of knights, clad in complete steel—the local greengrocer and an Italian model—took the guests' hats, and announced their names; there were daffodils and azaleas in profusion; the Red Roumanians performed national airs in the studio-gallery; Italian mandolinists sang and strummed on the staircase, and, in the dining-room, trim maid-servants, in becoming white caps and streamers, dispensed coffee, claret-cup, and ices to a swarm of well-conducted social locusts.

Just outside his painting-room stood TINTORETTO TICKLER, at the receipt of compliment, which was abundantly and cheerfully paid. Indeed, the torrent of congratulation and delicately-expressed eulogy was almost overwhelming. One lovely and enthusiastic person told him that the sight of his "*Dryad Disturbing a Beanfeast*" had just marked an epoch in her mental development, and that she considered it quite the supreme achievement of the Art of the Century. A ponderous man in spectacles, whom TICKLER had no recollection of having ever met before in his life, encouraged him by his solemn assurance that his "*Jews Sitting in a Dentist's Waiting-room, in the reign of King John*," was perfectly marvellous in its realism and historical accuracy, and that it ought to become the property of the Nation; while an elderly lady, in furs and a crimped front, declared that the pathos of his nursery subject—a child endeavouring to induce a mechanical rabbit to share its bread-and-milk—was sending her home with tears in her eyes. Some talked learnedly of his "values," his "atmosphere," and the subtlety of his modelling; all agreed that he had surpassed himself and every living artist by his last year's work, and no one made any mistake about the nature of his subjects, perhaps because—in consideration for the necessities of the British Art-patron—they had been fully announced and described in the artistic notes of several Sunday papers.

When they got outside, it is true, their enthusiasm slightly evaporated; TICKLER was going off, he was repeating himself, he had nothing that was likely to produce a sensation this year, and most of his pictures would probably never be seen again.

As, however, these last remarks were not made in TINTORETTO's presence, it might have been thought that the unmistakable evidences of his success which he did hear would have rendered him a proud and happy painter,—but if he was, all that can be said was that he certainly did not look it. He accepted the most effusive tributes with the same ghastly and conventional smile; from feminine glances of unutterable gratitude and admiration he turned away with an inarticulate mumble and an averted eye; at times he almost seemed to be suppressing a squirm. If expression is any index to the thoughts, he was neither grateful nor gratified, and distinctly uncomfortable.

A painter-friend of his, who had been patiently watching his opportunity to get a word with him as he stood there exchanging handshakes, managed at last to get near enough for conversation.

"Very glad to find there's no truth in it!" he began, cordially.

"No truth in what?" said TICKLER, a little snappishly, for he was getting extremely fractious, "the compliments?"

"No, no, my dear boy. I mean in what a fellow told me outside just now—that some burglars broke into your studio last night, and carried off all your canvasses—a lie, of course!"

"Oh, that?" said TICKLER, "that's true enough—they left nothing behind 'em but the beastly frames!"

"Then what on earth—?" began the other, in perplexity, for another group was just coming up, beaming with an ecstasy that demanded the relief of instant expression.

"Well—er—fact is," explained poor TICKLER, in an undertone, "I did think of shutting the studio up and getting away somewhere—but my wife wouldn't hear of it, you know; said it would be such

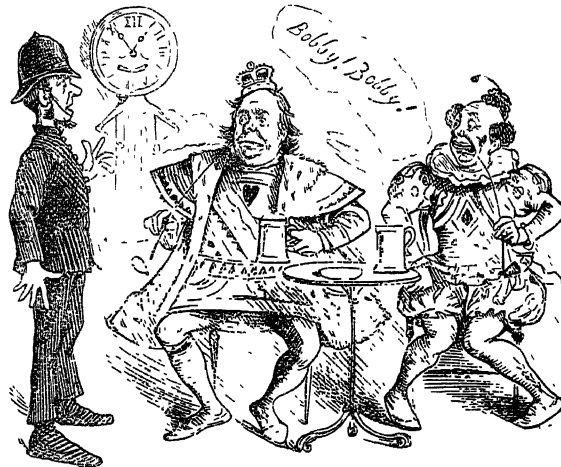
a pity to have had all the expense and trouble for nothing, and didn't believe the mere absence of pictures would make any particular difference. And—er—I'm bound to say that, as you can see for yourself, it hasn't!"

And, even as he spoke, he had to resign himself once more to a farewell burst of positively fulsome appreciation.

THE KING AND THE CLOWN.

KING HERBERT CAMPBELL THE FIRST, and HARRY PAYNE, the Clown, were sitting together, quaffing, after hours, and when work was done, just as in the good old times was the wont of *The King and the Cobbler*, or *The King and the Miller*. To them entered a Constable, intent on duty, and no respecter of persons. Often had he seen the Clown maltreat a policeman on the stage, nay, had seen him unstuff him, cut his head off, and blow him limb from limb from a gun, and then put him together again; the only mistake being that the unfortunate official's head was turned the wrong way. So this Constable, too, looking backwards, as had done the poor pantomimic policeman, remembered all the slights, insults, and injuries, publicly inflicted on his cloth for many years, and now rejoiced—Ha! ha!—at last at having the Clown, the original JOEY, nay, the last of the JOEYS, in his grasp.

Poor KING HERBERT the Merry Monarch the Constable pitied, but still "constabulary duty must be done," as he had heard sung;



PAYNFUL PROCEEDINGS; OR, AFTER THE PANTOMIME'S OVER.

[See Times Report, Friday last, April 1st, "All Fools' Day."]

and remembering that my Lord Chief Justice, in days gone by, had sent off the Heir Apparent to prison, so now he the Constable, in the name of the Law, would hale KING HERBERT before the Magistrate. So King and Clown were had up accordingly. Did the Clown whimper, and cry, "Oh, please, Sir, it wasn't me, Sir; it was t'other boy, Sir!" and did the good King prepare to meet his fate like a man? and was he ready to put his head cheerfully on the wig-block and declare with his latest breath (up to 12:55 P.M.) that in his closing hours he died for the benefit of the Public? We know not—except that both delinquents were let off—like squibs—and Mine Host, the Boniface, had to pay all the fines. He at all events had a Fine old time of it! *Sic transit!* So fitly ends the long run of a good Pantomime. *Finis coronat opus!*

The Volunteer Review at Dover.

General Idea of Officers in Command.—To make as few mistakes as possible in handling some thousands of imperfectly-drilled and entirely undisciplined bodies of men.

The same of the Rank and File.—To spend an annual holiday in marching and counter-marching, and then, after thirty miles of moving over a heavy country, to return to London dead beat.

EFFECTIVELY SETTLING IT.—A "par" in the *Daily Telegraph* last Friday informed us that "The Bishop of Exeter administered, yesterday, the rite of confirmation to thirty-eight patients of the Western Counties' Idiot Asylum at Starcross. This is the first time such a rite has been conferred upon inmates of this institution." Very hard on these inmates, as, previous to the ceremony there might have been some hope of their recovery; but now they have become "confirmed idiots."

ODE TO A GIRAFFE.

(On hearing that the Solitary Specimen at the Zoo had just died.)

So Death has paid the Zoo a call,
And claimed you for his own,
Who "neck or nothing" had been left
To bloom—and die—alone.
From far I gazed into your face,
I did not know your name,
You looked uncomfortable, but
I loved you all the same.



Your neck was just a
trifle long,
I think you must
confess.
I've often thought if,
as a fact,
You could have done
with less.
But we must take you
all in all, [pain
And so I hear with
That probably we shall
not look
Upon you like again.

I could have spared a buffalo
Or elephant with ease,
An armadillo, or a bear,
A dozen chimpanzees.
When *Jumbo* left for foreign skies,
I did not shed a tear,
For though his *Alice* mourned his loss,
I knew that *you* were here.
You've gone to heaven, if that's where
The good giraffes all go.

I wonder if you'll ever see
What happens down below.
I hope, for your own comfort, not,
But, if you ever do,
Please recognise me as the Man
Who sadly haunts the Zoo.

THE POET AND THE SONGS.

I HAD a thought, a dainty thought,
A quaint and cunning fancy,
I said, "A theme with humour fraught
Within my grasp I can see.
This thought will work into a set
Of verses fit for singing."
A voice rasped, "Oh, a deal o' wet!"
And off that thought went winging.



The subject in a rare cut.
Alas! before 'twas grasped it flew,
Alarmed by, "Git yer 'air out!"

I strayed in silent solitude
That lost thought to recover,
And, as my journey I pursued,
'Twould still around me hover.

And once again
that thought
returned,
With yet
more bright-
ness on it—
This time with
the desire I
burned
To weave it
in a sonnet.
I'd get an artist
chum to do

Almost I grasped, one fatal day,
That fancy, quaint and clever,
A cad shrieked, "Tara-boom-de-ay!"
And off it flew—for ever!

SUNDAY OBSERVANCE.

WHAT a shocking state of things,
Oh, my goodness, Mrs. GRUNDY!
There's a man that plays and sings
In a Blackpool hall on Sunday!

Oh, what wicked-
ness, oh, dear!
Sunday, music!
What a scandal!
Folks might even go
and hear
Things by HAYDN
or by HANDEL!

Rush and find some
obsolete
Act of wise and
pious GEORGES,
Which will help us
to defeat
Such abominable
orgies!

But here's worse news, I declare;
Gracious patience, Mrs. GRUNDY!
Eastbourne people cannot bear
Nice Salvation bands on Sunday!

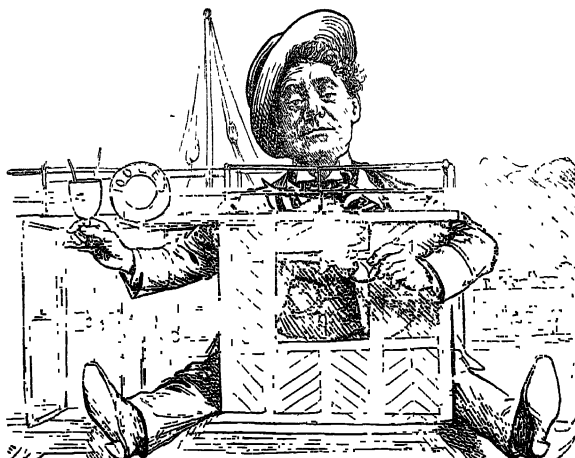
Acts, not words, again we need,
Just to show them they are silly.
Sunday Music stopped? Indeed,
They must like it, willy nilly!



THEATRES AND MUSIC HALLS COMMISSION.

(A Matinée, by Our Own Reporter.)

IN reply to Mr. WOODALL, Mr. J. L. TOOLE said he was happy to come there. Name is JOHN LAWRENCE TOOLE? Yes. "JACK with my familiars,"—hem!—SHAKSPEARE. Being in Witness-box,—JACK in the Box. What he would take? Nothing, thanks, not even his oath. He was quite prepared to kiss the book—in the absence of the belle. Little joke that—has heard of "bell, book, and candle." Couldn't bring the candle in,—would if he could, though, just to—ahem!—make it a light entertainment. Would they excuse his glove? What did they want to know? Whether the sanitary arrangements at his Theatre were good? Rather—he could only say they were "fust-rate." A 1, in fact, like the performance. The house held over two thousand pounds, and was crowded nightly to see *Walker, London*. Did he consider the structure safe? Of course he did—safe as Houses—that is, safe as his houses for *Walker, London* were going to be for the next three years and a half, when his tenancy would expire, and he should then be in the Army. Did the Committee want to know how it was that he would be in the Army? He'd tell them; because, when he gave up that Theatre, he would be a "Left Tenant." Not bad that, for a beginner. We're a getting on, we are. As to ventilation—well, he couldn't have too much ventilation for *Walker, London*. He should like it aired everywhere. Then the Committee might take it that he was satisfied with the structure? Well—if they put it in that way—yes—he thought the structure a bit faulty—but what's the odds as long as the public like the piece? He didn't consider *Walker, London*, a model of dramatic construction, but he looked upon the House Boat built on the stage as quite a model of construction; the end of the piece was a bit hazy, and he didn't yet know why everybody allowed him to go off with the punt, which they wouldn't get back, unless his friend, Mr. SHELTON, who was splendidly made up as a riverside boatman, brought it back, and, begging the Committee's pardon if they'd excuse his glove, he couldn't tell; not that it was a secret, because the clever author, a very nice retiring chap



called BARRIE, hadn't confided it to him,—but—what was he saying?—oh, yes—he couldn't tell how it was all the characters on board didn't see ELIZA JOHNSON as *Sarah* in the punt. But as *Walker* says, "Oh, that's nothing! that's nothing!" The Chairman wished to know if there is an egress at the back of the Theatre? He (Mr. TOOLE) did not remember ever having seen a negress there. There were two beautiful young ladies—Miss IRENE VANBRUGH and Miss MARY ANSELL—now playing, and, he might say it who shouldn't, playing charmingly in *Walker, London*. The Chairman didn't mean that. No? But he (Mr. TOOLE) did, and he might add, though "it was nothing, a mere nothing," that the performance of his three young men—Mr. C. M. LOWNIE, as the sensible lover; Mr. SEYMOUR

HICKS, as the young medical student; and Mr. CECIL RAMSEY, as "W. G.," a youthful athlete, was admirable. They were all in *Walker, London*. In reply to Mr. T. H. BOLTON, who wished to know if the Witness considered his Theatre a substantial edifice, Mr. TOOLE said that he certainly did, because, you see, the Theatre would never go to pieces as long as the pieces went to the Theatre, and as long as it was supported by the public. Have I any complaint? Nothing to speak of, except a touch of gout. Oh, beg pardon, you meant complaint as to the Theatre? Oh, no, except it's not large enough to hold the millions who can't be crammed in nightly. Has an excellent Acting Manager in Mr. GEORGE LEE, and as to friend BILLINGTON's stage-management of the House Boat (the scene, he might say, was painted by Mr. HARKER, a name

not unknown at the Mansion House), it is the best thing of the sort ever done. Any evening that Mr. PLUNKET, Mr. WOODALL, or Mr. BOLTON, or any other of the Honourable Gentlemen would like to look in and see *Walker, London*, they have only to send to the Box Office, or any of the Libraries, and book in advance—he couldn't say fairer than that—because it was advice that he always gave to "Friend IRVING," and which he had adopted. No more? Hope he doesn't intrude. Would the Committee excuse his glove? Yes? Then, remember, *Walker, London*.

Mr. J. L. TOOLE then hurried out. After his departure it was found that all the spectators had on their backs adhesive labels advertising *Walker, London*.



A WARNING.

Archie (to his Sister, who has been reading him Fairy Tales). "WON'T THERE BE A LOT OF US, IF NONE OF US GO AND GET MARRIED? WORSE THAN HOP O' MY THUMB!" *Sister. "YES; BUT YOU KNOW I MEAN TO BE MARRIED!"*
Archie. "DO YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU'D GO AND LIVE ALONE WITH A MAN AFTER READING BLUEBEARD?"

A WAITING GAME.

WARY WILLIAM, *loquitur* :—

Drat that dog!

Dogs are mixed,—like men.

Few know how to jog;

Hasty tongue and pen,

Many a bungler bog,

Steady! I'll say when!

Lots of dogs I've bred,

Most want whip, a deal.

This one, be it said,

Is more hot than lead;

Wants to go ahead,

Hates to come to heel!

Skies are overcast;

Slowly comes the spring.

Quarry's tracked—at last,

Strong, though, on the wing.

Steady! Not so fast!

Waiting game's the thing.

'Tother WILLIAM's style

Rather spoiled this pup.

Steady! Wait awhile!

H-RO-RT's like a Krupp.

I can stroll, and smile—

Till the birds get up.

Half-bred dogs—well, well,

Mustn't talk like that!

Else they'll call me "swell."

Down! What are you at?

Scurry and pell-mell

Do not 'bell the cat.'

Sport is not a mere

Game of "Spill and pelt"

Patience! End is near.

Down! Brute wants a welt!

Modern breed runs queer;

That I long have felt.

'Tother WILLIAM snorts,

L-BBY only grins;

But at most all sports

It is judgment wins.

Breed, though, now consorts

With mongrels—for its sins!

Long the sport I've loved,

Mean to try again,

I should be reproved

Did I speak too plain:

But—are dogs improved

By that Irish strain?

Steady, my lad, steady!

Nearly slipped me then!

You're too hot and heady—

(Like no end of men!—)

Near!—but not quite ready.

Steady! I'll say when!

PRUDES AND NUDES.

[An "Officer of high rank" has written to *Truth*, complaining of the naked statues and pictures he saw at Londonderry House, at a sale on behalf of Irish Home Industries.]

ATTEND and hear the story of a most uncommon *militaire*,

Whom the sight of naked statues caused to tingle to his boots,
 Who was seen to beat his breast, and (which was far more flat and
 silly) tear

His hair by blushing handfuls from its shocked and modest roots.

It was dreadful! There were Duchesses (Heav'n bless their
 handsome faces!)

And a host of pretty Countesses, and Maidens by the score,

And they sold some Irish Industries—embroideries and laces—

And MADGE described to AMY all the pretty frocks they wore.

But the statues and the paintings didn't seem at all to worry them,

Having work to do they did it just as quiet as a mouse,
 Though this soldier took his daughter and his wife, and tried to
 hurry them

In the cause of outraged virtue far from Londonderry House.

So when next he goes where statues are, we'll do our best to hide
 them,

Since to prudes all things are prudish, lest his modesty take hurt.
 Though some one else, perhaps, may write, and say he can't abide
 them,

When Apollo stands in trousers, or when Venus wears a skirt.

FROM ROBERT.—"Sir, I'm proud of my furrin co-profeshunal
 LHEROT, the himminint Waiter, wot nobbled the bomb-ta-ra (hif I
 may so igsspress my sentimenx) waggybun, RAVACHOL. This Waiter
 is wot my french frend calls a 'Tray bong Gassong,' and the wun-
 nerful manner the french Waiters has of carryin a tray loded with
 drinkabels is worthy of the hippythep. He sez orlso has is name,
 hinsted of LHEROT, ort to be andid down to posteritory as 'L'HÉROS',
 —wich word as rote down by hisself means 'The Hero.' He got a
 1000 Franks, wich is rayther more nor wos ever got by one BOB."

VESTRYMEN CLIMBING DOWN.—Say the unfortunate Noncon-
 formist Vestrymen of St. George's, Southwark,—“We won't pay
 the Rector's Rate; but we won't go to prison, at any rate.”



A WAITING GAME.

THE OLD KEEPER. "GENTLY! GENTLY!—MY BEAUTY! I'LL SAY 'WHEN'!"



REALLY PLEASANT!

SIX MILES FROM HOME, HORSE DEAD LAME, AWFULLY TENDER FEET, AND HORRIBLY TIGHT BOOTS.

MR. PUNCH'S BOAT-RACE NOVEL. STONYBROKE.

CHAPTER I.

It was the eve of the University Boat-Race. In the remote East the gorgeous August sun was sinking to his rest behind the purple clouds, gilding with his expiring rays the elevated battlements of Aginawater Court, the ancestral seat of His Grace the Duke of AVADRYNKE, K.C.B., G.I.N., whose Norman features might have been observed convulsively pressed against the plate-glass window of his alabaster dining-hall. There was in the atmosphere a strange electric hush, scarcely broken by the myriad voices of hoarse betting-men, raucously roaring out the market odds of "Fifty to one. Oxbridge!" or "Two ponies to a thick 'un, Camford!" Well would it have been for the Duke of AVADRYNKE had he never offered the hospitality of his famous river-side residence to the Oxbridge Crew. But the Duke had the courage of his ancient boating-race whose banner waved proudly upon the topmost turret, bearing upon its crimson folds the proud family motto, "*Dum Vivo Bibo.*"

And the sun went down, and within Aginawater Court the sounds of wild revelry shook the massive beams.

CHAPTER II.

THE Oxbridge Crew still sat in the marble supper-room, amid the *débris* of the feast that the Duke's Seneschal had laid out for them. The floor was paved with Magnums and Maximums of the best Heidansekerer champagne, most of them as empty as the foolish head of the Duchess of AVADRYNKE, which was at that moment reposing upon the brawny chest of Lord PODOPHILIN, the celebrated No. 5 of the Oxbridge Crew. On a raised dais at the end of the room the ladies of the Tarara *corps de ballet* were performing the final steps of the Sinuous Shadow-dance, specially dedicated to the Oxbridge Crew by the *chef d'orchestre* of Tarara's Halls.

"May I be jiggered," observed the Oxbridge President, Sir WELFORD LONGSTROKE, as he selected his fourth regalia from the Duke's pearl-encrusted box, and lit it with all the *abandon* of a Society darling, "may I be jiggered if this is not ripping! What say you?" he continued, addressing young PULYER WRIGHT, the Coxswain, and tossing him playfully four times to the rafters

ceiling—"shall we not beat the dastard foe from Camford to-morrow?" A roar of applause sprang from the smoking mouths of his seven companions.

But at this moment the Duchess of AVADRYNKE and Lord PODOPHILIN rose unobserved and quitted the room. In another minute the sound of hurrying wheels, gradually growing fainter in the distance, was heard by no one in the avenue. And the dance went on, and revelry rose to its maddest pitch. But no one, who, as has been recorded above, had heard the sound of the wheels, gave a thought to the Duke of AVADRYNKE, as he sat tearing his hair in the violet bedroom, having learnt from the faithful Seneschal the terrible news of the Duchess's elopement with the heir to the house of PODOPHILIN.

CHAPTER III.

THE morn of the race dawned clear and sparkling. Far as the eye could reach, the banks of the river were rich with Millions, and firm enough to bear any run upon them however heavy. But Sir WELFORD LONGSTROKE was ill at ease. His No. 5 had fled leaving no trace, and he had no one to fill the vacancy. He looked the very model of an aquatic hero. His broad chest was loosely clad in a pair of blue satin shorts, and his fair hair fell in waving masses over his muscular back. His thoughts were bitter. The Camford crew had started on the race some ten minutes ago, and the Oxbridge craft still waited idly in the docks for want of a No. 5.

"Surely," Sir WELFORD thought to himself, "PODOPHILIN might have postponed the elopement for one day." A confused noise interrupted his meditations. Some ten yards from him a man roughly clad, but with the immense muscular development of the Arri Furnese Apollo, was engaged in fighting three barges at once. As Sir WELFORD stepped forward, this individual struck a terrible blow. His ponderous fist, urged by the force of a thirty-inch biceps, crashed through the chest of his first foe, severed the head of the second from his body, and struck the third, a tall man, full in the midriff, propelling him through the air into the middle of the river.

"That's enough for one day," he said, as with an air of haughty melancholy he removed his clay-pipe from his mouth. His face seemed familiar to Sir WELFORD. Who could he be? All doubt was removed when he advanced, grasped Sir WELFORD by the hand, and, in tones broken with emotion, said, "Don't you recognise me? I am your old College chum, Viscount STONYBROKE."

CHAPTER IV.

"SAVED! Saved!" shouted Sir WELFORD, joyously—"there is yet time!" Then, rushing into rhyme, he asked, "Will you row in the race, In PODOPHILIN's place?"

"Will I row in the race?" repeated Lord STONYBROKE—"just won't I!" And, without removing his hobnails, or his corduroys, he sprang lightly into the Oxbridge racing-boat. The rest is soon told. In less time than it takes to narrate

the story, the Camford lead was wiped out. The exertion proved too much for seven men in the Oxbridge Crew, but the gigantic strength of the eighth, Lord STONYBROKE, was sufficient of itself to win the race by fifty lengths.

And that night, when the Prime Minister handed to him the reward of victory in the shape of a massive



Touching Finale.

gold dessert service, he was also able to announce that the STONYBROKE estates and the STONYBROKE title had been, by the Monarch's command, restored to their original possessor, as a reward of conspicuous valour and strength.

[THE END.]



THE HOUSE OF COMMONS WAX-WORKS. THE CHIEF GROUPS.

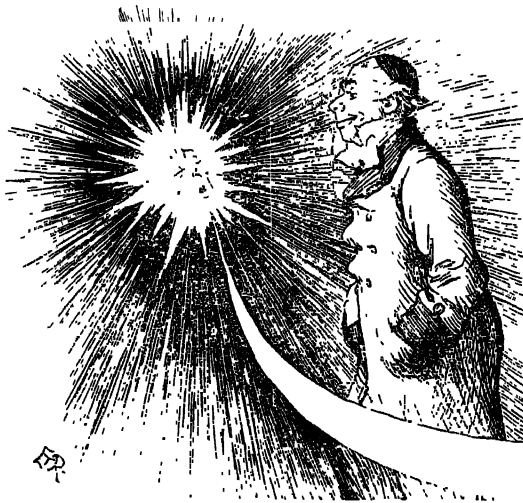
Walt Whitman.

"THE good grey Poet" gone! Brave, hopeful WALT! He might not be a singer without fault, And his large rough-hewn rhythm did not chime With dulcet daintiness of time and rhyme. He was no neater than wide Nature's wild, More metrical than sea-winds. Culture's child, Lapped in luxurious laws of line and lilt, Shrank from him shuddering, who was roughly built As cyclopean temples. Yet there rang True music through his rhapsodies, as he sang Of brotherhood, and freedom, love and hope, With strong wide sympathy which dared to cope With all life's phases, and call nought unclean. Whilst hearts are generous, and whilst woods are green, He shall find hearers, who, in a slack time Of puny bards and pessimistic rhyme, Dared to bid men adventure and rejoice. His "yawp barbaric" was a human voice; The singer was a man. America Is poorer by a stalwart soul to-day, And may feel pride that she hath given birth To this stout laureate of old Mother Earth.

OUR CRICKETERS.—The English Cricketing Team came to the end of their Australian tour last week, where, under the leadership of Lord SHEFFIELD, out of twenty-six matches they won thirteen, lost two, and eleven were drawn. The Eleven of course were drawn over and over again, i.e., photographed. It will henceforth be a recommendation for any Cricketer to say he was out under this distinguished captaincy, as to this introduction the host will rejoice. "Ah, I know that man, he comes from SHEFFIELD." Not only were the English team successful playfully, but also artistically, as in every match they played with GRACE.

BRAWLING AT HOME AND ABROAD.—On the same day in the papers appeared accounts of brawling in a Church in Paris, where a free fight ensued and no police interfered, and of a row in a Church in London Road, when the police walked off with an anti-curate and put an end to the disturbance. Some things we do manage better in England.

COCKNEY CLASSICS.—Of the Guildhall Loan Collection, Mr. Deputy HORA is the Chairman. As a Deputy must be a representative officer—except, perhaps, in the case of a "Depitty Sawbones," vide Sam Weller—the temporary motto of the Deputy's Ward might well be, "*Hora pro nobis.*"



A NEW COMET.

["Mr. DENNING, whose name is well known as a comet-finder, discovered a small FAINT Comet on Friday, March 18, at Bishopton, Bristol."—*Times.*]



HASTY!

Mary. "IF MISSUS DON'T WITHDRAW WHAT SHE HAS SAID TO ME, I SHALL LEAVE THE HOUSE!" Thomas. "WHAT DID SHE SAY?" Mary. "SHE SAID, 'I GIVE YOU A MONTH'S NOTICE!'"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 28.—Strange sight witnessed in House to-night. Subject of Debate, Indian Council Bill; Benches nearly full. Pup and dog, I've known the House for nineteen years, and never before saw the like. Explanation not found in fact of CURZON making his maiden speech as Minister in charge of Bill, though that had some influence at outset. Able speech it proved, our newest Minister having the great gift of lucidity. It was later than that when House filled, nearly two hours later, for in meantime SCHWANN had delivered Address as long as the Ganges, and MACLEAN (who was waiting his turn to speak) says, nearly as muddy.

Curious how India seems to affect eminent orators, making them for the time pointless, dull, and above all, verbose. Probably no subject other than India could unite such galaxy of born orators and debaters. SWIFT MACNEILL, RICHARD TEMPLE, SAMUEL SMITH, OCTAVIUS MORGAN, JULIUS ANNIBAL PICTON and SEYMOUR-KEAY—one followed the other as in a necklet of diamonds gem succeeds gem, till the wearied eyesight can scarce decide which is the more brilliant. SEYMOUR-KEAY was, indeed, too much for the SPEAKER, who thrice called him to order, the last time with stern voice and threatening brow that made SEYMOUR tremble from the altitude of his boot-heels.

It was none of these who filled the House with Members listening intently to a speech on internal affairs of India. It was Mr. G. who performed the miracle. No one expected to find him in this galley; being there, the banks were rapidly crowded with a throng lost in admiration of his strong, swift, graceful stroke. Difficult to say which the most admirable, the lofty height, far above the littleness of Party conflict, from which he surveyed the topic, the charm of his language or the dexterity with which, without seeming to rebuke the follower who had moved the Amendment and the eminent men who were prepared to support it, he sustained the



Seymour-Keay.

Ministry in their effort to reconstruct the Indian Councils, and suggested that the Amendment should with all haste be put into the fire. Whilst SCHWANN appropriated an hour of the Sitting, and SEYMOUR-KEAY exceeded that time, twenty-five minutes served Mr. G. for a speech delivered without note, apparently without preparation, and which left nothing more to be said.

"Upon my word, Sir," I said, a little out of breath trying to keep pace with him running up the Duke of York's steps going home to dinner, "you grow younger every year, and, if I may say so, mellowed."

"You certainly may say so, TOBY, if you like," he smilingly replied, "but the calendar says otherwise."

"What," I asked—

"What has the calendar to do
With Mr. G.? What Time's fruitless tooth
With gay immortals such as you,
Whose years but emphasise your youth?"

"Ah, I know that—with a slight difference. LOWELL wrote it to WENDEL HOLMES on his seventy-fifth birthday. I knew HOLMES too; he used to crow over me because he was just four months older, and yet, as he said, whilst I pleaded age as a reason why I could not visit the United States, he crossed the Atlantic at seventy-seven. Perhaps when I've got this Home-Rule question off my hands, I may find time to go to the United States."

"Yes," I said, "you'll be another year younger then, and more at leisure."

Business done.—Indian Council Bill read Second Time.

Tuesday.—Some sensation created at Morning Sitting by discovery of CUNINGHAME GRAHAM addressing House from Conservative Benches.

There was a well-known Member of the Parliament of 1874 who hit upon new device for, as he reckoned, doubling his chance of catching SPEAKER'S eye. Noted that SPEAKER called alternately upon Members from either side. If debate were opened from Opposition Benches, SPEAKER would next turn to other side of House, and call on Ministerialist. Happy thought occurred to our old friend. After rising several times from his seat below Gangway on Opposition Benches, and been passed over by SPEAKER in favour of another, he, whilst Member was speaking, crossed floor of House, and, when speech concluded, jumped up from other side. Being again ignored by the startled SPEAKER, went back to own place again to try his chances there. Don't remember that the manoeuvre was a success. Certainly not been generally adopted.

GRAHAM seems now to have recurred to it; or can it be the case that he, too, has joined "the Gentlemen of England"? House so agitated by this problem, that it quite loses thread of debate; a

thrilling discussion, to which FERGUSON contributed a luminous speech, upon the Telephone.

WILFRID LAWSON much interested in new development of affairs.

"The Government," he says, "if only with the instincts of self-preservation, should hasten the Dissolution. If they go on a little longer, no saying what they may come to, with JOE as their principal champion in town and country, with JOHN REDMOND as their favourite orator; led into the Lobby the other day by BURT against the Eight Hours Bill, they only want to recruit CUNINGHAME GRAHAM to their ranks to make the medley complete. If they go on another three months, we shall see them some Sunday following CUNINGHAME GRAHAM'S red flag as he leads them to Trafalgar Square, there to be addressed by Alderman JOHN BURNS."

Business done.—Got into Committee on Civil Service Estimates.

Thursday.—Scotch Members made a night of it. Great muster of the Clans. Government have £265,000 to make over to Scotland in relief of Local Taxation and promotion of Education. Scotch Members don't object to the money, but take exception to its plan of distribution. Member after Member rises from Opposition Benches, biting at hand that proffers the boon. "Crude and wasteful," BUCHANAN calls this scheme, and Scotch Members lustily cheer.

A capital debate of its kind, but not picturesque; Benches empty, only the LORD-ADVOCATE on the Treasury Bench.

"I'll tell you how you can manage these fellows, my dear CASABIANCA," said JEMMY LOWTHER, crossing the Gangway, and seating himself for a moment by the solitary Minister.

"Beg your pardon, my name is PEARSON."

"Of course," said JEMMY, "I know very well; only a quotation; thinking of the Boy who stood on the burning deck, whence all but he had fled, doncha. Was going to tell you how you can get out of this trouble. Fellows opposite righteously indignant at your proposed disposition of money. Very well; you get up, say you're sorry to have offended; had no idea you'd made such a mistake; only atonement you can offer is to withdraw the proposed grant altogether. Then you'll see how they'll sit up."

"Excellent idea," said LORD-ADVOCATE. "Shall mention it to GOSCHEN when he comes back—if he ever does," he added with weary voice, looking down the deserted Bench. Scotch Members, all unconscious of JEMMY LOWTHER'S machination, went on talking till midnight, when debate stood adjourned.

Business done.—None.

Friday.—In Committee of Supply; SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE thinks opportunity favourable for Prince ARTHUR to tell all he knows about Dissolution. Prince ARTHUR quite agreeable, but really knows nothing. Radicals look angry at being thus put off; show signs of intention to discuss the matter. Mr. G. interposes; makes one of his bland speeches; wouldn't press question now (a suggestion that pleases Ministers); by-and-by time will come, then we shall see; whereat SAGE and his friends brighten up; Mr. G. sits down having pleased everybody; storm blown off.

Curious to note the altered condition in atmosphere of House since Mr. G. came back. Turmoil stopped; restlessness soothed; Ministerial work goes on smoothly, whilst the GRAND OLD PACIFICATOR looks on benevolently.

"Yes," said PRINCE ARTHUR, uneasily, "this is all very well. He holds back the curs that would snap at our heels; but it's only because he, a willier tactician, knows that no practical advantage is to be gained from that kind of sport. Wait till he thinks the hour has struck, and you'll see he'll not only let slip the dogs of war, but lead the rush himself."

Business done.—In Committee of Supply.

REMBRANDT, TITIEN, VÉLASQUEZ, ET C^{IE}.
WHISTLER, S^{UCCESSEUR}.

OH, what a catalogue! Whatever made you think Numbers should mix in a way never seen?
3, that's a flood of milk, 20, a flood of ink,
Touching a gruel-like sea, that's 15.



Next time, to make a delightful variety,
Hang upside down all the works in your show,
Whilst, on their heads, the élite of Society,
Gasp, "Fⁱⁿ de Siècle, quite chic, don't you know!"

Why play such pranks to draw people who scoff?
It is

They to whose critical words you are deaf.
Though in your country you are not a prophet, is
This how you make one, that's spelt with an F?

Strange that the only kind critic you mention
Is French. He compares you with REMBRANDT & Co.;
His words seem the sole ones that claim your attention:
We'll end in his tongue, like the list of your show.

*Cher Monsieur VISTLAJRE, allez chez la nation
Voisine, et emportez ces œuvres "splendides,"
"Destinées à l'éternité des admirations,"
Ainsi que dit ce critique candide*



"Crude and wasteful."

WRESTLING WITH WHISTLERS.

(A Reminiscence of a Recent Exhibition.)

SCENE—The Goupil Gallery. Groups of more or less puzzled Britons discovered, conscientiously endeavouring to do justice to the Collection, having realised that Mr. WHISTLER's work is now considered entitled to serious consideration, but feeling themselves unable to get beyond a timid tolerance. In addition to these, there are Frank Philistines who are here with a fixed intention of being funny, Matrons with a strongly domesticated taste in Art, Serious Elderly Ladies, Literal Persons, &c., &c.

A Lady (after looking at a representation of Old Battersea Bridge—in the tone of a person who feels she is making a liberal concession). Well, do you know, I must say that isn't so bad. I shouldn't so much mind having that in the room, should you?



A Brother Brush.

Her Companion (dubiously). Well, I don't know. He's put a steamer in. Should you think there were steamers in—a (vaguely)—those days?

First Lady (evidently considering Mr. WHISTLER capable of any eccentricity). Oh, I don't suppose he would mind that much.

First Literal Person (coming to the portrait of Miss ALEXANDER). Well—(plainly)—he might have put a nicer expression on the child!

Second Do. Do. Yes—very unpleasing. (Refers to Catalogue.) Oh, I see it says—"It is simply a disagreeable presentment of a disagreeable young lady."

First Do. Do. (rejoicing that the painter has vindicated himself this time). Ah—that explains it, then. Of course if he meant it—! A Serious Elderly Lady. There's one thing I must say I do like, my dear, and that's the way he puts down all the unfavourable criticisms on his pictures. So straightforward and honest of him, I call it.

Her Companion. Yes, but I expect he can't help seeing how right and sensible the critics are, you know. Still—(charitably)—it shows he would do better if he could!

An Advanced Nephew (who is endeavouring to convert a Philistine Uncle to the superiority of the Modern School). Now here, Uncle, look at this. Look at the way the figure looms out of the canvas, look at the learning in the simple sweep of the drapery, the drawing of it, and the masterly grace of the pose—you don't mean to tell me you don't call that a magnificent portrait?

His Uncle. Who's it of? That's what I want to know first.

Nephew (coldly). You will find it in the Catalogue, no doubt—No. 41.

Uncle (looking it up). "Arrangement in Black. La Dame au Brodequin Jaune."—the lady in a yellow something or other. Tohah! And not a word to tell you who she's supposed to be? If I pay a shilling for a Catalogue, I expect to find information in it. And let me ask you—where's the interest in looking at a portrait when you're not told who it's intended for?

[The Nephew, not being prepared to answer this difficult query, leads his relative gently up to a "Nocturne in Opal and Silver." The Uncle conveys his opinion of it by a loud and expressive snort.

First Prosaic Person (before No. 28). Valparaiso, is it? (Hopefully.) Well, come, I ought to recognise this—I've been there often enough. (Inspecting it closely.) Ha—um!

Second P. P. (with languid interest). Is it like?

First P. P. I could tell you better if he'd done it by daylight. I can't make out this in the front—looks to me like the top of a house, or something. Don't remember that.

Second P. P. I think it's meant for a jetty, landing-stage, or that sort of thing, and, when you look into it, there's something that seems intended for people—most extraordinary, isn't it?

The Domesticated Matron (who is searching for a picture with a subject to it). There, CAROLINE, it's evidently a harbour, you see, and ships, and they're letting off fireworks—probably for a regatta. Does it tell you what it is in the Catalogue?

Caroline (after consulting it). It only says, "A Nocturne in Blue and Gold"—oh yes—(reading)—"a splash and splutter of brightness, on a black ground, to depict a display of fireworks."

Her Mother (gratified at her own intelligence). I thought it must be fireworks. He seems quite fond of fireworks, doesn't he?

First Facetious Philistine. Hullo, what have we got here? "Crepuscule, in Flesh-colour and Green." Very like one, too, I daresay—when you know what it is.

Second P. P. As far as I can make it out, a Crepuscule's either a Harmony inside out, or a Symphony upside down—it don't much matter.

A Lady (who is laboriously trying to catch the right spirit). "The Blue Wave at Biarritz." Now I do admire that. And what I like

even better than the Blue wave is this great Brown one breaking in the foreground—so exactly like water, isn't it, DICK?

Dick (not a Whistlerite). Y—yes—just. Only it's a rock, you know.

The Lady. But if that's the way he saw it, DICK!

Dick. Here's a thing! "St. Mark's, Venice." I'll trouble you! What's he done with the flagstaffs and the bronze horses and the pigeons? I never saw the place look like that.

The Lady. Because it didn't happen to be foggy while we were there, that's all.

First Pros. Person. Ah, there's old CARLYLE, you see! Dear me, what a very badly fitting coat—see how it bulges over his chest!

Second P. P. Yes. I daresay he buttoned the wrong button—philosopher and all that sort o' thing, y'know.

First P. P. (sympathetically). Well, I do think WHISTLER might have told him of it!

IN THE SECOND ROOM.

The Matron in Search of a Subject. Ah, now, this really is more my idea of a picture. Quite a pretty crêtonne those curtains, and there's a little girl reading a book, and a looking-glass with reflections and all, and a young lady in a riding-habit—just going out for a ride.

Caroline. Yes, Mother. Or just come in from one.

Her Mother. Do see what it's called. "The Morning Canter," or "Back from the Row"—something of that kind, I expect it would be.

Caroline. All it says is, "A Harmony in Green and Rose."

The Mother (disappointed). Now, why can't he give it some sensible name, instead of taking away all one's interest!

The Phil. Uncle (whom a succession of Symphonies and Harmonies has irritated to the verge of fury). Don't talk to me, Sir! Don't tell me any of these things are pictures. Look at this—a young woman in an outlandish dress sitting on the floor—on the bare floor!—in a litter of Japanese sketches! And he has the confounded impertinence to call it a "Caprice"—a "Caprice in Purple and Gold." I'd

purple and gold him, Sir, if I had my way! Where's the sense in such things? What do they teach you? What story do they tell?

Where's the human interest in them? Depend upon it, Sir, these things are rubbish—sheer rubbish, according to all my notions of Art, and I think you'll allow I ought to know something about it?

His Nephew (provoked beyond prudence). You certainly ought to know more than that, my dear Uncle—Are you going?

The Uncle (grimly). Yes—to see my Solicitor, Sir. (To himself, savagely.) That confounded young prig will find he's paid dear enough for his precious Whistlers—if I don't have a fit in the cab!

[He goes; the Nephew wonders whether his attempt at proselytising was quite worth while.

A Seriously Elderly Lady. I've no patience with the man. Look at GUSTAVE DORÉ, now. I'm sure he was a beautiful artist, if you like. Did he go and call his "Leaving the Prætorium" a

"Symphony" or a "Harmony," or any nonsense of that kind? Of course not—and yet look at the difference!

An Impressionable Person (carried away by the local influence—to the Man at the wicket, blandly). Could you kindly oblige me by exchanging this "Note in Black and White" for an "Arrangement in Silver and Gold"?

[Finds himself cruelly misunderstood, and suspected of frivolity.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

THE Rev. No. 354, writing from Dartmoor, requests us to inform his numerous friends in Bath and elsewhere that his health is much improved by the bracing air, and that he is occupied in revising for the press his course of Sermons to the Young on the Moral Virtues. He is also anxious to inform his creditors that his accounts are now completely in order. It is a source of great comfort to him to reflect that he was able to obtain considerable sums of money from his friends in Bath, before he was obliged to leave that city, and that, with the residue of this money, obtained so to speak from PETER, he will now have the satisfaction of paying a farthing in the pound to PAUL, in other words, to his creditors.

Mrs. BRINVILLIERS was yesterday visited by her friends. Our readers will be glad to know that she is quite well and has escaped the influenza epidemic.

Mr. ST. LEONARDS, with the consent of the Governor, takes this opportunity of thanking the friends who have so kindly condoled with him on the unavoidable interruption to his long and arduous work in the service of his country. He hopes that nothing will prevent him from displaying equal zeal in the still more arduous labour, which, also for the benefit of his country, he is now compelled to undertake for a certain period.

MISS DODGER is still unwell. The HOME SECRETARY has not yet sent instructions for a special drawing-room to be fitted up in the prison, nor has he, up till now, given any permission for Miss DODGER's afternoon receptions, and five o'clock teas. It is generally considered that the probability of his doing so, without a Special Act of Parliament, is still very remote.

BROKEN BONDS.

["I learn from St. Petersburg, that, last Saturday, conferences were begun between Russia and Germany on the admission of the former to the new commercial treaties."—*The Times Paris Correspondent* on "Russia and the Central Commercial League."]

La Belle France, the Forsaken One, loquittur :—

WHAT do I hear? Oh, do I hear aright,
Over the garden wall?

My latest love, my gallant Muscovite,
Is this the end, this all?

My heart beats
fast, a mist ob-
scures my sight.
Support me, or I
fall!

What can he
mean? What-
ever is she at?—
Ah! well I know
her game!

GERMANIA is a
vile coquette,
a cat.
Seducing my new
flame

With mercenary
lures, and low
at that!

It is a cruel
shame!

But six short
months ago and
I to him

Indeed seemed
all in all.

A stalwart lover,
though *tant
soit peu* grim,
I fancied him
my thrall.

And was it after
all pretence, or
whim?

Oh, prospect, to
appal!

I know my envi-
ous rivals said
as much,*

But that I
deemed their
spite,

Was't but my
money he de-
sired to clutch?
I lent it—with
delight:

Were his mere
venal vows?
His bonds but
such

As SAMSON
snapped at
sight?

See how she purrs,
false puss! She
deems her dot

May well out-glitter mine.
And he! That slow seductive smile I know.

At Cronstadt by the brine,
To that dear dulcet voice, not long ago,
My ears did I incline.

Ah! and those fine moustachios' conquering
Subdued my maiden heart. [curl

For me those tendril-tips he'd twist and twirl,
Looking so gay, so smart;

* "The success of a Russian Loan is not dearly purchased by a little effusion, which, after all, commits Russia to nothing." (See Cartoon "Turning the Tables," Sept. 26, 1891.)

And now he does it for another girl,
And I—I stand apart.

Did I not give my heart to him—false one!—
And also—well, my "stocking"?

Nor after her "commercial" charms he'll
run,

My modest beauties mocking.
Hist! I believe of me they're making fun!
O Ciel! 'tis simply shocking!

Hist! I can hear her, the sly cat. How fond
Her glances bold and bright!

THE BOUNDS OF SCIENCE.

(Fragment from a *Fin de Monde Romance*.)

THE Student had read many things, but he had not yet considered the subject of Coal. He knew that it was expensive, but he had not imagined that there was so little in the world. But he at length obtained the requisite knowledge, and set to work to put things to-rights. He called upon the Secretary of a Transatlantic Ocean Steamer Com-

pany, and remonstrated with him upon the waste with which the transactions of his institution were conducted.

"You carry your passengers too rapidly," he observed.

"As how?" asked the Secretary.

"Why I am given to understand that the power generated by the coal gives each person on board your ships a rate of progression night and day of twenty-four horses."

"And, if it does—what then?"

"Why, it is too much," returned the Student. "All the coal in the world will be exhausted in something like four or five hundred years; and so, while there is yet time, I had better go somewhere where coal is a secondary consideration. What shall I do?"

And then the Secretary advised the Student to take a ticket to the Centre of Africa—and the Student followed his advice. But the day before the boat started, the Student once more appeared.

"I am afraid," said he, "I must ask you for the return of my money. I find that it will be useless for me to

go to the Centre of Africa, as the Sun is about to cease giving warmth."

"Dear me!" cried the Secretary, "I was under the impression that the Sun was timed to last about one hundred millions of years?"

"It may have been in the far distant past," returned the Student, sadly, "but recent statistics fix the termination of the Sun's existence at a much nearer date. There is no doubt that the Sun will not last more than four millions of years, or five millions at longest. Now give me my money!"

And (of course) the bullion was promptly returned.



A TERRIBLE THREAT.

Impatient Old Gentleman (to Female Post-Office Assistant, who is chatting pleasantly with an agreeable acquaintance). "LOOK HERE, YOUNG WOMAN, IF YOU DON'T GIVE ME MY CHANGE, CONFOUND IT, I'M HANGED IF I DON'T GO AWAY WITHOUT IT!"

Her bag is brimming, mine's a broken bond.

I dreamed not me he'd slight
For such mere bagman beauty, tamely blonde,
But—ah! was BLOWITZ right?

[Left doubting.]

DR. VAUGHAN, of Salford, is to be the New Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster. He is a bright cheerful-looking man now, but it is to be feared that the extra toil and trouble of London may soon give his features a Care-Vaughan expression.



BROKEN BONDS.

La France. "IS IT POSSIBLE!—BUT SIX MONTHS AGO!—AND NOW—"

LETTERS TO ABSTRACTIONS.

No. XII.—TO PLAUSIBILITY.

DEAR OLD PLAU,

HEAR you have been seen about again with GENIALITY. Poor GENIALITY, it may be admitted, is often something of a fool when he is by himself, but when you and he begin to hunt in couples, you are a deadly pair. I once knew a St. Bernard dog—you will perceive the analogy by-and-by—who lived on terms of friendship with a Skye terrier. By himself *Rufus* was a mild and inoffensive giant. He adored the house-cat, and used to help her, in a ponderous way, with the care of her numerous family. Many a time have I seen him placidly extended before a fire, while puss used his shaggy body as a sleeping box, and once he was observed to help that anxious tabby-mother with the toilet of her kittens by licking them carefully all over. At every lick of *Rufus's* huge prehensile tongue a kitten was lifted bodily into the air, only, however, to descend washed and unharmed to the ground. But out of doors, in the society of *Flick*, *Rufus's* whole nature seemed to change. He became a demon-exterminator of cats. Led on by his yelping little friend, he chased them fiercely to their last retreats, and, if he caught them, masticated them without mercy. Once too, on a morning that had been appointed for a big covert-shoot, I noticed this strangely assorted pair come into the breakfast-room panting and dirty. They were not usually afoot before breakfast. What could their condition mean? A flustered keeper arrived shortly afterwards and explained everything. "Them two dogs o' yourn, Sir," he said, "the big 'un and the little 'un, 'ave run all the coverts through. There's not a pheasant left in 'em. They're sailin' all over the country."

The truth was that *Flick* had organised the expedition with extraordinary secrecy and cunning. He had persuaded *Rufus* to join him, and the result was that we shot forty pheasants instead of the three hundred on which we had counted.

Now, my dear PLAU, I merely record this little story, and leave you to apply it. But I may remind you of incidents that touch you more nearly. Do you remember GORTON? Many years ago GORTON went to Oxford with a brilliant reputation. Every triumph that the University could confer was held to be within his grasp. His contemporaries looked upon him as a marvellous being, who was destined to rise to the top of whatever tree he felt disposed to climb. He was really a delightful fellow, fresh, smiling, expansive, amusing, and his friends all worshipped him. Of course he went in for the Hertford. His success was certain; it was merely a question as to who should be second. On the evening before the examination began, there was a strange commotion in GORTON's College. GORTON, who was supposed to have been reading hard, was found at about twelve o'clock in the quad in his nightgown. He was on all fours, and was engaged in eating grass and roaring out ribald snatches of Latin songs in a shrill voice. When the porter approached him he said he was a hippogriff, and that in another ten minutes he intended to fly to Ilfley and back in half a second. He was carried up to bed raving horribly. On the following day he grew calmer, and in a week he was himself again. But by that time, of course, the examination was over, and DUBBIN was soon afterwards announced as the successful competitor.

Judging the past by what I know now, I cannot doubt that the madness of GORTON was what patrons of the prize-ring call a put-up job, for he never afterwards showed the smallest symptom of lunacy. He had not worked sufficiently, and knew he must fail. So he became temporarily insane, to avoid defeat and maintain his reputation for scholarship. He left Oxford without taking a degree, and owing money right and left—to tradesmen, to his friends, to his tutor. Then he disappeared for some years.

Next he suddenly cropped up again in Ireland. A small borough constituency had been suddenly declared vacant. GORTON happened to be staying in the hotel. He promptly offered himself as a candidate, and plunged with extraordinary vigour into the contest. The way that man fooled a simple-hearted Irish electorate was marvellous. They came to believe him to be a millionaire, a king of finance, a personage at whose nod Statesmen trembled, a being who mingled with all that was highest and best in the land. He cajoled them, he flattered them, he talked them round his little finger, he rollicked with them, opened golden vistas of promise to everyone of them, smiled at their wives, defied the Lord Lieutenant, and was elected

by a crushing majority over a native pork-merehant who had nothing but his straightforward honesty to commend him. Of course there was a petition, and equally of course GORTON was unseated. Then came the reckoning. GORTON had apparently intimated that two of the great London political Clubs were so warmly interested in his candidature as to have undertaken to pay all his expenses. But when application was made to these institutions, their secretaries professed a complete and chilling ignorance of GORTON, and the deputation from Ballywhacket, which had gone to London in search of gold, had to return empty-handed to their native place, after wasting a varied stock of full-flavoured Irish denunciation on the London pavements. But GORTON was undaunted. He actually published an address in which he lashed the hateful ingratitude of men who betrayed their friends with golden words, and abandoned them shamefully in the hour of defeat. But never, so he said, would he abandon the betrayed electors of Ballywhacket. Others might shuffle, and cheat and cozen, but he might be counted upon to remain firm, faithful, and incorruptible amidst the seething waves of political turpitude.

Having issued this, he vanished again, and was heard of no more for six or seven years. Then he gradually began to emerge again. He was engaged in the completion of an immense work of genealogical research, which was intended to cast an entirely new light on many obscure incidents of English history. For this he

solicited encouragement—and subscriptions. He enclosed with his appeals some specimen pages, which appeared to promise marvels of industry and research. His preface was a wonderful essay, of which a HAYWARD would scarcely have been ashamed. In this way he gathered a large amount of money from historical enthusiasts with more ardour than knowledge, and from old friends who, knowing his real ability, believed that he had at last determined to justify the opinions of him which they had always held and expressed. It is unnecessary to add that not another line was written. For several years ill health was supposed to hinder him. We read piteous stories of his struggles against the agonies of neuralgia and rheumatics, some of us threw good money after bad in the effort

to relieve the imaginary sufferer; but to this day the proofs of PERKIN WARBECK's absolute claim to the throne, and of JACK CADE's indubitable royal descent remain in the scheming brain of GORTON. Eventually the poor wretch did die in penury, but over that part of his story I need not linger. The irony of fate ordained that when he was actually in want he should wish to be thought in possession of a large income.

I knew a Clergyman once—at least I had every reason to believe him to be a lawfully ordained Minister of the Church of England. He was taken on as temporary Curate in a remote district. His life, while he remained there, was exemplary. He was untiring in good works; the poor adored him, the well-to-do honoured him. We all thought him a pattern of unselfish and almost primitive saintliness, and when he departed from us he went with a silver inkstand, a dining-room clock and a purse of sovereigns, subscribed for by the parish. The odour of his sanctity had scarcely evaporated before we discovered, with horror, that the man had never been ordained at all! He was an impostor, masquerading under an assumed name, but while he was with us he did good and lived a flawless life. These matters puzzle me. Perhaps you, my dear PLAU, can explain.

Yours, DIOGENES ROBINSON.

A RATHER LARGE ORDER.—Amongst the many suggested plans for housing the collection of pictures once offered by Mr. TATE to the Nation, is a scheme for turning the Banqueting-hall at Whitehall to a useful and good account. As a thoughtful Artist has observed in this connection, "At this moment the spacious building is tied round the necks of the Members of the United Service Institution like a white elephant."

A MONEY-LENDER said he had never been inside a Church since the day he looked in at hymn-time, and heard them singing, "With one per cent. let all the earth," and he didn't want to hear any more.

TRYING TO THE TEMPER.—Mrs. R. says nothing can induce her to eat cross buns, as they are sure to disagree with her.





TRIALS AT THE LAW COURTS.

A TIMID BUT ERUDITE "LEADER" IS URGED TO TAKE A "BAD OBJECTION."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ALL who are interested in the theatrical celebrities of past times will do well to read a brief, indeed, a too brief paper, about DOROTHY JORDAN, written by FITZGERALD MOLLOY, for *The English Illustrated Magazine* of this month. The Baron does not remember if THACKERAY touched on the story of this talented Actress in his Lectures on "*The Four Georges*;" but the sad finish to the brilliant career of Mrs. JORDAN could hardly have escaped the great Satirist as being one instance, among many, illustrating the wise King's advice as to "not putting your trust in Princes;" "or," for the matter of that, and in fairness, it must be added, "in any child of man." Poor DOROTHY, or DOLLY JORDAN! but now a Queen of "Puppets," and now—thus, a mere rag-dolly. Ah, CLARENCE!—"False, fleeting, perjured CLARENCE!" as SHAKESPEARE wrote of that other Duke in Crookback'd RICHARD's time, for whom the "ifs" and "ands" of life were resolved for ever in a final "butt."

In the issue for 1891 of that most interesting yearly Annual, *The Book-Worm*, for which the Baron, taking it up now and again, blesses ELLIOT STOCK, of Paternoster Row, there is a brief but interesting account of *The Annexed Prayer-Book*, which, after some curious chances and changes, was at last ordered to be photographed page by page, without being removed from the custody of Black Rod. "By means of an elaborate system of reflecting," the process of photographing was carried on in the House of Lords. It is satisfactory to all Book-worms to know that so important a work was not undertaken without even more than the usual amount of reflection.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

THE HAMLET IN THE HAYMARKET.

WITH Mr. TREE's impersonation of *Hamlet* most London playgoers are by this time acquainted, though not yet familiar. It is a most interesting performance, especially to those who remember the inauguration of startling new departures by CHARLES FECHTER. The question for every fresh *Hamlet* must always be, "How can I differentiate my *Hamlet* from all previous *Hamlets*? What can I do that nobody has as yet thought of doing?" "To be or not to be" *Hamlet*, "that is the question"; whether 'tis better continuously to suffer the tortures of uncertainty as to what you might have achieved had you essayed the part, or to take up the study of it, and ceasing to shiver on the bank, leave off your damnable faces, and plunge in? Mr. TREE has plunged, and is going on swimmingly.

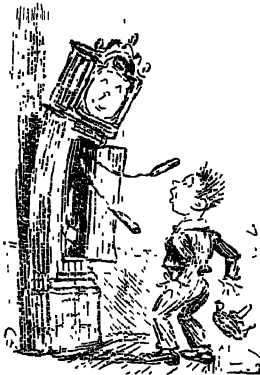
Mrs. TREE's *Ophelia* same, is charming. Her distraught *Ophelia* is very mad indeed, and her method in her madness is excellent.

There is a curious monotony in some of the stage-business. Thus, *Ophelia* pauses in her exit and comes up quietly behind the absent-minded Prince as if to play bo-peep with him: then, later on, after his apparently brutal treatment of her, *Hamlet* returns, and, while she is stooping and in tears, he kisses her hair and runs away noiselessly as if this also were another part of the same game. Then again, in the Churchyard, after the scandalous brawling (brought

about by the stupid ignorance of a dunderheaded ecclesiastic, to whose Bishop *Laertes* ought to have immediately reported him), *Hamlet* returns to weep and throw flowers into the grave. Now excellent "returns" are dear to the managerial heart, and consoling to his pocket, when they attest the overflowing attendance of "friends in front;" but when "returns" are on the stage, their excellence may be questioned on the score of monotony. Now, as to the Churchyard Scene, permit me to make a suggestion:—the Second Gravedigger has been commissioned by the First Gravedigger, with money down, to go to a neighbouring publican of the name of YAUGHAN, pronounced Yogan or Yawn,—probably the latter, on account either of his opening his mouth wide, or of his being a sleepy-headed fellow,—and fetch a stoop of liquor. Now, when all the turmoil is over, the remaining gravedigger would at once set to work, as in fact he does in this scene at the Haymarket; but here he just shovels a handful of mould into the grave, and then, without rhyme or reason (with both of which he has been plentifully supplied by SHAKESPEARE), suddenly away he goes, merely to allow for the "business" of *Hamlet's* re-entrance. But why shouldn't there be here, prior to the return of *Hamlet*, a re-entrance of the Second Gravedigger, as if coming back from friend YAUGHAN's with the pot of ale? The sight of this would attract First Gravedigger, and take the thirsty soul most readily from his work to discuss the refreshment in some shady nook. Then by all means let *Hamlet* return to pour out his grief; and on this picture ought the Curtain effectively descend.

A novel point introduced by Mr. TREE is that his *Hamlet*, entertaining an affectionate remembrance of the late YORICK, assumes a friendly and patronising air towards YORICK's successor, a Court Fool, apparently so youthful that he may still be supposed to be learning his business. So when His Royal Highness *Hamlet* has what he considers "a good thing" to say, Mr. TREE places the novice in jesting near himself, and pointedly speaks at him; as e.g., when, in reply to the King's inquiry after his health, he tells him that he "eats air promise-crammed," adding, with a sly look at the Court Fool, "you cannot feed capons so." Whereat the Fool, put into a difficult position, through his fear of offending the Prince by not laughing, or angering the King (his employer) by laughing, has to acknowledge the Prince's witticism with a deferential, but somewhat deprecatory, snigger.

Again, when *Hamlet* is "going to have a lark" with old *Polonius*—a proceeding in exquisitely bad taste by the way—Mr. TREE's *Hamlet* attracts the young Court Jester's attention to his forthcoming novelty. Now this time, as the repartee is about as rude a thing as any vulgar cad of an 'ARRY might have uttered, the professional Jester, who evidently does not owe his appointment to the Lord Chamberlain's favour, and is exempt from his jurisdiction, grins all over his countenance, and hops away to explain the jest to some of the courtiers, while *Hamlet* himself, to judge by his smiling countenance, is clearly very much pleased with his own performance in showing a Jester how the fool should be played. And this notion is consistent with the character of a Prince who takes upon himself to lecture the Actors on their own art. There is no subtler touch in SHAKESPEARE's irony than his putting these instructions to players in the mouth of a noble amateur. Of the revival, as a whole, one may truthfully say, *Ca donne à penser*, and, indeed, the study of *Hamlet* is inexhaustible.



"I am thy Father's Ghost!"

WITH THEIR EASTER EGGS.

The Emp-r-r of G-r-m-ny.—Presentation copy of the light and leading satirical English Paper.

The C-r of R-s-s-a.—Letter of regret from President C-RN-T.

The Pr-s-d-nt of the Fr-nch R-p-bl-c.—Secretly-obtained copy of proposed treaty for a Quadruple Alliance.

The K-ng of It-ly.—Scheme for a *modus vivendi*.

The P-pe.—Duplicate copy of ditto.

Ch-nc-ll-r C-pr-vi.—Permit for leave of absence.

Pr-nce V-n B-sm-rck.—A song, "*The Return of the Pilot.*"

The M-r-q-s of S-l-sb-ry.—Date of the General Election.

The Ch-nc-ll-r of the Exch-q-r.—Comments on the Budget.

Fr-st L-rd of the Tr-s-ry.—New rules for the game of Golf.

Rt. Hon. W. E. Gl-dst-ne.—Set of Diaries for the next twenty years.

The P-t L-r-te.—The Order of "The Foresters."

The Oxf-rd E-ght.—The Blue Riband of the Thames.

S-r A-g-st-s Dr-r-l-n-s.—A month's well-deserved rest.

N-b-dy in P-rt-c-l-r.—A legacy of £100,000

Ev-ryb-dy in G-n-r-l.—Rates and taxes.



SO FRIVOLOUS!

Wife. "SOLOMON, I HAVE A BONE TO PICK WITH YOU."

Solomon (*flippantly*). "WITH PLEASURE, MY DEAR, SO LONG AS IT'S A FUNNY BONE!"

THE DYNAMITE DRAGON.

A DRAGON! Faugh! that foul and writhing Worm
Seems scarcely worthy of the ancient term
That fills old myth, and typifies the fight
'Twixt wrathful evil and the force of right.
The dragons of the prime, fierce saurian things
With ogre gorges and with harpy wings,
Fitted their hour; the haunts that gave them birth,
The semi-chaos of the early earth,
The slime, the earthquake shock, the whelming flood,
Made battle ground for the colossal brood.
But now, when centuries of love and light
Have warmed and brightened man's old home; when might
Is not all sinister, nor all desire
Fierce appetite, that all-devouring fire,—
When life is not alone a wasting scourge,
But from the swamps of soulless strife emerge
Some Pisgah peaks of promise where the dove
Finds footing, high the whirling gulfs above,—
Now the intrusion of this loathly shape,
With pestilence-breathing jaws that blackly gape
For indiscriminate prey, 'is sure a thing
To set celestial guards once more a-wing;
To fire a new St. Michael or St. George
With the bright death to cleave the monster's
gorge, [breath
And trample out the Laidly Worm's last
In the convulsions of reluctant death.
A crawling, craven, sneaking, * snaking
brute;
Purposeless spite, and hatred absolute,

In hideous shape incarnate! Venomed Gad
In Civilisation's path; malignant-mad,
And blindly biting; raising an asp-neck
In Beauty's foot-tracks, and prepared to wreck
The ordered work of ages in a day,
To raze and shatter, to abase and slay.
Blind as the earthquake, headlong as the storm,
Yet in such hideous subter-human form,
Vulgar as venomous! Dragon indeed,
And dangerous, but with no soul save greed,
No aim save chaos. Bloody, yet so blind,
The common enemy of humankind;
Whose age-stored works and ways it yearns
to blast,
To smite to ruined fragments, and to cast
Prone—as itself is prone—in common dust.
The Beautiful, the Wise, the Strong, the Just,
All fruit of labour, and all spoil of thought,
All that co-operant Man hath won or wrought,
All that the heart has loved, the mind has taught
Through the long generations, hoarded gains
Of plastic fancies, and of potent brains;
Thrones, Temples, Marts, Art's alcoves,
Learning's domes,
Patrician palaces, and bourgeois homes.
Down, down!—to glut its spleen, the paltry thing,
Impotent, save to lurk, and coil, and spring,
But powerful as the poison-drop, once sped,
That creeps, corrupts, and leaves its victim—dead!
As the asp's fang could turn to pulseless clay
The Pride of Egypt, so this Worm can slay

If left long covert for its crawling course.
Up, up against it every virile force,
And every valorous virtue! By its hiss
'Tis known *hostis humani generis*,
Let Civilisation snatch St. Michael's sword,
And slay this Dragon, of a tribe abhorred
The meanest and the most malignant Worm
Which can spill venom, but, attacked, will squirm,
Shrink, splutter, vanish. With no noble end,
All men must be its foes, blind hatred its sole friend!

BREAKING.

[In his spot-barred Billiard-Match with H. COLES, PEALL made breaks of 103, 133, 64, 52, 78, 77, and 80.]

BREAK, break, break

On thy Billiard-board, oh P.!

As easy as cutting butter

The business seems to thee.

"Oh, well that the spot is barred,"

The knowing ones glibly say,

"Or we might get no chance

Of a COLES' strike here to-day."

And the marvellous game goes on,

Till the watchers have their fill;

And one drops off, and dreams

He's taken the "Red" for a pill.

Break, break, break!

And there's one that will broken be;

For the Pony I put on the other man

Will never come back to me.

SUGGESTION FROM "CHILDE HAROLD" AT OLYMPIA.—"I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Size And paint," &c., &c.



THE DYNAMITE DRAGON.

ON THE FIRST GREEN CHAIR.

REACH it, attendant; wicked winter flies off:
Place it with pomp for me to sit and stare
Up at the sun who banquets us with cries of
"Chair!"

Long have we pined in darkness most uncanny:
Now to Hyde Park return its gauze of gold,
Jewels of crocus and enhancements mani-
-fold.

Welcome, delicious zephyr, blithe new-comer,
Urging to purchase patent-leather boots,
Hats of a virgin glossiness, and summer
suits.



Thursday, April 7. Hyde Park. Mid-day.

Welcome, attire of carnival-carousers,
Suddenly bursting on the 'wildered view.
Mine—I don't mind confessing it—are trousers
new,

These that, serene in atmosphere serenest,
Droop o'er a Chair, whose emerald taunts
the trees—
Green are the leaves, and greener than 'the
greenest

Peas!

All things must end: to-morrow may be icy:
Wither too soon the joys that freshest are;
End will sweet summer reveries, and my ci-
gar.

Ends too that master-piece of Messrs. HYAM
Bashfully hinted at in line sixteen;
Green was the Chair I sat on—and now I am
green!

"ALL'S (FAIRLY) WELL."

SCENE—The War Office. Sanctum of the
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF. H.R.H. is seated
on a chair. To him enter (after being
properly complimented by a couple of
Grenadiers on guard over an area)
INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF EVERYTHING,
Field-Marshal PUNCH.

Inspector-General (sharply). Well, Sir!
(COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF comes briskly to
attention.) No, your Royal Highness, you
can be seated. I don't want to disturb you
—much! And now, how is the Easter
Review getting on?

Com.-in-Chief. First-rate, Sir. Excel-
lent, Sir! Couldn't be better, Sir!

Insp.-Gen. (dryly). I have heard those
phrases before, your Royal Highness—espe-
cially "couldn't be better"—and found
subsequently that things ought to have been
better, very much better, Sir.

Com.-in-Chief (anxiously). But I assure
you, Sir, that this time we are doing our level
best. Why, Sir, fancy, we are going to have
thirty thousand men under arms! Think of
that, Sir—thirty thousand men!

Insp.-Gen. About the numbers of a Ger-
man Brigade, or is it a Regiment?

Com.-in-Chief (with a forced laugh). Come,
Sir, I see you are joking! Yes, thirty thousand
men, and some of them are going down fully
equipped. Why, for instance, the Artists will
march the whole way to the scene of the opera-
tions with their own regimental transport!
And so will the 1st London Engineers. Think
of that, Sir!

Insp.-Gen. And how much have you
gentlemen here had to do with that, Sir?
Why, the Volunteers would have been left
in a state of utter unpreparedness had not
the public taken the initiative. What did
the War Office and the Horse Guards do to-
wards giving them their kit?

Com.-in-Chief. Well, it is all right
now, Sir. And we are going to have a splen-
did time of it. The idea is that a hostile
force has landed at Deal during the early
hours of Monday morning, and—

Insp.-Gen. (interrupting). Yes, I have
read all that in the papers. But come, tell
me who is to command?

Com.-in-Chief (rather taken aback).
Well, Sir, the customary crew. I suppose
BILLY SEYMOUR.

Insp.-Gen. (severely). I presume, your
Royal Highness, that you refer to General
Lord WILLIAM SEYMOUR, who will be in
command at Dover.

Com.-in-Chief (abashed). Certainly, Sir.
You are a little particular to-day, Sir.

Insp.-Gen. (gravely). I am always par-
ticular—very particular—when I have to
deal with the Volunteers. Well, Sir, General
Lord WILLIAM SEYMOUR, commands at Dover
—proceed, Sir; pray proceed.

Com.-in-Chief. Then, Sir, there's General
GOODENOUGH at Maidstone, and General
DAWSON-SCOTT at Chatham.

Insp.-Gen. Is he a Volunteer?

Com.-in-Chief (laughing). Why no, Sir;
of course not, Sir. Why he's in the Royal
Engineers. Although in my Crimean days
we never considered Sappers soldiers. We
used to say that—

Insp.-Gen. (severely). No levity, Sir.
And pray who else is to be in command?

Com.-in-Chief. Well, Sir, I shall be pre-
sent myself on Saturday, and then take the
March-past on Monday.

Insp.-Gen. Yes; but how about the Volun-
teers? What about them? Why don't you
let the officers command their own men?

Com.-in-Chief. Why, Sir, you see in time
of war—

Insp.-Gen. (interrupting). You would find
Volunteer officers as capable as any others.
Your Royal Highness has no doubt studied the
lessons taught by the war between the Nor-
therners and the Southerners in America?

Com.-in-Chief. I have glanced at the sub-
ject, Sir, at the Royal United Service Insti-
tute. And may I venture to hope that you
are satisfied, Sir?

Insp.-Gen. (after a pause). Well, yes, I
think you are doing better. But, in future,
give a share of the command to Volunteers
pur et simple. And now just jot down what
I have further to say to you.

[Scene closes in upon the COM.-IN-CHIEF
taking notes.]

CONNECTED WITH THE PRESS.

At a recent meeting of the Institute of
Journalists, it was proposed that future candi-
dates for membership should undergo an
examination to test their qualifications before
election. Should the proposal be adopted, no
doubt some such paper as the following will
be set to those desirous of obtaining the right
of adding "M.I.J." to their names.

1. Would you as a Reporter venture to use

such expressions as "devouring element" or
"destructive fluid" in sending in "flimsy"
to a London Daily Paper? State when you
would consider yourself entitled to describe
yourself "a Special."

2. What are the rights of a Journalist at a
free luncheon? If an Editor finds himself
present, should he return thanks for the Press
himself, or leave that duty in the hands of a
bumpitious Reporter.

3. Write an essay upon the Law of Libel,
and say when a paper, (1) should apologise, (2)
fight it out, and, (3) settle it out of Court.

4. Define the difference between a "com-
ment of public importance" and a "puffing
advertisement."

5. What is "log-rolling"? Give examples
to illustrate the meaning of the word.

6. Show, concisely, why the World could
not revolve without the Press, and why the
Press would cease to be without your own
personal assistance.

UPON JULIA'S COAT.

(After Herrick.)

WHENAS my JULIA wears a sack,
That hides the outline of her back,

I cry, in sore
distress, "A-
lack!"

She showed a
dainty waist
when dressed
In jacket; true,

the size con-
fessed
That whalebone
had its shape
compressed.

Still was her
form sweet
as her face,

But now what
change has
taken place!

This "sack
coat" hides
all maiden
grace.

Although men's
clothes are
always vile,

The coat, the
trousers and
the "tile"!

Some sense still
lingers in
each style.

But women's garments should be fair,
All graceful, gay and debonair.

And if they lack good sense, why care?
O JULIA, cease to wear a sack,

A garb all artists should attack,
In which both sense and beauty lack!



LENTEN FASHION.

Sack-Coat, nearest approach to
Sackcloth, for Lent.

DRINKS AND DRAMAS.

["HENRY THE EIGHTH is a Soda-water Play."
—Mr. Irving's Evidence before the Committee.]

MR. IRVING has now completed his list of
refreshments suited to performances. They
can be obtained, like Mr. GOSCHEN's reserve
of shillings, "on application," which does
not mean gratis.

Macbeth.—Very fine old Scotch.

Hamlet.—Bitters.

Romeo and Juliet.—Rum and Milk.

Othello.—Dublin Stout.

Merchant of Venice.—Port(1 A.).

Charles the First.—Bottled Ale (with
fine head).

The Cup.—Tea.

Faust.—Ginger Brandy.

Much Ado About Nothing.—Benedictine.

Corsican Brothers.—Half-and-half.

A BERLIN CITIZEN'S DIARY.

(Translated by Our First Standard Board Scholar.)

"It is stated that the soldier who, on Friday last, fired at and killed a man who threatened him while on sentry duty before the barracks in the Wrangel-strasse, Berlin, has been promoted to the rank of corporal, for what is described as his correct conduct on the occasion. The passer-by, who was wounded at the same time, still lies in a precarious condition." — *St. James's Gazette*, April 6.]

April 1.—I go walking near barracks; see man looking quietly at building. Suddenly fires the sentry with his long distance rifle, so that the straight onward through the harmless onlooker's heart and through my never sufficiently to be regretted right arm passing bullet in the remote distance a child kills. Long live our good Emperor and his glorious army! Carried home insensible.

June 1.—At last am I from arm-amputation recovered and walk again out. The sentry was for his on the first April quite courageous act to be Sergeant promoted. Here comes a Sergeant! He is it! Look curiously at him whersupon he me in the leg shoots. Long live our Emperor! Again carried home.

Sept. 1.—Again out, in invalid chair, meet same man, now Lieutenant. I murmur sadly, "Ah, my



CULTURE.

SCENE—A Private Picture Gallery.

Noble Sportsman (opposite choice example of Canaletto). "I SAY, BY JOVE, I SEE YOU 'VE GOT A PICTURE OF OLYMPIA HERE!"

friend, I gave you a leg-up indeed!" Then he, saying that I him insulted have, my remaining arm with his sword off cuts. I respect our Emperor, but I love not his soldiers now. Must hire an amanuensis.

January 1.—After my long illness go I once again, Unter den Linden, in my invalid chair—that is to say, what is left of me. My enemy is now a Colonel. Shall I him again see? Heaven forbid! Alas, he comes even now, with those weapons which so rapidly him increase, and me diminish! I say nothing, but he, seeing me, with his sword my last limb off cuts. I love not even our Emperor now.

May 1.—To-day is the Socialists' Day, and I can once more out-dragged be. I am now a without legs or arms Socialist. My enemy can be promoted now only by my body. He has become a General and Count—(Here the Diary ends abruptly.)

"Berlin, May 2.—Yesterday an unfortunate Gentleman, without arms or legs, when passing the Royal Palace in his invalid chair, was attacked by a distinguished officer, who ran his sword through the heart of the unoffending civilian. The assassin was immediately promoted, as is usual in such cases, and is now Field Marshal Prince BLUTUNDRUHM VON SCHLACHTHAUSEN."—*London Daily Papers*.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



Alpheus Cleophas.

House of Commons, Monday, April 4. — ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS has added a new terror to Parliamentary life. It is bad enough to have him unexpectedly rising from a customary seat; usually finds a place on top Bench below Gangway, whence, in days that are no more, NEWDEGATE used to lament fresh evidences of Papal ascendancy. House grown accustomed to hearing the familiar voice from this accustomed spot. Tonight, conversation on question of Privilege been going forward for some time. Seemed about to reach conclusion, when suddenly, far below the Gangway in Irish quarter, ominous sound broke on startled ear.

At first all eyes turned to NEWDEGATE's old quarters; but the voice evidently did not proceed thence. Following the sound, Members came upon ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS breaking out in a fresh

place. Otherwise, all the same; the flat-toned voice, the impercutable manner that awaits cessation of storm of obloquy, and then completes interrupted sentence; the conviction that somebody (generally the Government) is acting dishonestly, and needs a watchful eye kept upon him; the information conveyed that the Eye is now turned on—all were there, each identified ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS. Up again and again during preliminary discussion, always shouted at, and ever quietly waiting till noise has subsided, when he finishes the interrupted sentence, and begins another.

Business done.—In Committee on Small Holdings.

Tuesday.—Happy circumstance in the history of all Administrations that there is never lacking a friend on their own side to keep them on the right path. RADCLIFFE COOKE suddenly developed tendency towards personally conducting the Government. Hitherto appeared as a docile follower. New state of affairs arose in connection with Breach of Privilege by Cambrian Railway Directors. HICKS-BEACH last night gave notice to take into consideration Special Report of Select Committee charging Directors with Breach of Privilege. BEACH proposed to wait awhile till "the other side" had got up a case or two, to show that if Masters were prone to punish their Servants for giving inconvenient evidence on question of Hours of Labour, the Servants were no better when they had power to inflict



Personal Conductor.



WANTED, A FIGURE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.
SOME OF THE SUGGESTIONS SENT IN TO MR. PUNCH.

on each other similar punishment. BEACH made his proposal in matter-of-fact way, anticipating general concurrence. But CHANNING objected; GEORGE TREVELYAN did not approve the suggestion; while the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD eagerly seized BEACH's maladroit phrase about "the other side," and made great play with it. Probably BEACH might have disregarded this action from Opposition Benches; but different when RADCLIFFE COOKE rose from Bench immediately behind Ministers, and in severely judicial manner criticised proposed action of President of Board of Trade. BEACH said nothing at moment; after some hours' reflection, announced withdrawal of original proposition and intention of proceeding with indictment of Cambrian Directors without waiting for case of "the other side."

To-day he moved that on Thursday the accused should appear at Bar of House. This on point of being agreed to when COOKE again appeared on scene; with increased impressiveness of manner argued against BEACH's proposal. Prince ARTHUR began to look uneasy; no knowing where this sort of thing would end if it spread. What with SEXTON on one side correcting grammar of Ministerial Resolutions, and RADCLIFFE COOKE on the other amending their procedure, it really seemed time to go to the country. Something like condition of paralysis stealing over Treasury Bench when SPEAKER came to assistance of Ministers, and benignly but effectively pointed out to COOKE that he was one too many, was in fact spoiling the broth. COOKE tried to argue the matter out, but SPEAKER peremptory and Ministers saved from fresh rebuff.

"It's all very well for them arguing round the subject like that," said MACLURE, nervously mopping his forehead. "But it's a very different thing with me, at my age and fighting weight. An Insurance Broker, Director of various Railway and other Companies, formerly Major of the 40th Lancashire Volunteers, a Trustee for three Church livings, and father of a large family, to be brought up on a Breach of Privilege is no slight matter. Indignity is aggravated by the locality. 'The Bar' is the last place in the world where the friends of JOHN WILLIAM MACLURE would think it likely to find him."

Business done.—In Committee on Small Holdings.

Thursday Night.—After all, MACLURE didn't have to stand at the Bar to-night, so his feelings were saved a peculiarly painful wrench. But the Chairman of Cambrian Railway held a special meeting at Bar. It was attended by Mr. BAILEY HAWKINS, and Mr. JOHN CONACHER, Manager of the Company. The SERGEANT-AT-ARMS also looked in, bringing the Mace with him.

"Now if they were really going to have anything at the Bar," said MACLURE, looking wistfully on, "a drop of mulled port or anything like that, Mace would come in handy. Suppose ERSKINE would dip it in the jorum and stir the liquor round."

So MACLURE joked, and so, as JULIUS 'ANNIBAL, naturally well-posted up in this epoch of history, reminds me, NERO fiddled whilst Rome burned. Fact is, MACLURE in terrible funk; mental condition shared by his Chairman, Co-director, and the Manager. The latter, resolved to sell his life dearly, brought in his umbrella, which gave him a quite casual hope-I-don't-intrude appearance as he stood at the Bar.

Members at first disposed to regard whole matter as a joke. Cheered MACLURE when he came in at a half trot; laughed when, the Bar pulled out, difficulty arose about making both ends meet.

"That's the Chancellor of the Exchequer's duty," said WILFRID LAWSON; "GOSCHEN ought to go and lend a hand."

Bursts of laughter and buzz of conversation in all parts of the House; general aspect more like appearance at theatre on Boxing Night when audience waits for curtain to rise on new pantomime. Only the SPEAKER grave, even solemn; his voice occasionally rising above merry din with stern cry of "Order! order!"

"Of course, now they're at the Bar they can order what they please," said TANNER. Well the SPEAKER didn't hear him. Later, on eve of final division, he offered another remark in louder tone. SPEAKER thundered down upon him like a tornado, and TANNER quiet for rest of sitting.

HICKS-BEACH's speech gave new and more serious turn to affairs. Concluded with Motion declaring Directors guilty of Breach of Privilege and sentencing them to admonition. But speech itself clearly made out that Directors were

blameless; all the bother lying at door of Railway Servant who had been dismissed. Speech, in short, turned its back on Resolution. This riled the Radicals; not to be soothed even by Mr. G. interposing in favourite character as GRAND OLD PACIFICATOR. Storm raged all night; division after division taken; finally, long past midnight, Directors again brought up to the Bar, the worn, almost shrivelled, appearance of CONACHER's umbrella testifying to the mental suffering undergone during the seven hours that had passed since last they stood there.

SPEAKER, with awful mien and in terrible tones, "admonished" them; and so to bed.

Business done.—Cambrian Directors admonished for Breach of Privilege.

Tuesday, April 12.—House adjourns to-day for Easter Holidays; good many adjourned after Friday's Sitting; some waited to hear JOKIM bringing in his Budget last night. Few left to-day to wind up the business. HUGHES, gallant Colonel who represents Woolwich, here a few minutes ago. But he's gone too. "Sometimes," he said, with a far-away smile, "they call me 'the Woolwich Infant.' If I am such a very big gun, perhaps the best thing I can do is to go off." I follow his example.

Business done.—Adjourned for Easter Holidays.



The Woolwich Infant "goes off." I am such a very big gun, perhaps the best thing I can do is to go off."

THE LEGEND OF THE MUTTON BONE.

(By Our Newly-Married Poetess.)

WHEN the world is full of flowers and of butterflies at play,
I could sit beneath the roses eating chocolates all day;
But my heart is very heavy as I ponder with dismay
On the Mutton Bone a-lying in the Larder!



The Mutton Bone a-lying in the Larder.

But I suddenly remember, with a blush of rosy pink,
That Cook—alas! is given to the frequent use of drink,
And if she once gets muddled up—perhaps she'll never think
Of the Mutton Bone a-lying in the Larder!

As the western sun is gilding all the heather of the moor,
Down the basement stairs I'm creeping—till a widely open door
Shows me Cook in heavy slumber on her cherished kitchen floor—
And the Mutton Bone is lying in the Larder!

O GEORGE, there'll be no dinner, dear, for you and BROWNE to-day!
I picture to myself the pretty words that you will say—
And I seize my guinea bonnet—and I wander far away
From the Mutton Bone a-lying in the Larder!

MOTTO FOR A SOAP CO.—"Nothing like Lather."

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

TOWN THOUGHTS FROM THE COUNTRY.

(With the usual apologies.)

OH, to be in London now that April's there,
 And whoever walks in London sees, some morning, in the
 That the upper thousands have come to Town, [Square,
 To the plane-trees droll in their new bark gown,
 While the sparrows chirp, and the cats miaow
 In London—now!
 And after April, when May follows
 And the black-coats come and go like swallows!
 Mark, where yon fairy blossom in the Row
 Leans to the rails, and canters on in clover,
 Blushing and drooping, with her head bent low!
 That's the wise child: she makes him ask twice over,
 Lest he should think she views with too much rapture
 Her first fine wealthy capture!
 But,—though her path looks smooth, and though, alack,
 All will be gay, till Time has painted black
 The *Marigold*, her Mother's chosen flower,—
 Far brighter is my *Heartsease*, Love's own dower.

A WANT.—“There is only one thing,” a visitor writes to us, “that I missed at Venice, S.W. I've never been to the real place, which is the Bride, or Pride, of the Sea, I forget which, but, as I was saying, there's only one thing I miss, and that is the heather. Who has not heard of ‘the moor of Venice’? And I daresay good shooting there too, with black game and such like. I only saw pigeons flying, who some one informed me are the pigeons of SAM MARK. Next time I go, I shall inquire at the Restaurant for fresh Pigeon Pie. However, if Mr. KIRALFY will take a hint, he will, in August provide a moor. It will add to the gaiety of the show. ‘The moor the merrier,’ eh?”

Neo-Dramatic Nursery Rhyme.

MRS. GRUNDY, good woman, scarce knew what to think
 About the relation ‘twixt Drama and Drink.
 Well, give Hall—and Theatre—good wholesome diet,
 And all who attend will be sober and quiet!

SPRING'S DELIGHTS IN LONDON.—“VIA MALODORA”—clearly a lady, “DORA” for short—wrote to the *Times* complaining that the result of the splendid weather for the first ten days of the month was the reproduction of “summer effluvia rank and offensive” in Piccadilly. Poor Piccadilly! Oh, its “offence is rank,” and Miss DORA might add, quoting to her father from another scene in *Hamlet*, “And smells so, Pa’!” West-Enders, in a dry summer, must be prepared to have “a high old time of it.”



SANCTA SIMPLICITAS.

Orthodox Old Maid. “BUT, REBECCA, IS YOUR PLACE OF WORSHIP CONSECRATED?”

Domestic (lately received into the Plymouth Brotherhood). “OH NO, MISS—IT'S GALVANISED IRON!”

MY SOAP.

I'm the maker of a Soap, which I confidently hope
 In the advertising tournament will win,
 And remain the fit survival, having vanquished every rival
 Which is very detrimental to the skin.

I will now proceed to show, what the public ought to know,
 Unless they would be blindly taken in,
 How in every soap but mine certain qualities combine
 To make it detrimental to the skin.



But surely at this date it is needless I
 should state

That the cheaper soaps are barely
 worth a pin,
 For they all contain a mixture, either
 free or as a fixture,
 Which is very detrimental to the skin.

And every cake you buy is so charged
 with alkali,
 To soda more than soap it is akin;
 It is really dear at last, for it wastes
 away so fast,
 And is very detrimental to the skin.

The public I must warn of the colours
 that adorn

The soaps ambitious foreigners bring
 in;

They are often very pretty, but to use them is a pity,
 For they're very detrimental to the skin.

There are soaps which you can see through. I ask, What can it
 Is it resin, or some other form of sin? [be through?
 There are soaps which smell too strong, and of course that must
 And extremely detrimental to the skin. [be wrong,

And too much fat's injurious, and so are soaps sulphureous,
 Though they say they keep the hair from growing thin;
 They may keep a person's hair on, like the precious oil of AARON,
 And yet be detrimental to his skin.

In short, the only soap which is fit for Prince or Pope
 (I have sent some to the KAISER at Berlin)
 Is the article I sell you. Don't believe the firms who tell you
 It is very detrimental to the skin.

A LIQUOR QUESTION.—Why does a toper—especially when “before
 the beak”—always say that he was “in drink,” when he evidently
 means that the drink was in him? The only soaker on record who
 could rightly be said to be “in drink” was,

“Maudlin Clarence in his Malmsey butt.”

He was “in liquor” with a vengeance. But less lucky wine-bibbers
 need not be illogical as well as inebriate.

MR. GOSCHEN'S BUDGET.—“From a fiscal point of view, the To-
 bacco receipts are extremely good.” So unlike JOKIM. Of course, as
 he never loses a chance of a *jeu de mot*, what he must have said was,
 that “the Tobacco ‘returns’ are extremely good.” “A birthday
 Budget,—many happy ‘returns,’” he observed jocosely to PRINCE
 ARTHUR, “quite piping times!” And off he went for his holiday;
 and, weather permitting, as he reclines in his funny among the weeds,
 he will gently murmur, “*Dulce est desipere in smoko.*”

THE NEWEST NARCISSUS;

OR, THE HERO OF OUR DAYS.

["—The curious tendency towards imitation which is observed whenever some specially sensational crime is brought into the light of publicity,"
Morning Post.]

NARCISSUS? *He*, that foul ill-favoured brute,
 A fevered age's most repulsive fruit,

The murderous
 coxcomb, the as-
 sassin sleek?
 Stranger com-
 parison could
 fancy seek?

Truly 'tis not the
 self-admiring
 boy

Nymph Echo
 longed so vainly
 to enjoy;

Yet the old clas-
 sic fable hath a
 phase

Which seems to
 fit the oppo-
 sition of our
 days.

Criminal-wor-
 ship seems our
 latest cult,
 And this strange
 figure is its last
 result.

Self-conscious,
 self-admiring,
 Crime parades
 Its loathly fea-
 tures, not in
 slumdom's sha-
 des,

Or in Alsatian
 sanctuariesville.
 No; peacock-pos-
 ing and compla-
 cent smile

Pervade the
 commonair, and
 take the town.

The glory of a
 scandalous re-
 nown

Lures the vain
 villain more
 than wrath or
 gain,

And cancels all
 the shame that
 should restrain:

Makes murder
 half-heroic in
 his sight,

And gilds the
 gallows with
 factitious light.

And whose the
 fault? Sensa-
 tion it is thine!

The garrulous
 paragraph, the
 graphic line,

Poster and por-
 trait, telegram
 and tale,

Make shopboys
 eager and domestics pale.

Over the morbid details workmen pore,
 Toil's favourite pabulum and chosen lore,
 Penny-a-liners pile the horrors up,
 On which the cockney *gobe-mouche* loves to sup,
 And paragraph and picture feed the clown
 With the foul garbage that has gorged the
 town.

"Vice is a monster of such hideous mien
 As to be hated needs but to be seen."
 So sang the waspish satirist long ago.
 Now Vice is sketched and Crime is made a
 show.

A hundred eager scribes are at their heel
 To tell the public how they look and feel,
 How eat and drink, how sleep and smoke and
 play.

Murder's itinerary for a day,

From club-room to street-corner runs the cry
 After the newest fact, or latest lie: [grasp,
 The hurrying throng unfolded broad-sheets
 And read with goggled eyes and lips a-gasp,
 Blood! Blood! More Blood! It makes hot
 lips go pale,
 But gives the sweetest zest to the unholy
 tale.

What wonder if the Horror, homaged thus
 By frenzied eagerness and foolish fuss,

Swells to a hide-
 ous self-impor-
 tance, struts
 In conscious dig-
 nity, and gladly
 gluts

With vanity's
 fantastic tricks
 the herd

Whose pulses
 first by mur-
 derous crime it
 stirred.

Narcissus - like,
 the slayer bends
 to trace

Within Sensa-
 tion's flowing
 stream its face,

And, self-ena-
 moured, smiles
 a loathsome
 smile

Of fatuous con-
 ceit and gloat-
 ing guile;

Laughs at the
 shadow of the
 lifted knife,

And thinks of
 all things save
 its victim's life.

The "Noisy
 Nymph," the
 Echo of our
 times,

The gossip, with
 an eager ear for
 crimes,

Lurks, half-ad-
 miring, all-re-
 cording there,

Watching Nar-
 cissus with per-
 sistent stare,

And ready note-
 book. Nothing
 but a Voice?

No, but its bab-
 blings travel,
 and rejoice

A myriad prur-
 ent ears with
 noisome news,

Fit only for the
 shambles and
 the stews.

These hear,
 admire, and
 sometimes imi-
 tate!

Narcissus is a
 danger to the
 State,
 And Echo hardly
 less. Vain-glori-
 ous crime;

That pestilent portent of a morbid time,
 Would flourish less could sense or law avail
 To strangle coarse Sensation's clamorous
 tale,

Silence the "Noisy Nymph," for half
 crime's ill

Would end were babbling Echo's voice
 but still.



THE MISSING CIPHER."

"OH, PAPA, ONLY FIFTY POUNDS FROM SIR GORGIUS MIDAS! SUCH A MILLIONNAIRE—WHY,
 HE OUGHT TO HAVE SENT FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS AT LEAST!"

"AH, I'M AFRAID HE FORGOT THE OUGHT, MY DEAR!"

Set forth in graphic phrase by skilful pens,
 With pictures of its face, its favourite
 dens,

Its knife or bludgeon, pistol, paramour,
 Will swell the swift editions hour by
 hour,

More than high news of war or of debate,
 The death of heroes or the throes of state.



THE NEWEST NARCISSUS; OR, THE HERO OF OUR DAYS.

FETTERED.—In reply to the Unemployed Deputation which found employment in paying a visit to the L. C. C. at Spring Gardens, Messrs. BURNS and BEN TILLET (Alderman) intimated that as Mr. POWER, the U. D.'s spokesman, was not a member of the L. C. C., that body was Power-less to assist them in their trouble. A nasty time of it had the Labour Candidates on this occasion. Nothing like putting men of Radical revolutionary tendencies into responsible positions.

A SHADY VALET.—One DONALD CROSS was a Valet in the service of an absent master, whose best clothes and jewellery DONALD wore, while he kept his flat well aired by giving little supper-parties to young ladies who took him at his own valuation,—for a very superior swell. Alas! he was but a *valet de sham*! "Cross purposes," but Magistrate "disposes"; and the once happy Valet is in the shade for the next six months.

IN FANCY DRESS.

A SKETCH AT COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

Before Supper the proceedings are rather decorous than lively; the dancers in fancy dress forming a very decided minority, and appearing uncomfortably conscious of their costume. A Masker got up as a highly realistic Hatstand, hobbles painfully towards a friend who is disguised as a huge Cannon.

The Hatstand (hushily, through a fox's mask in the centre of his case, to the Cannon). Just a trifle slow up to the present, eh?

The Cannon (shifting the carriage and wheels to a less uncomfortable position). Yes, it don't seem to me as lively as usual—drags, don't you know.

The Hatstand (heroically). Well, we must wake 'em up, that's all—put a little go into the thing!

[They endeavour to promote gaiety by crawling through the crowd, which regards them with compassionate wonder.]

A Black Domino (to a Clown, who is tapping the barometer on the Hatstand's back). Here, mind how you damage the furniture, SAMMY, it may be here on the hire system.

[The Hatstand executes a cumbrous caper by way of repartee, and stumbles on.]

A Folly (to a highly respectable Bedouin in a burnous and gold spectacles). Well, all I can say is, you don't seem to me to behave much like an Arab!

The Bedouin (uneasily, as he waltzes with conscientious regularity). Don't I? How ought I to behave then?

The Folly. I should have thought you'd jump about and howl, the way Bedouins do howl. You know!

The Bed. (dubiously). Um—well, you see, my dear, I—I don't feel up to that sort of thing—before supper.

*The Folly (losing all respect for him). No—nor yet after it. I expect you've told some old four-wheel caravan to come and fetch you home early, and you'll turn into your little tent at the usual time—that's the sort of wild Bedouin you are! Don't let me keep you. *[She leaves him.]**

The Bed. (alone). If she only knew the absolute horror I have of making myself conspicuous, she wouldn't expect it!

Mephistopheles (to a Picador). This was the only thing I could get to go in. How do you think it suits me?

The Picador (with candour). Well, I must say, old fellow, you do look a beast!

[Mephisto appears wounded.]

A Masker (with his face painted brown, and in a costume of coloured paper decorated with small boxes and packets, to a Blue Domino). You see what I

am, don't you? The Parcels Post! Had a lot of trouble thinking it out. Look at my face, for instance, I made that up, with string-marks and all, to look like a brown-paper parcel.

The Blue Domino. Pity you haven't got something inside it, isn't it?

The Parcels Post (feebly). Don't you be too sharp. And it really is a first-rate idea. All these parcels now—I suppose there must be fifty of 'em at least—

The Blue Domino. Are there? Well, I wish you'd go and get sorted somewhere else. I haven't time for it myself.

Sardonic Spectator (pitilyngly—to a Masker in a violent perspiration, who represents Sindbad carrying the Old Man of the Sea). 'Ow you are worrying yourself to be sure!

A Polite Stranger (accosting an Individual who is personifying the London County Council by the aid of a hat surmounted by a sky-sign, a cork bridge and a tin tramcar, a toy Clown and a butterfly on his chest, a portrait of Mlle. Zee on his back, a miniature fireman under an extinguisher, and a model crane, which he winds up and down with evident enjoyment). Excuse me, Sir, but would you mind showing us round you—or is there a catalogue to your little collection?

[The L. C. C. maintains a dignified silence.]

Pierrot (critically to Cleopatra). Very nice indeed, my dear girl,—except that they ought to have given you a serpent to carry, you know!

Cleopatra. Oh, they did—only I left it in the Cloak-room.

A Man with a False Nose (to a Friend who is wearing his natural organ). Why, I thought you said you were coming in a nose?

His Friend. So I did (he produces an enormous nose and cheeks from his tail-pocket). But it's no mortal use; the minute I put it on I'm recognised (plaintively). And I gave one-and-ninepence for the beastly thing, too!

Young Man of the Period (meeting a female acquaintance attired in ferns, rock-work, and coloured shells, illuminated by portable electric light). Hul-lo! You are a swell! And what are you supposed to be?

The Lady in Rock-work. Can't you see? I'm a Fairy Grotto. Good idea, isn't it?

He. Rippin'! But what the mischief have you got on your shoulder?

She. Oh, that's an aquarium—real goldfish. See!

[Exhibiting them with pride.]

He. Ain't you lettin' 'em sit up rather late? They will be chippy to-morrow—off colour, don't you know.

She. Will they? What ought I to do for them, then?

He. Do? Oh, just put a brandy-and-soda in their tank.

Later; Supper is going on in the Boxes and Supper-room, and the festivity has been further increased by the arrival of a party of Low Comedians and Music-Hall Stars. The Lancers have been danced with more abandonment, and several entirely new and original figures.

The Chevalier Bayard (at the Refreshment Bar—to a Watteau Shepherdess). I say, you come along and dance with me, will you?—and look here, if you dance well, I'll give you a drink when it's over. If you don't dance to please me, you'll get nothing. See?

The Watteau Shepherdess (with delicate disdain). 'Ere, you go along, you silly ass!

[Hits him with her crook.]

A Gentleman who has obviously supped (catching hold of a passing Acquaintance, whose hand he wrings affectionately). Dear ole HUGHIE! don't go away just yet. Shtop an' talk with me. Got lotsh er things say to you, dear ole boy—mosh 'portant things! Shure you, you're the on'y man in the wide world I ever kicked a care—cared a kick about. Don't you leave me, HUGHIE!

Hughie (who is looking for his partner). Not now, old man—can't stop. See you later!

[He makes his escape.]

The Affect. G. (confidentially—to a Policeman). Thash a very dear ole pal o' mine, plishman, a very dear ole pal. Worsht of him ish—shimply impossible get a lit' rational conversation with him. No sheriousness in his character!

[Exit unsteadily towards Bar, in blissful unconsciousness that somebody has attached a large false nose and spectacles to the buttons of his coat-tails.]

A Troubadour (jealously—to an Arlequina).

No—but look here, you might just as well say right out which costume you like best—mine or—(indicating a Cavalier on her other side)—his.

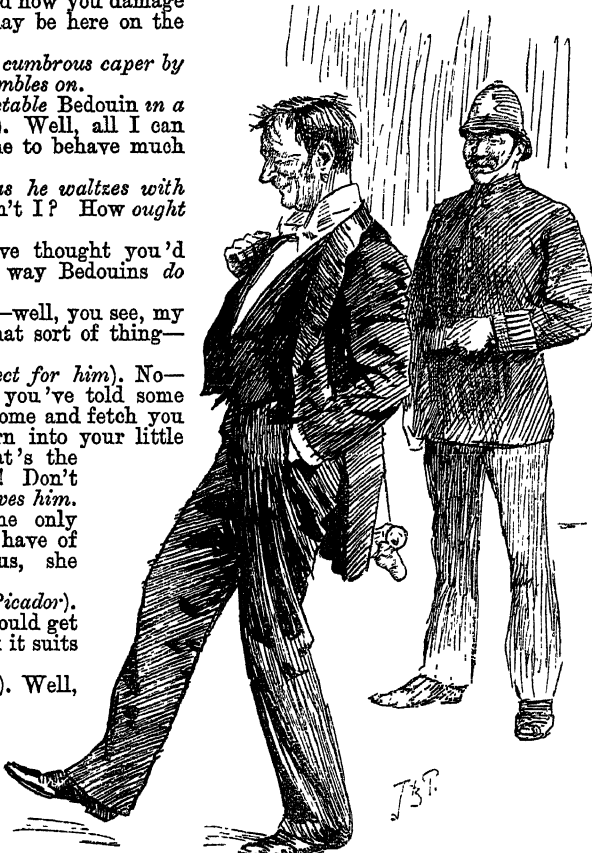
Arlequina (cautiously—not desiring to offend either). Well, I'd rather be him—not as a man, I wouldn't—but, as myself, I'd like to be this one.

[Both appear equally satisfied and soothed by this diplomatic, but slightly mystic response.]

A Vivandière (to a Martyr, who is shuffling along inside a property-trunk, covered with twigs, and supposed to represent a Bird in the Hand). Well, that's one way of coming out to enjoy yourself, I suppose!

A Middle-aged Man (wandering behind the Orchestra). It's beastly dull, that's what it is—none of the give-and-take humour and practical fun you get in Paris or Vienna!... That's a nice, simple-looking little thing in the seat over there. (The simple-looking little thing peeps at him, with one eye over her fan, in arch invitation.) Gad, I'll go up and talk to her—it will be something to do, at any rate—she looks as if she wouldn't mind. (He goes up.) Think I know your face—haven't we met before?

The Simple Little Thing (after an elaborate wink aside at a Fireman). Shouldn't wonder. Don't you run away yet. Sit down and talk to me—do now. No, not that side—try the arm-chair, it's more comfortable.



"Exit unsteadily towards Bar."

The M. M. (throwing himself gracefully into a well-padded chintz chair). Well, really—(The chair suddenly digs him in the ribs with one of its elbows). Eh, look here now—pon my—(He attempts to rise, and finds himself tightly pinioned by the arms of the chair.) There's some confounded fool inside this chair!

The Simple Little Thing (tickling him under the chin with her fan). Shouldn't call yourself names! I'm going—don't get up on my account. [She goes off, laughing; a crowd collects and heartily enjoys his situation.]

The M. M. (later—very red after his release). If I could have found a policeman, I'd have given that chair in custody! It's scandalous to call that coming in Fancy Dress! [Exit indignantly.]

THE BROWN-JONES INCIDENT.

(Adapted from the French.)

SCENE—A Street. Enter BROWN and JONES. They meet, and regard one another for a moment, fixedly. Then they salute one another respectfully.

Brown. I have been looking for you everywhere.

Jones. Then I am delighted to have met you.

Brown. I have said of you that you are a trickster, a scoundrel, a fool, and an idiot!

Jones. Yes—and I have regretted the saying, because it shows to me that you have misunderstood the great literary movement of the present day, in its vast and varied effort.

Brown. Of that I know nothing, for I confess I have never read your books.

Jones (reproachfully). Yes—and yet you accuse me of being a trickster, a scoundrel, and a fool, without knowing my works?

Brown. It was my duty. But still I had no wish to be guilty of an outrage.

Jones. An outrage—how an outrage?

Brown. Had I known you had been present to hear me I would not have caused you the pain of listening to me.

Jones (with admiration). But it was the act of a brave man! Did it not occur to you that had I been within reach of you that you too would have suffered pain?

Brown. It did not. I was unconscious of your presence. I would have preferred to have spoken behind your back. It is brutal to speak before any face. It might lead to an unpleasantness.

Jones. No, it is your duty to do what you think is right. It is also my duty to do what I think is right. We are now face to face. Have you anything further to say to me?

Brown (hurriedly). You have immense gifts—gifts which are those of genius.

Jones. I thought you would understand me better when we met. My dear friend, I am delighted at this reconciliation. Give me your hand.

Brown (clasping palms). With all the pleasure in the world. But still I owe you reparation. How can I—

Jones (interrupting). Not another word, my dear friend. That is a matter we can leave in the hands of our Solicitors.

[Scene closes in upon the suggestion.]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

It is curious to find a coincidence in style and in idea between an earnest, witty and pious English author of the Sixteenth Century, and an American author of our own day. Yet so it is, and here is the parallel to be found between the quaint American tales about the old negro, *Uncle Remus*, by JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS, in this year of Grace, 1892, and the fables writ by SIR THOMAS MORE in 1520, or thereabouts, which he represents as if told him by an old wife and nurse, one Mother MAUD. Here are



"Oliver asking for More."

I have come across, are to be found in a small book compiled by the Rev. THOMAS BRIDGETT, entitled, *The Wit and Wisdom of Sir Thomas More*. The Baron wishes that with it had been issued a



A SOLILOQUY.

Youthful Mercury. "WHAT'S THIS 'ERE ON THE PLUTE? 'KNOCK AND RING'! BLOWED IF THEY WON'T BE HARKING YER TO 'WALK HINSIDE,' NEXT!!"

glossary of old English words and expressions, as, to an ordinary modern reader, much of Sir THOMAS MORE's writing is well-nigh unintelligible; nay, in some instances, the Baron can only approximately arrive at the meaning, as though it were a writ in a foreign language with which his acquaintance was of no great profundity. Certes, the learned and reverend compiler hath a keen relish for this quaintness, but not so will fifteen out of his twenty readers, who, pardie! shall regret the absence of a key without which some of the treasure must, to them at least, remain inaccessible. With this reservation, but with no sort of equivocation, doth the Baron heartily recommend The Reverend BRIDGETT's compilation of Sir THOMAS MORE's "English as she is writ" in the Sixteenth Century, to all lovers of good books in this "so-called (O, immortal phrase!) Nineteenth Century." The Rev. THOMAS hath well and ably done his work, and therefore doth the Baron advise his readers to go to their booksellers, and, being there, to imitate the example of DICKENS's oft-quoted *Oliver*, and "ask for MORE."

Quoth the Baron, "Much liketh me the Macmillanite series of *English Men of Action*, and in a very special manner do I laud the latest that, to my knowledge, hath appeared 'yclept *Montrose*, by Master MOWBRAY MORRIS—a good many 'M's' in these names—who hath executed his *Montrose* with as loving a heart and as tender a touch as ever did use old IZAAK towards the gentle that he, and the simple fish, did love so well. Did not the very hangman burst into tears as he thrust the unfortunate nobleman off the step? and did not a universal sob of pity break from the vast crowd assembled to see the last of the noble cavalier, victim to an unfortunate tradition of loyalty? What wonder then if we sympathise with this luckless hero of romance? The weak-knee'd villain of this historical drama was "Charles (his friend)," in which character, be it allowed, this sad dog of a Merry Monarch not infrequently appeared. "Thank you much, Mr. MOWBRAY MONTROSE MORRIS," quoth

THE BENEFICENT BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



SYMPATHY.

Mamma (to Cook)—"AND MRS. STUBBS, THE CREAM WITH THE APPLE-TART YESTERDAY OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN WHIPPED."
Ethel (who has a grateful remembrance of the dish in question). "OH, MUMMY DEAR! 'OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN WHIPPED!' I THOUGHT IT WAS PARTICULARLY GOOD!"

APRIL SHOWERS;

OR, A SPOILED EASTER HOLIDAY.

(A Vacation Cantata.)

Master George (stretching forth his fingers to feel if the shower is abating) sings:-

RAIN! Rain!
 Go away!
 Come again
 Another day!

Master Arthur (gloomily). Pooh! Rain won't go away, not in these times, By being sung at to old nursery rhymes: Especially in such a voice as yours!

Master George. Needn't be nasty, ARTHUR!

Master Robert. How it pours! Thought we were going to have a real jolly day,

And now it's set in wet, to spoil our holiday.

Master George. Always the way at Easter. Shall we trudge it?

Master Arthur. Not yet. What have you got, GEORGE, in your Budget?

Master George. Not very much, I fear!

Master Arthur. Ah, that's vexatious! It might have cheered us up a bit.

Master George (indignantly). Good gracious! You're always down on me, with no good reasons.

You know I'm not the ruler of the Seasons. Now if I'd been in your place—but no matter!

Master Robert. By Jingo, how the rain-drops rush and clatter!

Ah, Primrose-gathering is not half so jolly As once it used to be.

Master Arthur. Ah! my dear SOLLY,

The springs are now so awfully wet and cold, The "cry" don't seem so fetching as of old.

[Pipes up.]

Recitative. "Who will buy my pretty, pretty Pri-im-ro-o-ses!"

All fresh gathered from the va-a-a-ll-ey?"

Master George. The wet and cold have got into your throat, A quaver and a crack on every note!

Master Robert. Don't aggravate each other, boys; 'tis wrong,

But while it rains I'll tootle out a song:-

(Sings.) The days we went a-Primrosing!

Air—"The days we went a-Gipsying!"

The days are gone, the happy days

When we were in our Spring;

When all the Primrose loved to praise,

And join its gathering.

Oh! we could sing like anything,

We felt the conqueror's glow,

In the days when we went Primrosing,

A long time ago.

Chorus.—In the days, &c.

Then April's flowery return

Was "Peace-with-Honour's" goal,

And the bright brimstone-bunch would burn

In every button-hole.

Our Dames were gaily on the wing,

With blossoms in full blow,

In the days when we went Primrosing,

A long time ago.

Chorus.—In the days, &c.

But now Progressive storms prevail

Election blizzards chill;

The Primroses seem sparse and pale

In valley and on hill.

Yon cloud looks black as raven's wing!

Things did not menace so.

In the days when we went Primrosing

A long time ago!

Chorus.—In the days, &c.

Both. Oh, brayvo, BOBBY!

Master Robert. Thanks. Yet my song's burden

Is dismal as the croakings of Dame Durden.

Our holiday is spoilt by driving showers.

I fear we shall have no great show of flowers;

But—anyhow my boys we're under cover;

And let us hope that storm-cloud will pass over

Without first giving us a dreadful drenching,

And all our April-hopes entirely quenching.

All (singing together).

Rain! Rain!

Go away!

Come again

Another day!

[Left crouching and singing.]

FROM THE THEATRES, &c. COMMISSION.—

"I am afraid," said Mr. P. S. RUTLAND,

speaking of the Music Halls, and in answer

to a question of Mr. BOLTON's, "we cannot

do a wreck. (Laughter.)" Mr. WOODALL:

"Without being wrecked in the attempt.

(Renewed laughter.)" Oh, witty WOODALL!

Why, encouraged by this applause, he may

yet be led on to make a pun on his own

name, and say, "Would all were like him!"

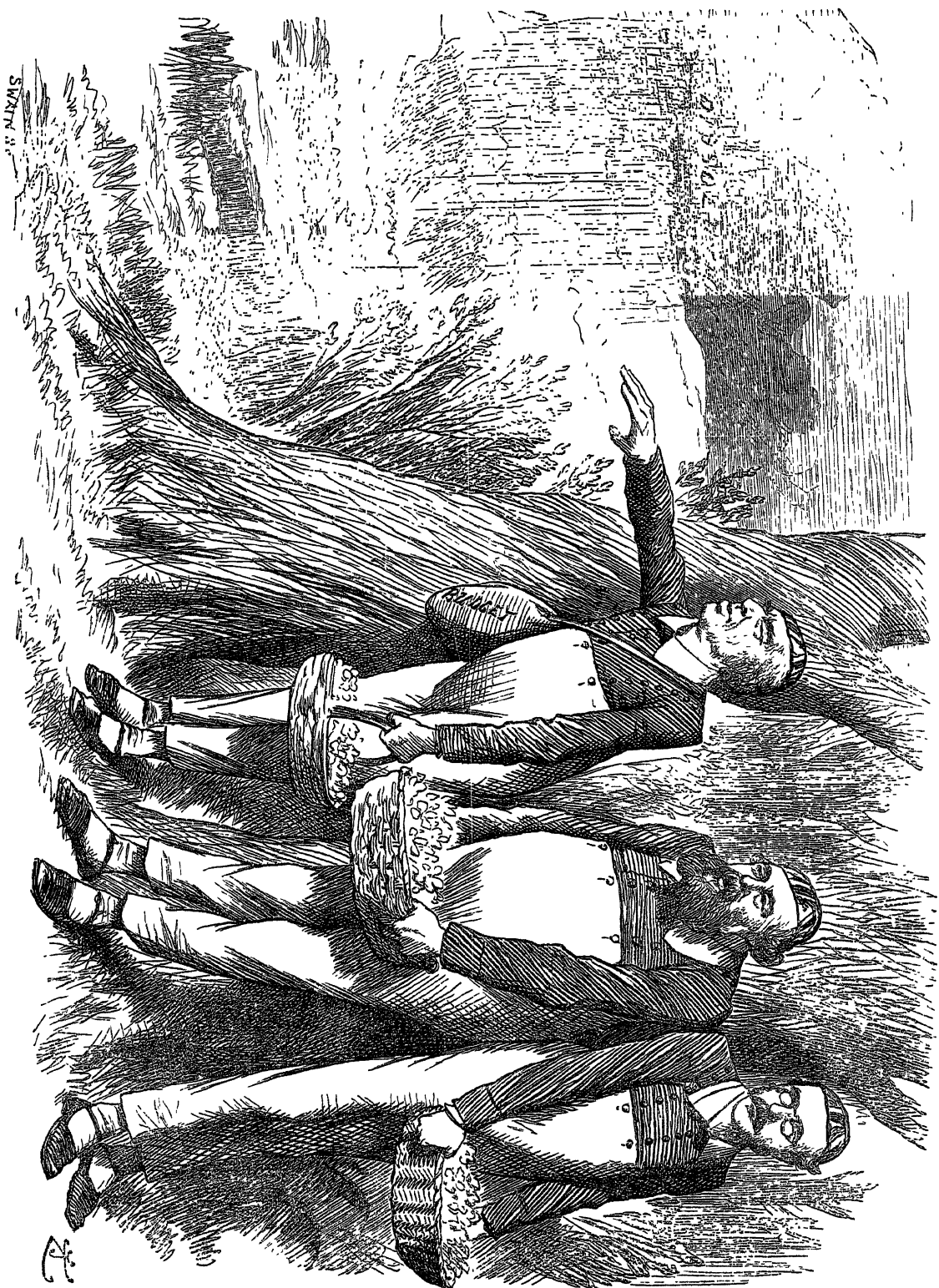
or some such merry jest. The proceedings

in this Committee were becoming a trifle dull,

but it is to be hoped that they may yet hear

something still more sparkling from the wise

and witty WOODALL.



APRIL SHOWERS; OR, A SPOILT EASTER HOLIDAY.

THO. "RAIN! RAIN! GO AWAY! COME AGAIN ANOTHER DAY!"

TO MY COOK.

Oh, hard of favour, fat of form,
How fairer art thou than thy looks,
Whose heart with kitchen fires is warm,
Thou plainest of the plainer Cooks!

Low down upon thy forehead grows
Thick hair of no conducive dye;
Short and aspiring is thy nose,
Watched ever by a furtive eye.

In shy defiance rarely seen
Where kitchen stairways darkly tend,
A foe to judge thee by thy mien,
Proclaimed in every act a friend!

I know thee little; not thy views
On public or on private life,
Whether a single lot thou'dst choose,
Or fain would'st be a Guardsman's wife;

For who can rightly read the change
When, still'd the work-day traffic's din,
In best apparel, rich and strange,
Thou passest weekly to thy kin!



A silken gown, that bravely stands
Environing thy form, or no;
Stout gloves upon thy straining hands,
For brooch, the breastplate cameo.

Shod with the well-heeled boots, whose knell
Afar along the pavement sounds,
Blent with the tinkling muffin-bell,
Or milkman, shrilling on his rounds.

Nil tangis quod non ornas. Nay,
'Tis not alone the parsley sprig,
The paper frill, the fennel spray,
The Yule-tide's pertly-berried twig;

But common objects by thy art
Some proper beauty seem to own;
Thy chop is as a chop apart,
Fraught with a grace before unknown;

The very egg thou poachest seems
Some work of deft *orfèvrerie*,—
A yolk of gold that chastely gleams
Through a thin shrine of ivory.

From thee no pale and wilted ghost,
Or branded by the blackening bar,
But crisp and cheery comes the toast,
And brown as ripening hazels are.

Thy butter has not lost the voice
Of English meads, where crowslips grow,
And oh, the bacon of thy choice—
Rose-jacinth labyrinthed in snow!
And mutton, colder than the kiss
Of formal love, where loathing lurks

Its deadlier chill doth wholly miss,
Fired with the spirit of thy works.

To true occasion thou art true,
As upon great occasions great;
Doing whatever Cook may do
When PHYLLIS, neat, alone will wait,

As when the neighbouring villas send
Their modish guests to statelier fare,
And PHYLLIS, neat, is helped to tend
By that staid man the Greengrocer.

Though thou art more than plain in look,
Thou wisdest charms that never tire—
O Cook—we will not call thee Cook,
Thou Priestess of the Genial Fire.

LAYING A GHOST!

PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.—Owing to the continued success of *Hamlet*, it has been decided (by arrangement with the Author) to postpone, &c.—*Extract from Advertisement in Daily Paper.*

SCENE—*Sanctum of Popular Actor-Manager of Theatre Royal Haymarket. Popular Actor-Manager dozing over a submitted Play. He closes his eyes and slumbers. When to him enter Master WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.*

Master W. S. (shouting). What ho, Sir Player! Wake up, Sir, wake up!

P. A.-M. (rousing himself). Delighted to see you, Mr. SHAKESPEARE. I hope you have been in front and seen us?

Master W. S. Yes, I just had a glance. Find you have put in some new business. When will all you fellows leave me alone?

P. A.-M. (earnestly). I hope, Sir, that in the cause of Art you do not object, that—

Master W. S. (interrupting). Oh, no! It makes little difference to me what you do. My author's fees ceased years ago! But look here, What do you mean by this? (*Produces Press-cutting of advertisement and reads*)—"Theatre Royal, Haymarket, Prospective Arrangements. Owing to the continued success of *Hamlet*, it has been decided (by arrangement with the Author) to postpone" another play. Now, Master TREE, or as I may call ye, "Master up a Tree," what have you to say to that? You see your advertisement has caught my eye. I am here to answer it!

P. A.-M. Most wonderful! I do not know how or wherefore my pen slipped, but slip it did, indeed. However, I apologise. Is that enough?

Master W. S. More than enough!

Enter the Ghost of HAMLET's Father suddenly.

Ghost (with a glance at W. S.). Ah, the Governor here already! Still, I may have my chance as well as he! I gave the plot of *Hamlet*! Why shouldn't I have another shot? (*To P. A.-M.*)—

But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul.

P. A.-M. (eagerly). The very thing for a melodrama. Delighted to make your acquaintance—hem—in the Spirit!

Master W. S. Nay, good Master Player, this is scarcely business! If anything in that line is to be done, I should do it. (*To Ghost of HAMLET's Father.*) Begone, Sirrah!

Ghost. Nay, this is professional jealousy! (*To P. A.-M.*) I find thee apt—

[*A book falls, and Master WM. SHAKESPEARE and Ghost of HAMLET's Father vanish together.*]

P. A.-M. (opening his eyes). Was I dreaming? (*With a recollection of "The Red Lamp."*) I wonder! [*Left wondering.*]

TAKING A SIGHT AT RINGANDKNOCK.

(By Ruddier Stripping.)

AFTER the roughness of the Atlantic, in which to my taste there is far too much water moving about, I stepped on to America with considerable relief. I was quite satisfied, after that excellent dinner, the first I had enjoyed since Liverpool slid away eastward, to walk aimlessly through the streets till I fell into the arms of a broad-shouldered, pug-nosed, Irish New York policeman. I remember no more till New York passed away on a sunny afternoon, and then I fell asleep again and slept till the brakeman, conductor, Pullman-car conductor, negro porter and news-boy somehow managed to pull me out into the midnight temperature of 80 below freezing. It was just like having one's head put under the pump, but it did not quite revive me, for I mistook my host in his sleigh for a walrus, and tried to harpoon him with my umbrella. After matters had been explained, we went off, at least I did, and never woke up till I fell out into a snow-drift, just as we turned a corner at our journey's end.

In the morning, I had some idea that the sky was a great sapphire, and that I was inside it, and that the fields were some sort of velvet or wool-work, going round and round with the sun rioting over them, whatever that may mean, till my head ached. I can't quite understand all this now, but it seemed a very picturesque, impressionist description when I wrote it. Then I went for a walk down Main Street. I think it is about 400 miles long, for I got nowhere near the end, but this was perhaps owing to my uncertainty as to which side was the pleasanter to walk on. At last I gave it up, and sat down on the side-walk. Now, the wisdom of Vermont, not being at all times equal to grasping all the problems of everybody else's life with delicacy, sometimes makes pathetic mistakes, and it did so in my case. I explained to the policeman that I had been sitting up half the night on a wild horse in New Zealand, and had only just come over for the day, but it was all in vain.

The cell at Vermont was horribly uncomfortable. I dreamt that I was trying to boil snow in a tumbler, to make maple syrup, and to swim on my head in deep water, with a life-belt tied to my ankles. There was another man there, and in the early morning he told me about Mastodons and Plesiosaurs in a wood near the town, and how he caught them by the tails and photographed them; and also that Ringandknock, a mountain near, was mentioned by EMERSON in a verse, which I remembered, because he made "co-eval", rhyme with "extended." Only a truly great Philosopher could have done that.

It was all new and delightful; and it must have been true, because my informant was a quiet, slow-spoken man of the West, who refrained from laughing at me. I have met very few people who could do that. Next day all the idleness and trifling were at an end, and my friends conveyed me back to New York.

EPITAPH ON A DYER.

THIS Dyer with a dire liver tried
To earn a living dyeing, and he died.



"Ta-ra-ra-Boom!"

THE CONFESSIONS OF A DUFFER.

No. VIII.—THE DUFFER AS A HOST.

Of course I don't try to give dinners at home. The difficulties and anxieties are too enormous. First there is inviting the people. I like to have none but very clever men and very pretty women, but nobody's acquaintance is limited to those rare beings, and, if I did invite them, they would all have previous engagements: I do not blame them. But suppose that two or three of the wits and beauties accept, that is worse than ever, because the rest are a Q.C. (who talks about his cases) and his wife, who talks about her children. An old school-fellow, who has no conversation that does not begin, "I say, do you remember old JACK WILLIAMS." This does not entertain the beauty, who sits next him.

A Dowager Duchess, she knows none of the other people and wonders audibly (to me) who they are. A clever young man, whose language is the language of the future, and whose humour is of a date to which I humbly hope my own days may not be prolonged. A Psychological Researcher, with a note-book; he gets at the Duchess at once, and cross-examines her about a visionary Piper who plays audible pibrochs through Castle Blawearie, her ancestral home. Does she think the pibroch could be taken down in a phonograph. Could the Piper be snapped in a kodak? The Duchess does not know what a phonograph is; never heard of a kodak. She does not like the note-book any more than Mr. Pickwick's cabman liked it. She is afraid of getting into print. Then there is the Warden of St. Jude's, a great scholar; he pricks up his ears, not the keenest, at the word kodak, and begins to talk about a newly-discovered *Codex* of *POPONIAN* the Elder. Nobody knows what a *Codex* is. There is a School-board Lady, but, alas, she is next the Warden of St. Jude's, not next the enthusiastic Clergyman, who proposes about a Club for Milliners. There is GRIGSBY, who develops an undesirable interest in the Milliners' Club. Have they a Strangers' Room? Do they give suppers? Are they Friendly Girls? Everyone thinks GRIGSBY flippant and coarse; I wish I had not asked him to come. There is a Positivist, who sneers at the Clergyman; there are a Squire and his wife from Rutlandshire: she is next the Radical Candidate for the Isle of Dogs. They do not seem to get on well together. GRIGSBY and the humorist of the future are chaffing each other across the table: nobody understands them; I don't know whether they are quarrelling or not. Miss JONES, the authoress of *Melancholy Moods* (in a Greek dress, with a *pince-nez*: a woman should not combine these attributes) is next the Squire: he has never heard of any of her friends the Minor Poets: she takes no interest in Hay, nor in Tithes. I see the Guardsman and the Beauty looking at each other across the flowers and things: the language of their eyes is not difficult, nor pleasant, to read. Why is the champagne so hot, and why are the ices so salt and hard? I know something is the matter with the claret: something is always the matter with the claret. It has been iced, and the champagne has been standing for days in an equable temperature of 65°.

When they want to go away, it is a wet night, and those who have come in cabs cannot get cabs to go back in. The Duchess's coachman lost his way, coming here, she was half-an-hour late: she is anxious about his finding his way home. GRIGSBY has got at the Psychological-Researcher, and I hear him telling stories, as personal experiences, which I know are not true. Psychological-Researchers have no sense of humour. "S. P. R.," why not "S. P. Q. R.?" I hear GRIGSBY asking, and suggesting "Society for Propagating Rubbish." It is very rude of him, and not at all funny.

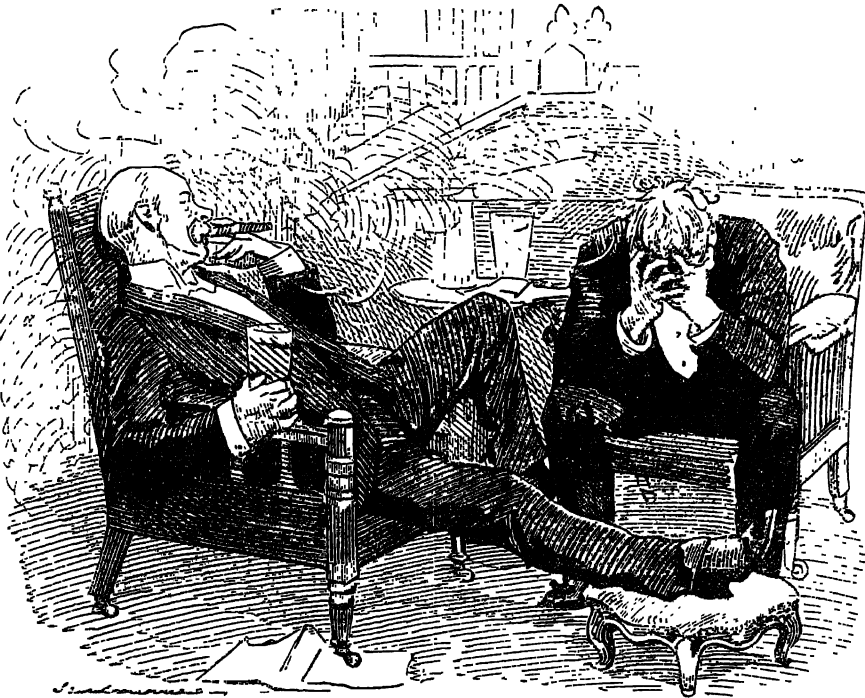
However, they do go away at last, that advantage a dinner at home has over a dinner at the Club, there they often seem as if they would never go away at all.

On the other hand, the wine is all right at the Club, I believe, for I know nothing about wine myself. Some men talk of nothing else, and seem to know the vintages without looking at the names on the bottles.

The worst of giving a dinner at the Club is, that I never know how many men I have asked, nor even who they are. It is enough if I remember the date. It might be a good thing to write these matters down in a Diary, or on a big sheet of paper, pinned up in one's room. I know I have written to ask some Americans whom I have not seen: they brought letters of introduction. I forget their names—there is a Professor who has written a novel, there is a General, I think, and a Mad Doctor.

My best plan will be to stand about in the drawing-room, and try to select them as they come in. Here is WILKINSON, who was at St. Jude's with me: I shake hands with him warmly. He looks blank. It is not WILKINSON, after all; it is a stranger, he is dining with somebody else. Some other men have come in while I am apologising. One of them comes up and says, "Mr. McDUFFER!"

He must be an American. Which? He tells me: he is the Mad Doctor. He introduces his countrymen; they all say "Mr. McDUFFER!" How am I to remember which is the General and which is the Professor? Other people drop in. Here is CRIMPTON. He is a Reviewer. Clever fellow, CRIMPTON. Here is old BEILBY—he is hot from the University Match. He begins to tell me all about it. JONES was awfully well set, but that muff SMITH ran him out. BEILBY does not believe it was out. Odd the spite umpires always have at our side. Feel that I must tear myself from BEILBY, the only man whose conversation really interests me. Here is an English writer on military subjects. I introduce him to the American General. Find he is the Professor, after all. We get downstairs somehow. BEILBY



"It is midnight; I am tired to death. Yes, Beilby will have something to drink, and another cigar—a very large one."

is opposite me. CRIMPTON is next the Professor. The Military Writer is next the General. Things do not appear to go very smoothly. It seems that the Military one has said something about General BEAUREGARD which he should not have said. The General is getting red. I hate it, when men begin to talk about the American War. Any other war they are welcome to: the Danish War, the war of 1866, the war of 1870, the glorious affair of Majuba. But Americans are touchy about their war, not easy to please them whatever you say. Much best to say nothing. CRIMPTON is laughing at American novels. He does not know that the Professor is an American novelist. What am I to do? I try to kick him under the table. I kick the Mad Doctor, and apologise. Was feeling about for a footstool. BEILBY is trying to talk about Base Ball to the General, who is still red. Nothing is more disagreeable than these international discussions at dinner.

Now, a clever host would know how to get out of this; he would start some other subject. I can think of no other subject. Happy thought: gradually glide into American cookery, clams, canvas-backed ducks, what is that dish with a queer name—Jumbo? I don't feel as if it were Jumbo. Squambo? Terapin soup? It sounds rather like the Hebrew for a talisman, or an angel of some sort. However, they are talking about cookery now, and wines. Is there not an American wine called Catawampus? The Mad Doctor has his eye on me; he seems interested. I thought I heard him murmur *Aspasia*, or *Aphasia*, or something like that. It is not Catawampus—it is Catawba. I feel that I *patange*—flounder, I mean. I am getting quite nervous; feel like a man in a powder-magazine, with lighted cigarettes everywhere. If one can withdraw



A PENNY FOR THE MEMBER'S THOUGHTS.

them to the smoking-room, they will settle down somehow. They do. The Military Critic gets into a corner with BEILBY. The Americans and I consort together. Most agreeable fellows; have been everywhere, and seen everything. CRIMPTON, luckily, is reading one of his own reviews in the evening paper. I glance at it; it is a review of the Professor's novel. Not a kind review—rather insulting than otherwise. He hates BEILBY, and he does not know the Military Critic. If he joins us, there will be more international discussion. I get them on to the balcony, and pretend to go to ring the bell for coffee. I whisper to CRIMPTON. He is quite taken aback. "Awfully sorry; never dreamed the Professor was not English." He wants to tell the Professor that, thinks he will be pleased. He apologises to me; it is dreadfully disagreeable to be apologised to by a guest. "All my fault," I say; and, really, so it is. CRIMPTON remembers an evening engagement, and goes off *à l'Anglaise*.

The Americans go off; say they have enjoyed themselves. I

feel inclined to apologise for CRIMPTON. On second thoughts, I don't. They do not look like men who write about their adventures in their native newspapers. Ladies do that. A weight is off my mind. The Military Writer goes home. He asks, "Who was that old man who fancied himself so about SHERMAN's March?" "That was General HOME, who held a command under SHERMAN." The Military Writer whistles; wishes I had told him that before dinner. I wish I had, but I got so flurried and confused. It is midnight; I am tired to death. Yes, BEILBY will have something to drink, and another cigar—a very large one. He begins to talk about the University Match, about all University Matches, about old scores, and old catches, from MITCHELL's year to the present day.

It is three o'clock before I get home; the Americans *may* have enjoyed themselves, I have not. I dream about the Mad Doctor; perhaps he will put me into his next book on *Incipient Insanity*. Serve me right.

THE YOUNG GIRL'S COMPANION.

(By Mrs. Payley.)

I.—THE YOUNG GIRL'S DIARY.

My very dear young girls, those Arts and accomplishments which form part of the average education will be taught you by your Governess, and in some cases, if your parents think it judicious, by a male Professor. I do not propose in these papers to deal with such subjects. But there are certain points in the life of the young girl, about which the handbooks have but little to say, which your teachers do not include in their course of tuition. Some of these points are particularly intimate and sentimental. It is here that I would wish to act as your adviser, and, if I may, as your confidential friend. I shall always be glad, while these papers are being



published, to receive and answer any letters from young girls on questions of sentiment and propriety. If we had no sentiment, life would not stand thinking about; if we had no propriety, life would not stand talking about. Of the two, propriety is, perhaps, for the woman the more important, but I shall be glad to answer questions on both. And now let me say a few words on the subject of the Young Girl's Diary.

You must most certainly keep a Diary.

When I was a young girl of twenty-eight—it is not so very long ago—I had my Diary bound in pale blue watered silk; it had three locks and a little silver key which I wore on a ribbon round my neck. I never took it off except to—I mean for the purposes of the toilette. There was a pocket at the end of the book, which would hold a faded flower or any little souvenir. I always wrote it in solitude and by night. Secrecy has its ritual, and it is infinitely sweet

and consoling. If you should ever choose to read any passage from your Diary to the dearest of your girl-friends, the confidence becomes in consequence so much more confidential; for she will know that you are reading to her what was never intended for any human eye to see, and will enjoy it more. If you have the least appreciation of what sentiment really means, if you feel that you are misunderstood, or if you suffer from the most sacred of all emotions, you will most certainly keep a Diary.

The entries in the Diary need not be of any great length. I once had a dear girl-friend who, during the happy season of her first love, became in the pages of her Diary almost entirely interjectional. I think this was from natural delicacy. I was recently stopping at her house, and owing to circumstances over which she had no control, I am able to reproduce here the entries which she made in the few days which culminated in her engagement.

"September 6.—Why?"

You observe that she is puzzled to account for her own emotions, and yet hesitates to give the inevitable solution. The intense reticence of this entry seems to me peculiarly beautiful.

"September 7.—I hate MARY BINDLER."

I can remember the circumstances very well, and I am inclined to think that she had some reason to be jealous of MARY BINDLER. MARY was not at all a nice girl.

"September 8.—Joy, joy, joy!"

I think I can explain this entry. MARY BINDLER had been called away hurriedly. Somebody was dead, or something of that sort. My friend's expression of relief seems to me very pretty and natural.

"September 9.—Ah!"

"September 10.—Oh!"

In that little word "Ah!" there is the whole history of a picnic and a carriage accident. It was there that she first guessed his feelings towards her. I am sorry to say that I have not been able to obtain any adequate explanation of the "Oh!" But I know they went out after dinner to see if it was possible to play tennis by moonlight. I conclude that it was not, for the next entry, which consists simply of a note of exclamation, is really a record of her engagement.

Of course I need not point out the impropriety of mixing in the pages of your Diary the record of the most sacred emotions, and notes of things more commonplace. I knew a girl who invariably did this. She always commenced with an account of any money that she might have spent during the day. I have managed, with considerable difficulty, to make a copy of one of these entries, and I give it as a warning:—

"Chocolate, one-and-six. ALGERNON has written to me, asking me to see him again for the last time. I have written back that my decision is unalterable. It breaks my heart to have to be so cruel—but fate wills it, and it's no good fighting against Mamma. Sent my grey to be cleaned—but it won't look anything when it's done."

In another entry I found the following:—

"A dear long letter from EGBERT. How perfect his sympathy is! Not feeling very well to-day—will always refuse *vol-au-vent* in future."

I need hardly say that a girl who would chronicle the state of her digestion and the sympathy of her lover in one paragraph could not possibly have any soul.

The perfect Diary is something of a paradox. It should be composed chiefly of what is unpublishable—of one's secrets and sentiments—but it should always be written as if with a view to publication. In your Diary you can say things about yourself which it would be conceited to say openly, and you can say things about your friends which it would be unkind to say openly; you can make your own pose seem more real to yourself. So, my dear young girls, take my advice, and commence Diaries. And remember I shall be very glad to answer any questions on the subject.

Jokim's Latest Little Joke.

(By a many times disappointed Income-Tax Payer.)

It is out at last, but it falls very flat;
Such a very big "bag," such a very small "cat"!
Popularity Budget? It can't be called *that*!
The Budget that was to have been such "good biz,"
And have caused the Election to go with a "whizz,"
Fizzles out in—reducing the duty on Fizz!
Ah, JOKIM, my joker, you've hardly the knack
Of holding the Bag, so we'll give you "the Sack!"

"MEET IT IS I SET IT DOWN."—"Mr. J. McN. WHISTLER," it was remarked by one of his visitors on the closing day of his recent Exhibition, "has in his Catalogue put down all unfavourable criticisms." How, in this respect, would all of us like to imitate the Eccentric Knight of the Order of the Butterfly, and put down all adverse criticism.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

MR. PUNCH'S HEBRIDEAN SALMON-FLY BOOK. STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PEN-HOLDER.

(By WULLIE WHITE, Author of "They Taught Her to Death," "A Pauper in Tulle," "My Cloudy Glare," "Green Pasterns in Picabilli," "Ran Fast to Royston," &c., &c., &c.)

"I now send you," writes this popular and delightful Author, "the latest of the Novels in which I mingle delicate sentiment with Hebridean or Highland scenery, and bring the wisdom of a Londoner to bear directly upon the unsophisticated innocence of a kilt-wearing population. I am now republishing my books in a series. I'll take short odds about my salmon-flies as compared with anyone else's, and am prepared to back my sunsets and cloud-effects against the world. No takers. I thought not. Here goes!"

CHAPTER I.

I HELD it in my right hand, toying with it curiously, and not without pleasure. It was merely a long, wooden pen-holder, inky and inert to an unappreciative eye, but to me it was a bright magician, skilled in the painting of glowing pictures, a traveller in many climes, a tried and trusted friend, who had led me safely through many strange adventures and much uncouth dialect. "Old friend," I said, addressing it kindly, "shall you and I set out together on another journey? We have seen many countries, and the faces of many men, and yet, though we are advancing in years, the time has not yet come for me to lay you down, as having no need of you. What say you—shall we start once more? I hear a confused sound as of men who murmur together, and say, 'We have supped full of horrors, and have waded chin-deep in Zulu blood; we have followed the Clergy of the Established Church into the recesses of terrible crimes, and have endured them as they bared their too sensitive consciences to our gaze. We pine for simpler, and more wholesome pleasures. Now,' I continued, 'if only Queen TITA and the rest will help us, I think we can do something to satisfy this clamour.' For all answer, my pen-holder nestled lovingly in my hand. I placed my patent sunset-nib in its mouth, waved it twice, dipped it once, and began.

CHAPTER II.

THE weary day was at length sinking peacefully to rest behind the distant hills. The packed and tumbled clouds lay heavily towards the West, where a gaunt jagged tower of rock rose sheer into the sky. And lo! suddenly a broad shaft of blood-red light shot through the brooding cumulus and rested gorgeously upon the landscape. On each side of this a thin silvery veil of mist crept slowly up and hung in impalpable folds. The Atlantic sand stretching away to the North shone with the effulgence of burnished copper. And now brilliant flickers of coloured light, saffron, purple, green and rose danced over the heaven's startled face. The piled clouds opened and showed in the interspace a lurid lake of blood tinged with the pale violet of an Irishwoman's eyes. Great pillars of flame sprang up rebelliously and spread over the burning horizon. Then a strange, soft, yellow and vaporous light raised its twelve bore breech-loading ejector to its shoulder and shot across the Cryanlaughin hills, and the cattle shone red in the green pastures, and everything else glowed, and the whole world burned with the bewildering glare of a stout publican's nose in a London fog. And silence came down upon the everlasting hills whose outlines gleamed in a prismatic—

"That will do," said a mysterious Voice, "the paint-box is exhausted!"

CHAPTER III.

I was shocked at this rude interruption.

"Sir!" I said, "I cannot see you, though I hear your voice. Will you not disclose yourself?"

"Nonsense, man," said the aggravating, but invisible one, "do not waste time. Let us get on with the story. You know what comes next. *Revenons à nos saumons*. Ha, ha! spare the rod and spoil the book!"

I was vexed, but I had to obey, and this was the result:

The pools were full of gleaming curves of silver, each one belonging to a separate salmon of gigantic size fresh run from the sea. The foaming Black Water tumbled headlong over its rocks and down its narrow channel. DONALD, the big keeper, stood industriously

upon the bank arranging flies. "I hef been told," he observed, "tat ta English will be coming to Styornoway, and there will be no more Gaelic spoken. But perhaps it iss not true, for they will tell many lies. I am a teffle of a liar myself."

And lo! as we watched, the grey sky seemed to be split in two by an invisible wedge, and a purple gleam of light shot—

"Stow that!" said the Voice, "I have allowed you to put in a patch of Gaelic, but I really cannot let you do any more sun-pictures. Try and think that it is a close time for landscapes, and don't let the light shoot again for a bit."

"All right," I retorted, not without annoyance, "but you'll just have to make up your mind to lose that salmon. It was a magnificent forty-pounder, and, if it hadn't been for your ridiculous interruption, we should have landed him splendidly in another six pages."

"As you like," said the Voice.

CHAPTER IV.

AND now our journey was drawing to a close. Out of the solemn hush of the purple mountains we had passed slowly southwards back to the roar and the turmoil of the London streets. And many friends had said farewell to us. SHEILA with her low, sweet brow, her exquisitely curved lips, and her soft blue eyes had held us enraptured, and we had wept with COQUETTE, and fiercely cheered the WHAUP while he held WATTIE by the heels, and made him say a sweer. And we had talked with MACLEOD and grown mournful with Madcap VIOLET, and had seen many another fresh and charming face, and had

talked Gaelic with gusto and discrimination. And Queen TITA had sped with us, and we had adored BELLE, and yet we cried for more. But now the dream-journey was past, and lo! suddenly the whole heaven was blazing with light, and a bright saffron band lay across—

"Steady there!" said the Voice. "Remember your promise!"

THE END.

SAINTS OR SINNERS?

[BY SPECIAL WIRE.]

MELBOURNE.—It is said, on good authority, that the favourite books of the interesting prisoner now in custody are, the *Pilgrim's Progress*, an Australian Summary of the *Newgate Calendar*, and the poetry of the late Dr. WATTS. He has also expressed himself as pleased with Mrs. HUMPHREY WARD's latest work of fiction, though he does not quite approve of the theological opinions of the writer.

PARIS, Tuesday.—The supposed author of the dynamite outrages, is the recipient of numerous presents in prison, sent him by male and female admirers, and persons anxious for his conversion and his autograph. The edition of *Thomas à Kempis*, recently given him, is a most valuable antique copy; but he complains of the print as unsuited to his eyesight.

MELBOURNE, Later.—The Solicitor engaged on behalf of our interesting prisoner has requested the Government to allow a commission, consisting of the medical superintendents at Broadmore, Hanwell and Colney Hatch, with six other English experts in insanity, to come out to Australia to inquire into the mental condition of the prisoner. A telegram has also been despatched to Lord SALISBURY requesting that the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND and an Old Bailey Jury may be sent out to try the case; otherwise there will be "no chance of justice being done." The British PREMIER's reply has not yet been received. It is believed that he is consulting Mr. GOSCHEN about the probable cost of such a step.

MELBOURNE, Latest.—Through the instrumentality of an Official connected with the prison, I am enabled to send you some important information concerning our prisoner which you may take as absolutely authentic. His breakfast this morning consisted of buttered toast, coffee, and poached eggs. He complained that the latter were not new-laid, and became very excited. It has also transpired that he is strangely in favour of Imperial Federation, and he has declared to his gaolers that "The friendship between England and her Colonies ought to be cemented." This expression of opinion has created a profound sensation.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

(As Private Tommy Atkins puts it to his Comrade Bill.)

[In the Report of Lord WANTAGE's Committee, it appears that our Home Army costs seventeen and a-half millions per annum. The Duke of CAMBRIDGE doubts if we could rapidly mobilise one Army Corps. Sir EVELYN WOOD holds half the men under him at Aldershot are not equal to doing a day's service, even in England. The Duke of CONNAUGHT says half the battalions under his command are no good for service, cannot even carry their kits, and are not fit to march. Lord WOLSELEY, it is stated, compares the British Army to a "squeezed lemon."]

"SQUEEZED lemon!"
That's encouraging!

Wish WOLSELEY knew 'ow much it's pleased us.

I'd like to arsk one little thing:

I wonder who it is who's squeezed us? The whole Report's a thing to cheer; Makes us feel proud and pleased, oh! very!

And won't the bloom-in' furrineer
Over our horacles make merry?

Costs seventeen mil-lions and a arf,
And can't go no-where, nor do no-think!

That tots it up! They wouldn't charf,
Eh, BILL, these Big Wigs! What do you think?

Therefore, we're just a useless lot.

After pipe-claying and stiff-starching,
We might be good for stopping shot,
Only that we're not fit for marching!

We cannot carry our own kits!

I say, BILL, ain't we awful duffers?

Not furrin' foes, or Frenchy wits,
Could more completely give us snuffers.

CAMBRIDGE, CON-NAUGHT, Sir EVELYN WOOD,

All of a mind, for once, about us!

What wonder Bungs dub us no good,

And lackeys, snobs, and street-boys flout us?

I see myself as others see;

A weedy, narrer-chested stripling,

Can't fight, can't march, can't 'ardly see!

And yet young Mister RUDYARD KIPLING

Don't picture hus as kiddies slack,

Wot can't go out without our nurses,

But ups and pats us on the back
In very pooty potry-verses.*

We're much obliged to 'im, I'm sure,
(Though potry ain't my fav'rit reading.)
He's civil, kind and not cock-sure;
Good sense goes sometimes with good-breeding.

It must be nuts to Pollyvoo!

He needn't feel a mite alarmy.

Whose fault is it we cost a lot,

And, if war comes, must fail, or fly it?

Well facts is facts, and bounce is rot;

But, blarney it, BILL, — I'd like to try it!

* Mr. KIPLING dedicates his "Barrack-Room Ballads" to "TOMMY ATKINS" in these lines:—

I have made for you a song,
An' it may be right or wrong,
But only you can tell me
if it's true;
I've tried for to ex-plain
Both your pleasure and your pain,
And, THOMAS, here's my best respects to you!

Oh, there'll surely come a day
When they'll grant you all your pay
And treat you as a Chris-tian ought to do;
So, until that day comes round,
Heaven keep you safe and sound,
And, THOMAS, here's my best respects to you!

ROBERT ON THE HARTISTIC COPPERASHUN.

Oh, ain't the Cop-perashun jest a cum-min out in the Hi Art line! Why, dreckly as they let it be nown as they was a willin' to make room in their bewtifool Galery for any of the finest picters in the hole country as peepel was wantin' to send there, jest to let the world no as they'd got 'em, and that they was considered good enuff by the LORD MARE and the Sherriffs and all the hole Court of Hal-dermen, than they came a poring in in such kwantities, that pore Mr. WELSH, the Souperintendant, was obligated to arsk all the hole Court of com-mon Counselmen, what on airth he was to do with 'em, and they told him to hin-sult the Libery Com-mittee on the matter, and they, like the lerned gents as they is, told him to take down sum of the werry biggest and the most strikingest as they'd got of their hone Picters and ang 'em up in the Gildhall Westybool, as they



THE STATE OF THE MARKET.

Artist (to Customer, who has come to buy on behalf of a large Furnishing Firm in Tottenham Court Road). "How would THIS SUIT YOU? 'SUMMER'!"

Customer. "H'M—'SUMMER.' WELL, SIR, THE FACT IS WE FIND THERE'S VERY LITTLE DEMAND FOR GREEN GOODS JUST NOW. IF YOU HAD A LINE OF AUTUMN TINTS NOW—THAT'S THE ARTICLE WE FIND MOST SALE FOR AMONG OUR CUSTOMERS!"

So TOMMY's best respects to 'im,
At Aldershot we'd like to treat 'im.
Though if he bobs in EVELYN's swim,
He might not know us when we meet 'im!

But, BILL, if all this barney's true
Consarnin' "Our Poor Little Army,"

calls it, coz it's in the East, I spose, and so make room for a lot of the littel uns as had been sent to 'em, coz they was painted by "Old Marsters," tho' who "Old Marsters" was, I, for one, never could make out, xcep that he must have well deserved his Nick-name, considering the number of picters as he must ha' painted. And now cums won of the



THE POINT OF VIEW.

Frenchman. "WELL, MON AMI, YOUR SIR EVELYN VOLSELEY SAY YOU CAN GO NOWHERES AND DO NOSING! YOU ARE A SKVEEZED LEMON!"

Tommy Atkins. "WELL, HANG IT, YOU BLOOMING FURRINEERS HAVEN'T ALWAYS FOUND IT SO!"

werry cleverest dodges as even a Welsh Souperintendant of Gildhall picturs could posserbly have thort on. Why what does he do? but he has taken down out of the Gallery, won of the werry biggest, and one of the werry grandest, Pieters of moddern times, and has hung it up in the Westybool aforesaid, to take the whole shine out of all the little uns as so many hemnent swells had been any too glad to send to Gildhall—"the paytron of the Harts," as I herd a hemnent Halderman call it,—to give 'em the reel stamp as fust rate.

And now what does my thousands of readers suppose was the subjeck of this werry grandest of all Pieters? Why, no other than a most magniffiscent, splendid, gorgeus, large as life representashun of the LORD MARE's Show, a cummin in all its full bewty and splendor from the middel of the Royal Xchange!!

But ewen that isn't all. For the Painter of this trewly hartistic Pieter, determined to make his grand work as truthful as it is striking, has lawished his hole sole, so to speak, upon what are

undoubtedly the most commanding figures in the hole glorious display, and them is the LORD MARE's three Gentlemen! with their wands of power, and their glorious Unyforms, not forgetting their luvly silk stockings; on this occasion, too, spotless as the rising Sun! To say that they are the hobservd of all hobservers, and the hadmirashun of all the fare sex, and the henvy of the other wun, need not be said, tho they do try to hide their gelesy with a sickly smile.

Need I say that it is surrounded ewery day by a sercle of smiling admirers, who, I have no doubt, come agane and agane, to show it to their admiring friends; and, just to prove its grand success, the werry last time as I was there, I owerheard a smiling gent say to his friend,—“Well, Tom, as this is such a success, it would not supprise me if the same hemnent Hartis was to paint the LORD MARE's Bankwet next year, with all the Nobel Harmy of Waiters arranged in front!” Wich Harmy will be pussinelly konduktid by your faithful

ROBERT.

TELEPHONIC THEATRE-GOERS.

(A Sketch at the Electrical Exhibition.)

SCENE—The Exterior of the Telephone Music Room in the Egyptian Vestibule. The time is about eight. A placard announces, "Manchester Theatre now on"; inside the wickets a small crowd is waiting for the door to be opened. A Cautious Man comes up to the turnstile with the air of a fox examining a trap.

The Cautious Man (to the Commissionnaire). How long can I stay in for sixpence?

The Commissionnaire. Ten Minutes, Sir.

The C. M. Only ten minutes, eh? But, look here, how do I know there'll be anything going on while I'm in there?

Comm. You'll find out that from the instruments, Sir.

The C. M. Ah, I daresay—but what I mean is, suppose there's nothing to hear—between the Acts and all that?

Comm. Comp'ny guarantees there's a performance on while you're in the room, Sir.

The C. M. Yes, but all these other people waiting to get in—How'm I to know I shall get a place?

Comm. (outraged). Look 'ere, Sir, we're the National Telephone Comp'ny with a reputation to lose, and if you've any idee'r we want to swindle you, all I can tell you is—stop outside!

The C. M. (suddenly subdued). Oh—er—all right, thought I'd make sure first, you know. Sixpence, isn't it?

[He passes into the enclosure, and joins the crowd.]

A Comic Man (in an undertone to his Fiancée). That's a careful bloke, that is. Know the value o' money, he does. It'll have to be a precious scientific sort o' telephone that takes 'im in. He'll 'ave his six-pennorth, if it bursts the machine! Hullo, they're letting us in now.

[The door is slightly opened from within, causing an expectant movement in crowd—the door is closed again.]

A Superior Young Lady (to her Admirer). I just caught a glimpse of the people inside. They were all sitting holding things like opera-glasses up to their ears—they did look so ridiculous!

Her Admirer. Well, it's about time they gave us a chance of looking ridiculous, their ten minutes must be up now. I've been trying to think what this put me in mind of. I know. Waiting outside the Pit doors! doesn't it you?

The Sup. Y. L. (languidly, for the benefit of the bystanders). Do they make you wait like this for the Pit?

Her Admirer. Do they make you wait! Why, weren't you and I three-quarters of an hour getting into the Adelphi the other evening?

The Sup. Y. L. (annoyed with him). I don't see any necessity to bawl it out like that if we were.

[The discreetly curtained windows are thrown back, revealing persons inside reluctantly tearing themselves away from their telephones. As the door opens, there is a frantic rush to get places.]

An Attendant (soothingly). Don't crush, Ladies and Gentlemen—plenty of room for all. Take your time!

[The crowd stream in, and pounce eagerly on chairs and telephones; the usual Fuss' Family waste precious minutes in trying to get seats together, and get separated in the end. Undecided persons sit from one side to another. Gradually they all settle down, and stop their ears with the telephone-tubes, the prevailing expression being one of anxiety, combined with conscious and apologetic imbecility. Nervous people catch the eye of complete strangers across the table, and are seized with suppressed giggles. An Irritable Person finds himself between the Comic Man and a Chatty Old Gentleman.]

The Comic Man (to his Fiancée, putting the tube to his ear). Can't get my telephone to tork yet! (Shakes it.) I'll wake 'em up!

[Puts the other tube to his mouth.] Hallo—hallo! are you there?

Look alive with that Show o' yours, Guv'nor—we ain't got long to stop! (Pretends to listen, and reply.) If you give me any of your cheek, I'll come down and punch your 'ead! (Applies a tube to his eye.) All right, POLLY, they've begun—I can see the 'ero's legs!

Polly. Be quiet, can't you? I can't hold the tubes steady if you will keep making me laugh so. (Listening.) Oh, ALF, I can hear singing—can't you? Isn't it lovely!

The Com. M. It seems to me there's a bluebottle, or something, got inside mine—I can 'ear im!

The Irr. P. (angrily, to himself). How the deuce do they expect—and that infernal organ in the nave has just started booming again—they ought to send out and stop it!

The Chatty O. G. (touching his elbow). I beg your pardon, Sir, but can you inform me what opera it is they're performing at Manchester? The Prima Donna seems to be just finishing a song. Wonderful how one can hear it all!

The Irr. P. (snapping). Very wonderful indeed, under the circumstances! (He corks both ears with the tubes.) It's too bad—now there's a confounded string-band beginning out—(Removes the tube.) Eh, what? (More angrily than ever.) Why, it's in the blanked thing! (He fumbles with the tubes in trying to readjust them. At last he succeeds, and, after listening intently, is rewarded by hearing a muffled and ghostly voice, apparently from the bowels of the earth, say—"Ha, say you so? Then am I indeed the hooshest hearsher in the whole of Mumble-land!")

The Chatty O. G. (nudging him). How very distinctly you hear the dialogue, Sir, don't you?

[The Irritable Person, without removing the tubes, turns and glares at him savagely, without producing the slightest impression. Another Ghostly Voice (very audibly). The devil you are!

A Careful Mother. MINNIE, put them down at once, do you hear? I can't have you listening to such language.

Minnie. Why, it's only at Manchester, Mother!

Ghostly Voices and Sounds (as they reach the Irritable Person). "You cursed scoundrel! So it was you who burstled the billi-boom, was it? Stand back, there, I'll hork every gordle in his—!" (... Sounds of a scuffle ... A loud

female scream, and firing ...) "What have you done?"

The Ch. O. G. Have you any sort of idea what he has done, Sir?

[To the Irritable Person.]

The Irr. P. No, Sir, and I'm not likely to have as long as—

[He listens with fierce determination.]

First Ghostly Voice. Stop! Hear me—I can explain everything!

Second Do. Do. I will hear nothing, I tell you!

First Do. Do. You shall—you must! Listen. I am the only surviving mumble of your unshle groolier.

The Ch. O. G. (as before). I think it must be a Melodrama and not an Opera after all—from the language!

An Innocent Matron (who is listening, with her eyes devoutly fixed on the Libretto of "The Mountebanks" under the firm conviction that she is in direct communication with the Lyric Theatre. I always understood The Mountebanks was a musical piece, my dear, didn't you? and even as it is, they don't seem to keep very close to the words, as far as I can follow!)

Ghostly Voices (in the Irritable Person's ear as before). "Your wife?" "Yes, my wife, and the only woman in the world I ever loved!"

The Irr. P. (pleased, to himself). Come, now I'm getting accustomed to it, I can hear capitally!

The Voices. Then why have you—? ... I will tell you all. Twenty-five years ago, when a shinder foodle in the Borjeezlers I—

A Still Small Voice (in everybody's ear). TIME, PLEASE.

Everybody (dropping the tubes, startled). Where did that come from?

The Com. M. They've been and cut it off at the main—just when it was getting interesting!

His Fiancée. Well, I can't say I made out much of the plot myself.



The Com. M. I made out enough to cover a sixpence, anyhow. You didn't expect the telephone to explain it all to you goin' along, and give you cawfee between the Acts, did you?

The Ch. O. G. (sitting affably up to the Irritable Person as he is moving out). Marvellous strides Science has made of late, Sir! Almost incredible. I declare to you, while I was sitting there, I positively felt inclined to ask myself the question—

The Irr. P. Allow me to say, Sir, that another time, if you will obey that inclination, and put the question to yourself instead of other people, you will be a more desirable neighbour in a Telephone Room than, I confess I found you!

[He turns on his heel, indignantly.]

The Ch. O. G. (to himself). 'Strordinary what unsociable people one does come across at times! Now I'm always ready to talk to anybody, I am—don't care who they are. Well—well—
[He walks on, musing.]

"DE PROFUNDIS."

(By an Indignant "Outsider.")

A MASTERPIECE, worthy of TURNER,
Was mine, there my friends all agree,
No work of a pot-boiling learner,
My "*View on the Dee*."

A place on the line I expected,
Associate shortly to be!
Hang me, if it isn't rejected,
And marked with a D!

I will not repeat what I uttered
When this was reported to me;
The mere monosyllable muttered
Begins with a D.

ON THE (POST) CARDS.

["Sir JAMES FERGUSSON does not hesitate to declare his opinion that rudeness or incivility on the part of a Post-Office servant is, next to dishonesty, one of the worst offences he can commit. This notice is not addressed to men alone. Of the young women employed by the department, there are, he says, some, if not many, whom it is impossible to acquit of inattention and levity in the discharge of their official duties. It is Sir JAMES FERGUSSON'S intention to ascertain, at short intervals, the effect of this notice on the behaviour of Post-Office officials generally."—Daily Paper.]

SCENE—Interior of a Post Office. Female Employees engaged in congenial pursuits.

First Emp. (ending story). And so she never got the bouquet, after all, and he went to Margate, without even saying good-bye.

Second Emp. (her Friend). Well, that was hard upon her!

First Member of the Public (entering briskly and putting coppers on the counter). Now then, three penny stamps, please!

First Emp. (to her Friend). Yes, as you say, it was hard, as of course the matter of the pic-nic was no affair of hers.

Second Emp. (sympathetically). Of course not! They are all alike, my dear!—all alike!

First Mem. of the Pub. (impatiently). Now then, three penny stamps please!

First Emp. Well, you are in a hurry! (To her Friend.) And from that day to this she has never heard from him.

Second Emp. And it would have been so easy to drop her a postcard from Herne Bay.

First Mem. of the Pub. Am I to be kept waiting all day? Three penny postage-stamps, please.

First Emp. (leisurely). What do you want?

First Mem. of the Pub. (angrily). Three penny postage-stamps, and look sharp about it!

First Emp. (giving stamp). Threepence.

First Mem. of the Pub. (furious). A three-



QUITE NATURAL.

Mamma. "ETHEL DEAR, WHY WON'T YOU SAY GOOD-BYE TO THIS GENTLEMAN? HE IS VERY KIND!"

Ethel. "BECAUSE, MUMMY DEAR, YOU TOLD HIM JUST NOW HE IS 'THE LION OF THE SEASON,'—AND I AM SO FRIGHTENED!"

penny stamp! I want three penny stamps. Three stamps costing a penny each. See?

First Emp. (with calm unconcern). Then why didn't you say so before? *(Supplies stamps and turns to Friend.)* Then MARIA of course wanted to go to Birchington.

Second Emp. Why Birchington? Why did she want to go to Birchington?

First Emp. Well—he of course was at Herne Bay.

Second Emp. Ah, now I begin to understand her artfulness.

First Emp. Ah, there you are right, my dear! She was artful! [Enter Second Member of the Public, covered up in cloaks and only showing the tip of his nose.]

Second Mem. of the Pub. (in a feeble voice). Can you tell me, please, when the Mail starts for India?

First Emp. Well, the sea air is the sea air. And that reminds me, what do you think of this tobacco-pouch for—

Second Emp. (archly). For I know who! Why, you have got his initials in forget-me-nots!

First Emp. I think them so pretty, and they are very easy to do.

Second Mem. of the Pub. (in a rather louder voice). Can you tell me, please, when the Mail starts for India?

Second Emp. I must say, dear, you have

the most perfect taste. Well, he will be ungrateful if he isn't charmed with them! Absolutely charmed!

Second Mem. of the Pub. (louder still). Will you be so good as to say when the Mail starts for India?

First Emp. Oh, you are in a hurry! (To Friend.) Yes, I took a lot of trouble in getting the gold beads. There is only one place where you can get them. They don't sell them at the Stores.

Second Mem. of the Pub. (in a loud tone of voice). Again I ask you when the Mail leaves for India?

Second Emp. And yet you can get almost anything you want there. Only it's a terrible nuisance going from one place to another.

Second Mem. of the Pub. (in a voice of thunder). Silence! You are an impudent set! You are calculated to injure the class to whom you belong! I am ashamed of you!

First Emp. And who may you be?

Second Mem. of the Pub. Whom may I be? I will tell you! (Throws off his disguise.) I am the Postmaster-General!!!

[Scene closes in upon a tableau suggestive of astonishment, contrition and excitement.]

ITS LATEST APPLICATION. — Chorus for Royal Academicians, for Monday next:—"Ta-R.A.-R.A.-Boom-to-day!"

TO THE NEW "QUEEN OF THE MAY."

(A HYMN OF HONEST LABOUR.)

After the Proclamation of the *Andrarchist Manifestoes*. (With Apologies to the Author of the magnificent "*Hymn to Proserpine*.")

["For the third time the International mobilises its battalions. . . . Already the mere mention of the magical word 'May-Day' throws the *bourgeoisie* into a state of nervous trembling, and its cowardice only finds refuge in cynicism and ferocity. But whether the wretch (the *bourgeoisie*) likes it or not, the end draws nigh. Capitalist robbery is going to perish in mud and shame. . . . The conscious proletariat organises itself, and marches towards its emancipation. You can have it all your own way presently; proletarians of the whole world, serfs of the factory, the men of the workshop, the office, and the shop, who are mercilessly exploited and pitilessly assassinated. . . . For, lo! '93 reappears on the horizon. . . . 'Vive l'Internationale des Travailleurs!'" — *Manifesto of the May-Day Labour Demonstration Executive Committee.*]

HAVE we lived long enough to have seen one thing, that hate hath no end?

Goddess, and maiden, and queen, must we hail you as Labour's true friend?—

Will you give us a prosperous morrow, and comfort the millions who weep?

Will you give them joy for their sorrow, sweet labour, and satisfied sleep?

Sweet is the fragrance of flowers, and soft are the wings of the dove,

And no goodlier gift is there given than the dower of brotherly love;

But you, O May-Day Medusa, whose glance makes the heart turn cold,

Art a bitter Goddess to follow, a terrible Queen to behold.

We are sick of spouting—the words burn deep and chafe: we are fain, To rest a little from clap-trap, and probe the wild promise of gain.

For new gods we know not of are acclaimed by all babblement's breath, And they promise us love-inspired life—by the red road of hatred and death.

The gods, dethroned and deceased, cast forth—so the chattering say—

Are banished with Flora and Pan, and behold our new Queen of the May!

New Queen, fresh crowned in the city, flower-drest, her snake-sceptre a rod, Her orb a decked dynamite bomb, which shall shatter all earth at her nod; But for us their newest device seems barren, and did they but dare To bare the new Queen of the May, were she angel or demon *when bare*?

Time and old gods are at strife; we dwell in the midst thereof, And they are but foolish who curse, and they are but shallow who scoff.

And welcome the branch and the dove. But we look, and we hold our breath, That is not the visage of Love, and beneath the piled blossoms lurks—Death!

A Society all of Love and of Brotherhood! Beautiful dream!

But alas for this Promise of May! Do not Labour's Floralia seem

As flower-feasts fair to her followers? Look on the wreaths at her feet,

Flung by enthusiasts hands from the mine, and the mill, and the street,

Piled flower-offerings, thine, Proletariat Queen of the May!

And what means the new Bona Dea? and what would her supplicants say?

Organised strength, solidarity, power to band and to strike,

Hope that is native to Spring,—and Hate, in all seasons alike;

Mutual trust of the many—and menace malign for the few.

Citizen, capitalist,—ah! the hours of your empire seem few,

An empire ill-gendered, unjust, blindly selfish, and heartlessly strong

For the crushing of famishing weakness, the rearing of wealth-founded wrong.

Few, if these throngs have their will, for the fierce proletariat throbs

For revenge on the full-fed *Bourgeoisie* which ruthlessly harries and robs.

'Tis fired with alarms, and it arms with hot haste for the imminent fray,

For it quakes at the tramp of King Mob, and the thought of this Queen of the May.

The bandit of Capital falls, and shall perish in shame and in filth!

The harvest of Labour's at hand!—The harvest; but red is the tilth,

And the reapers are wrathful and rash, and the swift-wielded sickle that strives

For the sheaves, not the gleaners' scant ears, seems agog for the reaping-of—lives!

Assassins of Capital? Aye! And their weakening force will ye meet

With assassins of Labour? Shall Brotherhood redden the field and the street?

Beware of the bad black old lesson! Behold, and look close, and beware!

There are flowers at your newly-built shrine, is the evil old serpent not there?



HISTORY EXAMS.

(Effects on Education of Modern Advertising.)

"WHO WAS BORN IN CORSICA?" (Silence.) "TRY AND THINK—AND DIED IN ST. HELENA?"
"OH, OF COURSE—I KNOW! THE GREAT SAPOLIO!"

We are sick of spouting—the words burn deep and chafe: we are fain, To rest a little from clap-trap, and probe the wild promise of gain.

For new gods we know not of are acclaimed by all babblement's breath, And they promise us love-inspired life—by the red road of hatred and death.

The gods, dethroned and deceased, cast forth—so the chattering say—

Are banished with Flora and Pan, and behold our new Queen of the May!

Let hate die out, take rest, poor workers, be all at peace;

Let the angry battle abate, and the barren bitterness cease!

Ah, pleasant and pastoral picture! Thrice welcome whoever shall bring

The sunshine of love after Winter, the blossoms of joy with the Spring!

Wilt thou bring it, O new May Queen?

If thou canst, come and rule us, and take The laurel, the palm, and the pæan; all bondage but thine we would break,



THE NEW "QUEEN OF THE MAY."

The sword-edge and snake-bite, though
hidden in blossoms, are hatred's old
arms.
And what is your May Queen at heart, oh,
true hearts, that succumb to her charms?
Dropped and deep in the blossoms, with eyes
that flicker like fire,
The asp of Murder lies hid, which with poison
shall feed your desire.
More than these things will she give, who
looks fairer than all these things?
Not while her sceptre's a snake, and her orb
the red horror that rings
Devilish, foul, round the world; while the
hiss and the roar are the voice
Of this monstrous new Queen of the May, in
whose rule you would bid us rejoice.

MR. PUNCH'S UP-TO-DATE POETRY FOR CHILDREN.

No. II.—"LITTLE JACK HORNER."

LITTLE JACK HORNER,
He sat in the corner,
And cried for his "Mummy!" and "Nuss!"
For, while eating his cake,
He had got by mistake
In a horrid piratical 'bus.



Now, some ten minutes back,
You'd have seen little JACK
From an Aerated Bread Shop emerge,
And proceed down the Strand—
Slice of cake in his hand—
In a crumb-covered suit of blue serge.

To be perfectly frank,
He was bound for the Bank,
For it chanced to be dividend day,
And he jumped on the 'bus,
After reasoning thus—
In his logical juvenile way:—

"Here's a 'bus passing by,
And I cannot see why
I should weary my infantile feet;
I've a copper to spare,
And the authorised fare
Is a penny to Liverpool Street."

As the 'bus cantered on,
Little cake-eating JOHN
In the corner contentedly sat,
And with that one and this
(Whether Mister or Miss)
Had a meteorological chat.

Came a bolt from the blue
When, collecting his due,
The conductor remarked, "Though I thank

That young cake-eating gent
For the penny he's sent,
It's a tuppenny ride to the Bank!"
"You're a pirate!" sobbed JACK,
"And your colours are black!"
But he heard—as he struggled to speak—
The conductor observe,
With remarkable verve,
That he didn't want none of his cheek!
With a want of regard,
He demanded JACK's card,
And young HORNER was summoned next day,
When the poor little lad
Lost the battle, and had
All the costs in addition to pay.
Now the Moral is this:
Little Master and Miss,
Whom I'm writing these verses to please;
If your tiny feet ache,
Then a 'bus you may take,
But be sure it's an L. G. O. C.'s!

A CURSORY OBSERVATION.

FROM the *Figaro* for Dimanche, April 17,
we make this extract:—

"SPORTS ATHLÉTIQUES. — Le match international de foot ball entre le Stade Français et le Rosslyn Park foot ball Club de Londres sera joué demain sur le terrain du Cursing Club de France à Levallois. L'équipe anglaise est arrivée à Paris hier soir. Le match sera présidé par le marquis de Dufferin."

"The Cursing Club!" What an awful name! For what purpose are they banded together? Is it to curse one another by their gods? to issue forth on *premières* to damn a new play? What fearful language would be just audible, curses, not loud but deep, during the progress of the Foot-ball Match over which the Marquis of DUFFERIN is to preside! It is all over by now; but the result we have not seen. We hope there is no Cursing Club in England. There existed, once upon a time, in London, a Club with an awful Tartarian name, which might have been a parent society to a Cursing Club. Let us trust:—

[*]. The Editor cuts short the article at this point, being of opinion that "Cursing" is only a misprint for "Coursing;" or, if not, he certainly gives *Le Figaro* the benefit of the doubt. Note, also, that the match was to be played on "Cursing Club Ground," lent for the occasion, and was not to be played by Members of the "C. C."]

THE LAY OF THE LITERARY AUTOLYCUS.

(See Correspondence in the *Times* on
"Literary Thefts.")

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

WHEN books and magazines appear,
With heigh! the hopes of a big sale!—
Why, then comes in the cheat o' the year,
And picks their plums, talk, song, or tale.
The white sheets come, each page my "perk,"
With heigh! sweet bards, O how they
sing!—
With paste and scissors I set to work;
Shall a stolen song cost anything?
The Poet tirra-lirra chants,
With heigh! with heigh! he must be a J.—
His Summer songs supply my wants;
They cost me nought—but, ah! they pay.

I have served Literature in my time, but
now Literature is in my service.

But shall I pay for what comes dear,
To the pale scribes who write,—
For news, and jokes, and stories queer?
Walker! my friends, not quite!
Since filchers may have leave to live,
And vend their "borrowed" budget,

For all my "notions" nix I'll give,
Then sell them as I trudge it.

My traffic is (news) sheets. My father named me AUTOLYCUS, who, being as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With paste and scissors I procured this caparison; and my revenue is the uninquiring public; gallows and gaol are too powerful on the highway; picking and treadmilling are terrors to burglars; but in my line of theft I sleep free from the thought of them. A prize! a prize!...

Jog on, jog on, the foot-pad way,
In the modern Sikes's style-a:
Punctilious fools prefer to pay;
But I at scruples smile-a.

... Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman... I understand the business, I do it; to have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand with the shears is necessary for a (literary) cutpurse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out the good work of other people. I see this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive.

THE WELLINGTON MONUMENT.

At last! How long ago the time
When England's paltry meanness killed
Her greatest Sculptor in his prime,
And hid his work, now called sublime,
In narrow space so nearly filled!



When, using Art beyond
her taste,
Her greatest Captain's
tomb he wrought,
That noblest effort was
disgraced,—
It seemed to her a need-
less waste,
The Budget Surplus
was her thought.

Now may she, with some sense of shame,
Amend the errors of the past,
Show honour to the Great Duke's name,
Repair the wrong to STEPHENS' fame,
And move the Monument at last!

"KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS."

It is believed that the Rossendale Union of Liberal Clubs, having given a pair of slippers, a rug, and two pieces of cretonne to Mr. GLADSTONE, will also make the following presents, in due course:—

Sir W. L-ws-n.—Twelve dozen Tea-cosies, and ten yards of blue Ribbon.

Mr. L-b-ch-re.—A Jester's cap.

Sir W. V. H-rc-rt.—A Spencer, without arms, but emblazoned with those of the Plantagenets.

Mr. M-cl-re.—A Hood.

Mr. McN-ll.—A knitted Respirator, to be worn in the House.

Lord R. Ch-rch-ll.—Twelve dozen tablecloths, twenty-four dozen Dinner-napkins, and thirty-six dozen Pudding-cloths.

Sir E. Cl-rke.—A scarlet Jersey, inscribed "Salvation Army."

Mr. R. Sp-na-r.—A Smock Frock.

Mr. B-if-r.—Some Collars of Irish linen, and one of hemp, the latter to be supplied by the Irish patriots in America.

Mr. E. St-nh-pe.—A Necktie of green poplin, embroidered with shamrocks.

Mr. M. H-ly.—An Ulster.

Col. S-and-rs-n.—A Cork jacket.

Mr. W. O'Br-n.—A pair of Tr-rs, in fancy cretonne.

Sir G. O. Tr-v-ly-n.—A Coat (reversible).

Mr. C. C-nyb-re.—A Waistcoat (strait).



"UNDERSTOOD."

"I SAY, DUBOIS, YOU DO KNOW HOW TO LAY IT ON THICK, OLD MAN! I LIKE YOUR CHEEK TELLING MISS BROWN SHE SPOKE FRENCH WITHOUT THE LEAST ACCENT!"

"VY, CERTAINEMENT, MON AMI—VIZOUT ZE LEAST FRENCH ACCENT!"

"THE (SOLDIERS') LIFE WE LIVE."

(Imaginary Evidence that should be added to the Report of Lord Wantage's Committee.)

Chairman. I think your name is RICHARD REDMOND?

Witness. I beg pardon, my Lord and Gentlemen—DICK REDMOND—simple, gushing, explosive DICK.

Chair. Have you been known by any other name?

Wit. Off duty, my Lord, I have been called CHARLES WARNER. Nay, why should I not confess it?—CHARLIE WARNER. Yes, my Lord, CHARLIE WARNER!

Chair. You wish to describe how you were enlisted?

Wit. Yes, my Lord. It was in this way. I had returned from some races in a dog-cart with a villain. We stopped at a wayside public-house kept by a comic Irishman.

Chair. Are these details necessary?

Wit. Hear me, my Lord; hear me! I confess it, I took too much to drink. Yes, my Lord, I was drunk! And then a Sergeant in the Dragoon Guards gave me a shilling, and placed some ribbands in my pot-hat, and—well—I was a soldier! Yes, a soldier! And as a soldier was refused permission to visit my dying mother!

Chair. Were there no other legal formalities in connection with your enlistment? For instance—Were you not taken before an attesting Magistrate?

Wit. No, my Lord, no! I was carried off protesting, while my villainous friend disappeared with my sweetheart! It was cruel, my Lord and Gentlemen! It was very cruel!

Chair. Did you desert?

Wit. I did, my Lord—after I had obtained a uniform fitting closely to the figure; but it was only that I might obtain the blessing of my mother! And when I returned home the soldiers followed me—and might have killed me!

Chair. How was that?

Wit. When I had taken refuge in a haystack, they prodded the haystack with their swords! And this is life in the Army!

Chair. Were you arrested on discovery?

Wit. No; they spared me that indignity! They saw, my Lord, that my mother was dying, and respectfully fell back while I assisted the old Lady to pass away peacefully. But then, after all, they were men. In spite of their red patrol jackets, brass helmets, and no spurs, they were men, my Lord,—men! And, as soldiers, after I had broken from prison, and was accused of murder, they again released me, because some one promised to buy my discharge!

Chair. And where are you quartered?

Wit. At the Royal Princess's Theatre, Oxford Street, where I have these strange experiences of discipline, and where I am enlisted in the unconventional, not to say illegal, way I have described, nightly; nay, sometimes twice daily!

Chair. And why have you proffered your evidence?

Wit. Because I think the Public ought to know, my Lord, the great services afforded by the most recent Melodrama to the popularity of the Army, and—yes, the cause of recruiting!

[The Witness then withdrew.]

HOW THEY BRING THE GOOD NEWS!

ALL the papers teeming
With the news of DEEMING
On the shore or ship;
Telling of his tearing
Hair that he was wearing
From his upper lip.

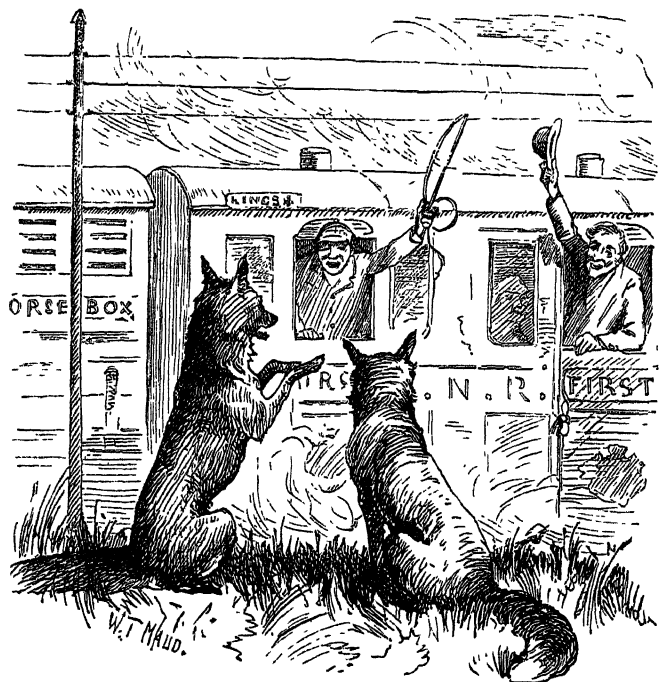
(T-ss-d, rush! Pursue it!
Buy it, bring it, glue it
On your model! Quick!)
Telling how he's looking,
How he likes the cooking,—
Bah, it makes one sick!

Telling of his bearing,
How the crowds are staring,
What may be his fate,
Just what clothes he wore the
Days he came before the
Local Magistrate.

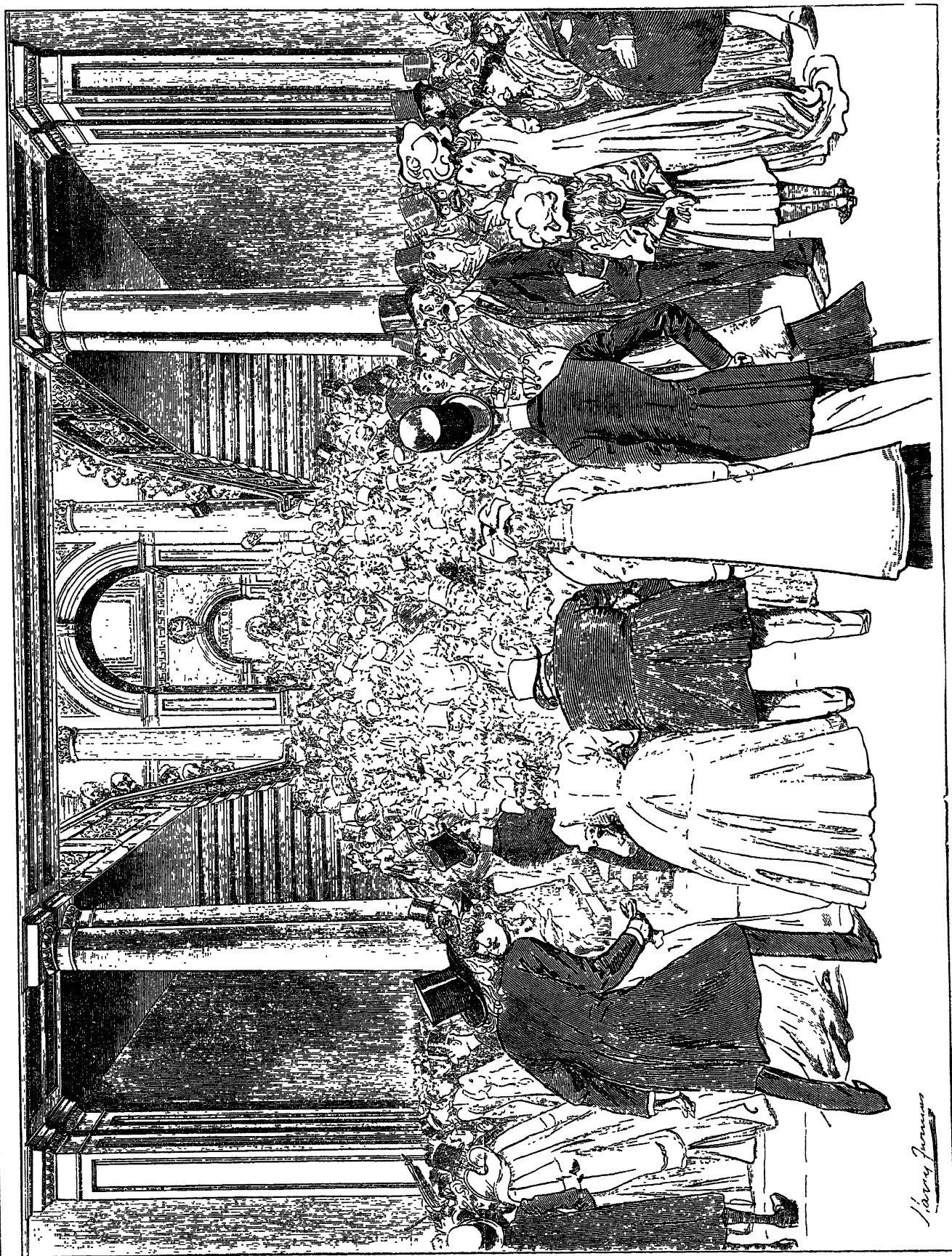
And, verbatim printed
All he's said or hinted
As to any deeds;
Such a chance as this is
Not a paper misses!
Everybody reads!

Would they give such latest
News of best and greatest
Folks? What's that you say?
Who would read of virtue,
Or such news insert? You
Know it would not pay.

So, demand creating
Such supply, they're stating
All that they can tell;
Spite of School-Board teaching,
Culture, science, preaching,
This is sure to sell.



THE END OF THE SEASON. AU REVOIR!



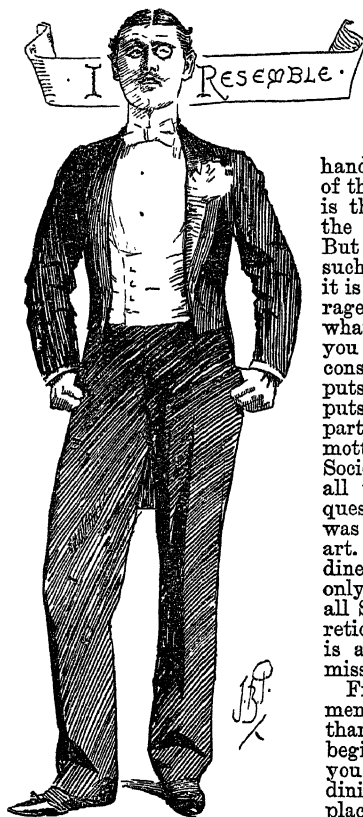
STAIRCASE SCENES.—No. 1. PRIVATE VIEW, ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE YOUNG GIRL'S COMPANION.

(By Mrs. Payley.)

II.—DINING-OUT.

I CAN quite understand that a young girl may not care much for the mere material dinner. The palate is a pleasure of maturity. The woman of fifty probably includes a menu or two among her most sacred memories; but the young girl is capable of dining on part of a outlet, any pink sweetmeat, and some tea. But I must confess that I was surprised at another objection to dining-out that a young girl, only at the end of her second season, once made to me. She said that she positively could not stand any longer the conversation of the average young man of Society. I asked her why, and she then asserted that this sort of young man confined himself to flat badinage and personal brag, which he was mistaken in believing to be veiled.



What she said was, of course, perfectly true. Civilisation is responsible for the flat badinage, for civilisation requires that conversation shall be light and amusing, but can provide no remedy for slow wits; on the other hand, the personal brag is a relic of the original man. The badinage is the young man's defect in art; the brag is his defect in nature. But I fail to see any objection to such conversation; on the contrary, it is charming because it is so average; you know beforehand just what you will hear and just what you will say, and everything is consequently made easy. The man puts on that kind of talk just as he puts on his dress-coat; both are part of the evening uniform. The motto of the perfect young man of Society is "I resemble." I pointed all this out to the young girl in question, and she retorted that it was a pity that silence was a lost art. However, she continued to dine-out and to take her part in the only possible conversation, and after all Society rather encourages theoretical rebellion, provided that it is accompanied by practical submission.

From the point of view of sentiment, a dinner has less potentialities than a dance; but the dinner may begin what the dance will end; you set light to the fuse in the dining-room, and the explosion takes place six weeks afterwards in someone-else's conservatory. Nothing much can be done on the staircase; but, if you can decently pretend that you have heard of the young man who is taking you in, he will probably like it. If, after a few minutes, you decide that it is worth while to interest the young man, discourage his flat badinage, and encourage his personal brag. The only thing in which it is quite certain that every man will be interested is, the interest someone else takes in him. Later on, he will probably be induced to illustrate the topic of conversation by telling you (if it would not bore you) of a little incident which happened to himself. The incident will be prettily coloured for dinner-table use, and he will make the story prove a merit in himself, which he will take care to disclaim vainly. When he has finished, look very meditatively at your plate, as if you saw visions in it, and then turn on him suddenly with wide eyes—with the right kind of eyelashes, this is effective.

"I suppose you don't know it, Mr. BLANK," you tell him, "but really I can't help saying it. You behaved splendidly—splendidly!" Droop the eyelashes quickly, and become meditative again. He will deprecate your compliment a little incoherently.

"Not at all, not at all—Miss-er—ASTERISK—I really—assure you—nothing more than any-er—other man would have done. Some other people at the time told me"—(laughs nervously)—"very much-er—what you have just said, but-er—personally, I—really—could never see it, or of course I wouldn't have mentioned it to you."

Your rejoinder will depend a good deal on how far you mean to go, and how much of that kind of thing you think you can stand. If you like, you can drop your handkerchief or your glove when you rise; it will please him to pick it up for you, and he will feel, for a moment, as if he had saved your life.

If you do not want to please the man, but only to show your own superiority, it may perhaps be as well to remember that women are better than men, as a rule, in flat badinage. Men talk best when they are by themselves, but they are liable to be painfully natural at such times. I had some little difficulty in finding this out, but I thought it my duty to know, and—well, I do know.

The correspondence that I have received has not been altogether pleasant. I have had one letter from ETHEL (aged thirteen) saying that she thinks me a mean sneak for prying into other people's Diaries. I can only reply that I was acting for the public good. I have had a sweet letter, however, from "AZALEA." She has been absolutely compelled, by force of circumstances, to allow the distinct attentions of three different men. She does not give the names of the men, only descriptions, but I should advise her to keep the dark one. She can see the will at Somerset House. "JANE" writes to ask what is the best cure for freckles. I do not answer questions of that kind. I have replied to my other correspondents privately.

REPULSING THE AMAZONS.

(See Cartoon, "Arming the Amazons," Dec. 5, 1891.)

ARMING the Amazons against the Greeks?
That PRIAM SALISBURY tried some few short weeks
Before the present fray. FAWCETTA fair
Had prayed; the question then seemed "in the air,"
And PRIAM proffered then the Franchise spear,
(A shadowy one, that gave no grounds for fear,
To poor PENTHESILEA.



Now, ah, now
ROLLITTUS moves, there's going to be a row,
And lo! the mingled ranks of Greece and Troy
Close 'gainst the Amazons. Her steed, a toy,
A hobby-horse, that any maid may mount,
Is not—just now—of any great account.
Her phantom spear will pierce no stout male mail;
But should ROLLITTUS not—(confound him!)—fail,
A female host, well armed, and not on hobbies,
Might prove as dangerous as a batch of Bobbies.
The fair FAWCETTA then must be thrown over;
PENTHESILEA finds no hero-lover
In either host. PRIAM, abroad, is dumb.
Ah, maiden-hosts, man's love for you's a hum.
Each fears you—in the foeman's cohorts thrown,
But neither side desires you in its own!
The false GLADSTONIUS first, he whom you nourish,
A snake in your spare bosoms, dares to flourish
Fresh arms against you; potent, though polite,
He fain would bow you out of the big fight,
Civilly shelve you. "Don't kick up a row,
And—spoil my game! Another day, not now,
There's a dear creature!" CHAMBERLAINIUS, too,
Hard as a nail, and squirmy as a screw,
Sides with the elder hero, just for once;
CHAPLINIUS also, active for the nonce
On the Greek side, makes up the Traitorous Three,
One from each faction! Ah! 'tis sad to see
PENTHESILEA, fierce male foes unite
In keeping female warriors from the fight;
Yet think, look round, and—you may find they're right!

'ARRY ON WHEELS.

DEAR CHARLIE,—Spring's on us at last, and a proper old April we've 'ad, Though the cold snap as copped us at Easter made 'oliday makers feel mad. Rum cove that old Clerk o' the Weather; seems somehow to take a delight In mucking Bank 'Oliday biz; seems as though it was out of sheer spite.



Our 'Arry Laureate.

When we're fast with our nose to the grindstone, in office or factory, or shop, The sun bustiges forth a rare bat, till a feller feels fair on the 'op; But when Easter or Whitsuntide's 'andy, and outings all round is in train,

It is forty to one on a blizzard, or regular buster of rain. It's a orkud old universe, CHARLIE, most things go as crooked as Z. Feelosophers *may* think it out, 'ARRY ain't got the 'eart, or the 'ead; But I 'old the perverse, and permiskus is Nature's fust laws, and no kid. If it isn't a quid and bad 'ealth, it is always good 'ealth and no quid!

'Owsomever it's no use a fretting. I got one good outing—on wheels; For I've took to the bicycle, yus,—and can show a good many my 'eels. You should see me lam into it, CHARLIE, along a smooth bit of straight road, And if anyone gets better barney and spree out of wheeling, I'm blowed.

Larks fust and larks larst is *my* motter. Old RICHARDSON's rumbo is rot. Preachy-preachy on 'ealth and fresh hair may be nuts to a sanit'ry pot; [scenery, and that, But it isn't mere hexercise, CHARLIE, nor yet pooty As'll put 'ARRY's legs on the pelt. No, yours truly is not sech a flat.

Pickterekness be jolly well jiggered, and as for good 'ealth, I've no doubt That the treadmill is jolly salubrious, wich that is mere turning about, Upon planks 'stead o' pedals, my pippin. No, wheeling as wheeling's 'ard work, And that, without larks, is a speeches of game as I always did shirk.

I ain't one o' them skinny shanked saps, with a chest 'ollered out, and a 'ump, Wot do records on roads for the 'onour, and faint or go slap off their chump. [big silver mug. You don't ketch *me* straining my 'eart till it cracks for a No; 'ARRY takes heverythink heasy, and likes to feel cosy and snug.

Wy, I knowed a long lathy-limbed josser as felt up to champion form, And busted hisself to beat records, and took all the Wheel-World by storm, Went off like candle-snuff, CHARLIE, while stoopin' to lace up 'is boot. Let them go for *that* game as are mind to, here's one as it certn'y won't soot.

But there's fun in it, CHARLIE, worked proper, you'd 'ardly emagine 'ow much, If you ain't done a rush six a-breast, and skyfoozled some dawdling old Dutch. Women don't like us Wheelers a mossel, espech'llly the doddering old sort As go skeery at row and rumtowzle; but, scrunch it! that makes arf the sport!

'Twas a bit of a bother to learn, and I wobbled tremenjus at fust, Ah! it give me what-for in my jints, and no end of a thundering thust; I felt jest like a snake with skyattica doubling about on the loose, As 'elpless as 'ot calf's-foot jelly, old man, and about as much use.

Now I *don't* like to look like a juggins, it's wot I earn't stand, s'elp my bob; But you know I ain't heasy choked off, dear old pal, when I'm fair on the job. So I spotted a quiet back naybrood, triangle of grass and tall trees, Good roads, and no bobbies, or carts. Oh, I tell yer 'twas "go as yer please."

They call it a "Park," and it's pooty, and quiet as Solsberry Plain, Or a hold City church on a Sunday, old man, when it's welting with rain; Old maids, retired gents, sickly jossers, and studys old stodges live there, And they didn't like me and my squeaker a mossel; but wot did I care.

When they ventured a mild remonstrance, I chucked 'em a smart bit o' lip, With a big D or two—for the ladies—and wosn't they soon on the skip! 'Twas my own 'appy 'unting ground, CHARLIE, until I could fair feel my feet; If you want to try wheels, take the Park; I am sure it'll do you a treat.

I did funk the danger, at fust; but these Safeties don't run yer much risk, And arter six weeks in the Park, I could treadle along pooty brisk; And *then* came the barney, my bloater! I jined 'arf a dozen prime pals, And I tell you we now are the dread of our parts, and espessh'llly the gals.

No Club, mate, for me; that means money, and rules, sportsman form, and sech muck.

I likes to pick out my own pals, go permiskus, and trust to pot-luck.

A rush twelve-a-breast is a gammock, twelve squeakers a going like one; But "rules o' the road" dump you down, chill yer sperrits, and spile all the fun. The "Charge o' the Light Brigade," CHARLIE? Well, mugs will keep spouting it still;

But wot is it to me and my mates, treadles loose, and a-chargin' down 'ill? Dash, dust-clouds, wheel-whizz, whistles, squeakers, our 'owls, women's shrieks, and men's swears!

Oh, I tell yer it's 'Ades let loose, or all Babel a busting down-stairs.

Quiet slipping along in a line, like a blooming girl's school on the trot, May suit the swell Club-men, my boy, but it isn't *my* form by a lot. Don't I jest discumfuddle the donas, and bosh the old buffers as prow! Along green country roads at their ease, till they're scared by my squeak, or my 'owl?

My "alarm" is a caution I tell yer; it sounds like some shrill old macaw, Wot's bin blowed up with dynamite sudden; it gives yer a twist in the jaw, And a pain in the 'ed when you 'ear it. I laugh till I shake in my socks When I turn it on sharp on old gurls and they jump like a Jack-in-the-box.

I give 'em Ta-ra-ra, I tell yer, and Boom-de-ray likewise, dear boy.

'Evn bless 'im as started that song, with that chorus,—a boon and a joy!

Wy, the way as the 'werry words worrit respectables jest makes me bust; When you chuck it 'em as you dash by, it riles was than the row and the dust!

We lap up a rare lot of lotion, old man, in our spins out of town; Pace, dust and chyikey make yer chalky, and don't we just ladle it down? And when I'm full up, and astride, with my shoulder well over the wheel, And my knickerbocks pelting like pistons, I tell yer I make the thing squeal.

My form is chin close on the 'andle, my 'at set well back on my 'ed, And my spine fairly 'umped to it, CHARLIE, and then earn't I paint the town red? They call me "The Camel" for that, and my stomach-capas'ty for "wet." Well, my motter is hease afore helegance. As for the liquor,—you bet!

There's a lot of old mivvies been writing long squeals to the *Times* about hus. They call us "road-tyrants" and rowdies; but, lor! it's all fidgets and fuss. I'd jest like to scrumplicate some on 'em; ain't got no heye for a lark. I know 'em; they squawk if we scrummage, and squirm if we makes a remark.

If I spots pooty gurls when out cycling, I tips 'em the haffable nod;

Wy not? If a gent earn't be civil without being scowled at, it's hodd.

Ah! and some on 'em tumble, I tell yer, although they may look a mite shy; It is only the stuckuppy sort as consider it rude or fie-fie.

We was snaking along t'other day, reglar clump of hus—BUGGINS and me, MUNGO 'IGGINS, and BILLY BOLAIR, SAMMY SNIPE, and TOFF JONES, and MICK SHEE;

All the right rorty sort, and no flies; when along comes a gurl on a 'orse. Well, we spread hout, and started our squeakers, and gave 'er a rouser, in course.

'Orse shied, and backed into a 'edge, and it looked so remarkable rum, That we *couldn't* 'elp doing a larf, though the gurl wot pertikler yum-yum; We was ready to 'elp, 'owsomever, when hup comes a swell, and he swore, And—would you believe it, old pal?—went for BUGGINS, and give 'im wot for!!!

Nasty sperrit, old man; nothink sportsmanlike, surely, about sech a hact!

Them's the sort as complains of hus Cyclists, mere crackpots as ain't got no tact. We all did a guy like greased lightning; you *can* when you're once on your wheel—

Stout bobbies earn't run down a "Safety," and gurls can do nothink but squeal.

That's where Wheelin' gives yer the pull! Still it's beastly to think a fine sport And a smart lot of hathleets like hus must be kiboshed by mugs of that sort. All boko! dear boy, those *Times* letters! I mean the new barney to carry, As long as the Slops and the Beaks keep their meddlesome mawleys orf

'ARRY.



THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

Lady Clara Robinson (née Vere de Vere). "THANKS! HOW IS IT OMNIBUS MEN ARE SO MUCH CIVILLER THAN I'M TOLD THEY USED TO BE?"
Conductor. "YOU SEE, LADY, THERE'S SO MANY DECAYED ARISTOCRACY TRAVELS BY US NOWADAYS, THAT WE PICKS UP THEIR MANNERS!"

SONNET ON THE SOUTH-EASTERN.

(After a Celebrated Model.)

COMPOSED AT LONDON BRIDGE TERMINUS, APRIL 18, 1892.

"One can do nothing with Railways. You cannot write sonnets on the South-Eastern."—*Mr. Barry Pan,* "In the Smoking-Room."

EARTH has not anything to show less fair:
 Patient were he of soul who could pass by
 A twenty minutes' wait amidst the cry
 Of churlish clowns who worn cord jackets wear,
 Without one single, solitary swear.
 The low, unmeaning grunt, the needless lie,
 The prompt "next platform" (which is all my eye),
 The choky waiting-room, the smoky air;
 Refreshment-bars where nothing nice they keep,
 Whose sandwich chokes, whose whiskey makes one ill;
 The seatless platforms! Ne'er was gloom so deep!
 The truck toe-crusheth at its own sweet will.
 Great Scott! are pluck and common-sense asleep,
 That the long humbugged Public stands it still?

REDDIE-TURUS SALUTAT.—A good combination of names is to be found in an announcement of a forthcoming Concert at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, on the evening of May 11, to be given by Mr. CHARLES REDDIE and Mr. A. TAYLOR. Briefly, it might be announced as "A. TAYLOR'S REDDIE-made Concert." If REDDIE-money only taken at door, will A. TAYLOR give credit? *Solvitur ambulando*—that is, Walk in, and you'll find out. It is to be play-time for Master JEAN GERARDY, "Master G.," who is going to perform on an Erard piano, when, as his REDDIE-witted companion playfully observes, "The youthful pianist will out-Erard ERARD."

"Call you this Backing your Friends?"

(By a Confused Conservative.)

To stave off Change, and check the loud Rad Rough rage,
 Conservatism is as shield and fetter meant:
 And now brave BALFOUR votes for Female Suffrage;
 And RITCHIE tells us he approves of "Betterment!"
 O valiant WESTMINSTER, O warlike WEMYSS,
 Is *this* to be the end of all our dreams?

LA JUSTICE POUR RIRE; OR, WHAT IT HAS NEARLY COME TO.

SCENE—Interior of a Foreign Law Court. Numerous officials in attendance performing their various duties in an apprehensive sort of way. Audience small but determined.

Judge (nervously). Now are we really protected from disturbance?

General in Command of Troops. I think so. The Court House is surrounded by an Army Corps, and the Engineers find that the place has not been undermined to at least a distance of a thousand feet.

Judge (somewhat reassured). Well, now I think we may proceed with the trial. Admit the accused.

[The Prisoner is bowed into the dock, and accommodated with a comfortably cushioned arm-chair.]

Prisoner. Good morning. (To Judge.) You can resume your hat.

Judge (bowing to the Prisoner). Accused, I am deeply honoured by your courtesy. I trust you have been comfortable in the State apartments that have been recently supplied to you.

Prisoner (firmly). State apartment! Why it was a prison! You know it, *M. le Juge*, and you, Gentlemen of the Jury and Witnesses. (The entire audience shudder apprehensively.) And, what is more, my friends outside know it! They know that I was arrested and thrown into prison. Yes, they know that, and will act accordingly.

Judge (tearfully). I am sure none of us wished to offend you!

Members of the Bar (in a breath). Certainly not!

Prisoner. Well, let the trial proceed. I suppose you don't want any evidence. You have heard what I have said. You know that I regret having caused inconvenience to my innocent victims. They would forgive me for my innocent intentions. I only wished to save everybody by blowing everybody up.

The Court generally. Yes, yes!

Prisoner. Well, I have just done. And now what say the Jury? Where are they?

Foreman of the Jury (white with fear). I am, Sir,—very pleased to see you, Sir,—hope you are well, Sir?

Prisoner (condescendingly). Tol lol. And now what do you say? am I Guilty or Not Guilty?

Foreman of the Jury. Yes, Sir. Thank you, Sir. We will talk it over, Sir—if you don't mind, Sir.

Prisoner. I need not tell you that my friends outside take the greatest possible interest in your proceedings.

Foreman (promptly). Why, yes, Sir! The fact is we have all had anonymous letters daily, saying that we shall be blown out of house and home if we harm you.

Prisoner (laughing). Oh, be under no apprehension. It is merely the circular of my friends. Only a compilation of hints for the guidance of the Gentlemen of the Jury.

Foreman. Just so, Sir. We accepted it in that spirit.

Prisoner. You were wise. Now, Gentlemen, you have surely had time to make up your minds. Do you find me Guilty or Not Guilty?

Foreman (earnestly). Why, Not Guilty, to be sure.

Judge. Release the accused! Sir, you have my congratulations. Pray accept my distinguished consideration.

Prisoner (coldly). You are very good. And now adieu, and off to breakfast with what appetite ye may!

The Entire Court (falling on their knees, and raising their hands in supplication). Mercy, Sir! For pity's sake, mercy!

Ex-Prisoner (fiercely). Mercy! What, after I have been arrested! Mercy! after I have been cast into gaol!

Judge (in tears). They thought they were right. They were, doubtless, wrong, but it was to save the remainder of the row of houses! Can you not consider this a plea for extenuating circumstances?

Ex-Prisoner (sternly). No. It was my business, not theirs. It was I who paid for the dynamite—not they. (Preparing to leave the Court.) Good bye. You may hear from me and from my friends!

Judge (following him to the door). Nay, stay! See us—we kneel to you. (To audience.) Kneel, friends, kneel! (Everybody obeys the direction.) One last appeal! (In a voice broken with emotion.) We all have Mothers!

Ex-Prisoner (thunder-stricken). You all have Mothers! I knew not this. I pardon you! [The audience utter shouts of joy, and the Ex-Prisoner extends his hands towards them in the attitude of benediction. Scene closes in upon this tableau.]



HESITATION.

Russian Recruiting Sergeant. ' NOW, MY GAY, GALLANT, BUT IMPECUNIOUS LAD, TAKE THE IMPERIAL ROUBLE TO BUY YOURSELF SOME 'BACCY AND THROW IN YOUR LOT ALONG OF US ! ' "

MR. PUNCH'S ROYAL ACADEMY GUIDE, PHILOSOPHER, AND VERY FAMILIAR FRIEND FOR THE R.A. SEASON.



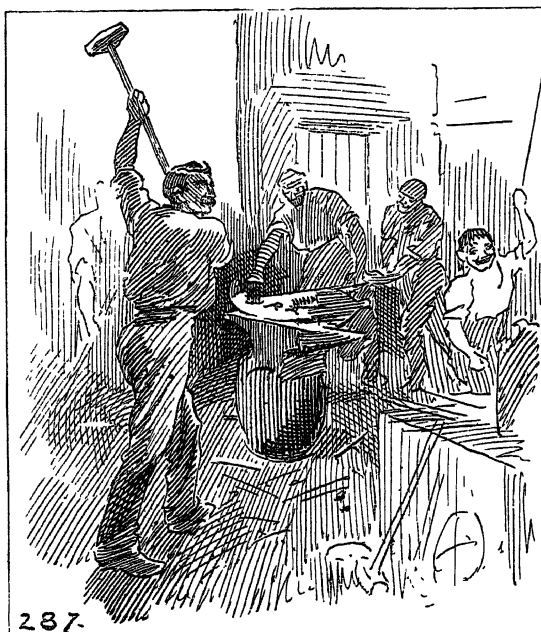
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No. 20. Japanese Jenny, the Female Conjuror, privately practising production of glass bowl full of water from nowhere in particular; a subject not unnaturally associated with the name of Waterhouse, A.

No. 16. It is called "A Toast. By AGNES E. WALKER." It should be called "A Toast without a Song," as it seems to represent an eminent tenor unavoidably prevented by cold, &c., when staying at home, and taking the mixture as before.

No. 19. A musical subject, "The Open C." By HENRY MOORE, A.

No. 24. "Food for Reflection; or, A (Looking) Glass too much." Black Eye'd SUSAN (hiding her black eye) after a row. The person



237

No. 287. "Forgers at Work; or, Strike while the Iron's hot!" Portrait of the recently elected Associate making a hit immediately on his election. Stan'up, Stanhope Forbes, A. (and "A. 1," adds Mr. P.), prepare to receive congratulations!

"Oh dear! Is it influenza!!" No. 89. "Handicapped; or, A Scotch Race from this TARTAN Point." JOHN PETTIE, R.A.

No. 95. Large and Early Something Warrior, pointing to a bald-headed bust, and singing to a maiden, "Get your Hair Cut!" RALPH PEACOCK.

No. 97. "Toe-Toe chez Ta-Ta; or, Oh, my poor Foot!" Must hide it before anyone else sees it." FRANK DICKSEE, R.A.



A RAINBOW BATH

No. 164. Watts the douche is this? A rainbow shower-bath? by G. F. Watts, R.A.

No. 83. "The Coming Sneeze." Picture of a Lady evidently saying, THOMAS C. S. BENHAM.

No. 89. "Handicapped; or, A Scotch Race from this TARTAN Point." JOHN PETTIE, R.A.

No. 95. Large and Early Something Warrior, pointing to a bald-headed bust, and singing to a maiden, "Get your Hair Cut!" RALPH PEACOCK.

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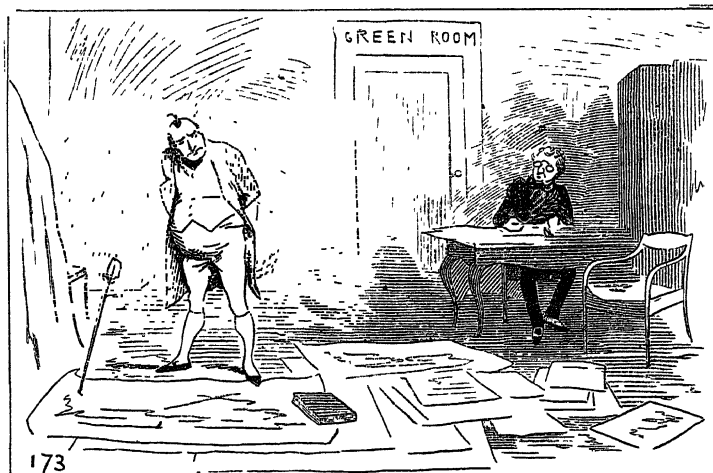
212

No. 212. "The Left-out Gauntlet." "Come as you are, indeed! Nonsense. It's most annoying! Here am I got up most expensively as a Knight in Armour, and I'm blessed if the confounded cuss of a cusumier hasn't forgotten to send my right gauntlet!" John Pettie, R.A.

who "calls himself a Gentleman" is 'seen as a retiring person in another mirror. ETTORE TITO.

No. 40. *Little Bo Peep after Lunch*, supported by a tree. Early intemperance movement. "Let 'm lone, they'll come home, leave tails b'ind 'em." JOHN DA COSTA.

No. 56. *Ben Ledi*. This is a puzzle picture by Mr. JAMES ELLIOT. Of course there is in it, somewhere or other, a portrait of the eminent Italian, BENJAMIN LEDI. Puzzle, to find him.



173

No. 173. "A First Rehearsal." "The celebrated actor, Mr. Gommersal of Astley's Amphitheatre, made up and attired as the Great Napoleon, entered the Manager's room, where the author of the Equestrian Spectacular Melodrama of 'The Battle of Waterloo' was seated finishing the last Act. 'What do you think of this?' asked Mr. G., triumphantly. 'Not a bit like it,' returned the author, sharply. 'What!' exclaimed the astonished veteran, 'do you mean to say my make-up for Napoleon isn't good! Well I'm—' 'You will be, if you appear like that,' interrupted the author decisively."—Vide *Widdicomb's History of the Battle of Waterloo at Astley's*. W. Q. Orchardson, R.A.

No. 102. "Attitude's Everything; or, The Affected Lawn Tennis Player." By FREDERIC A. BRIDGMAN, probably a Lillie Bridge man.

No. 105. "Dumb as a Drum with a hole in it." Vide *Sam Weller*. "Joy! Joy! (G. W.) my task is done!"

No. 107. "Outside the Pail; or, Nell's the Dairymaid." Taken in the act by R. C. CRAWFORD (give him several inches of canvas, and he'll take a NELL as she was about to put a little water out of the stream into the fresh milk pail.



3

No. 344. The Reeds' Entertainment. Gallery of Illustration. Interval during change of costume. "Behold these graceful Reeds!" Arthur Hacker.

No. 130. *A (Sir Donald) Currie*, admirably done in P. and O. (Paint and Oil) by W. W. OULESS, R.A.

No. 211. "*Blow, Blow, thou Winter Wind.*"—*As You Like It*. But we don't like it—we mean, the wind, of course. Oh, so desolate and dreary! We suppose that in order to keep himself warm, Sir JOHN must have been thoroughly wrapped up in his work when he painted this. Sir J. E. MILLAIS, Bart., R.A.

No. 228. "*The Great Auk's Egg.*" "Auk-ward moment: is it genuine or not? He bought it at an Auk-tion; it had probably been auk'd about before, genuine or not. There'll be a great *tauk* (!) about it," says H. S. MARKS, R.A.

No. 238. "With a little pig here and a little cow here, Here a sheep and there a sheep and everywhere a sheep."

Old Song, illustrated by SIDNEY COOPER, R.A.

No. 250. "*Ticklish Times; or, the First Small and Early in the Ear.*" "She sat, half-mesmerised, thinking to herself, 'Shall I have many dances this season?' 'You've got a ball in hand,' whispered small and early Eros Minimus. 'Ah,' she returned, dreamily, 'a bawl in the hand is indeed worth a whisper in the ear.'" *From the Greek of Akephalos*. W. ADOLPHE BOUGVEREAU.

No. 272. *The Flying Farini Family*. Nothing like bringing 'em up to the acrobatic business quite young. PHIL R. MORRIS, A.

No. 290. "*Sittin' and Satin.*" IRLAM BRIGGS. [N.B.—Mr. P. always delighted to welcome the immortal name of BRIGGS. Years ago, one of JOHN LEECH's boys drew "BRIGGS a 'ang-ing," and here he is,—hung!]

No. 310. First-rate portrait of a Railway Director looking directly at the spectator, and saying, "Of course, I'm the right man in the right place, i.e., on the line." Congratulations to HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A.

No. 311. *Popping in on them*, in not quite a friendly way, by Very Much in ERNEST CROFTS, A.

No. 317. "*Strong Op-inions.*" A Political Picture by a Liberal Unionist. CATHERINE M. WOOD.

No. 342. *A Person sitting uprightly*. By BENTLEY.

No. 351. "*Only a Couple of Growlers, and no Hansom!*" By J. T. NETTLESHIP.

No. 373. "*There is a Flower that bloometh.*" The Mayor of Avon,

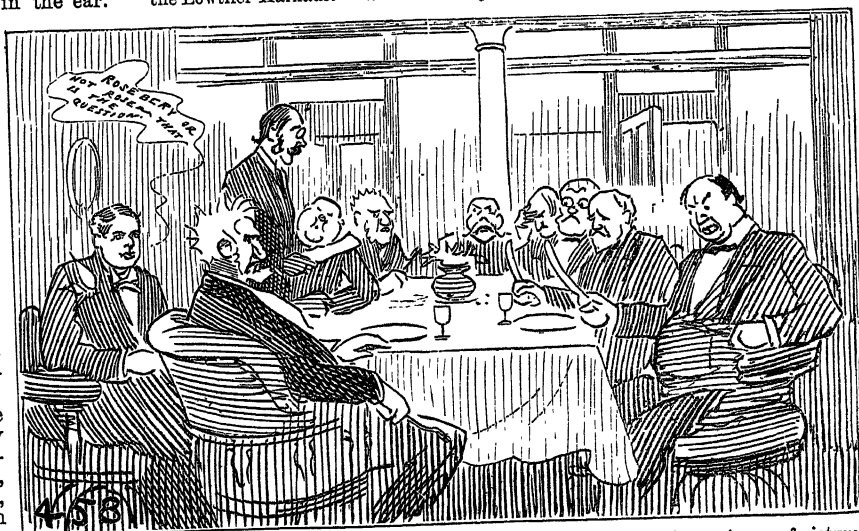
as he appeared 'avon his likeness (A 1) taken by PHIL R. MORRIS, A.

No. 412. "*Hush a bye, Bibby!*" Capital picture, speaks for itself. "I know that man, he comes from—Liverpool." Brought here by LUKE FILDERS, R.A.

No. 440. *Poppylar Error*. "Old Lady (log.)." "Oh, dear! I've eaten one o' them nasty

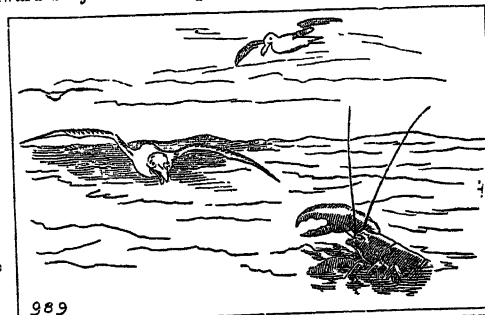


No. 204. "Three Little Maids from School." A wealth of colour. The subject is this:—After an ample school-feast, the girls sat drowsily under an orange-tree, when they were suddenly startled by the appearance of a snake. "Don't be frightened, Betsy Jane," cried Anna Maria, the eldest; "'ee won't 'urt yer, 'ee only comes from the Lowther Harkade." Sir Fred. Leighton, Bart., P.R.A.



No. 458. "Peas and War." Club Committee ordering dinner. See corner figure (L. H. of picture) with Cookery Book. The Steward says, "We can't have peas." Mr. J. S. B-l-r-r remonstrates strongly, "What! not have peas? Nonsense!" That's how the row began, and they "gave him beans." "A limner then his visage caught," and managed the awkward subject so as to please everybody; which the limner's name is Hubert Herkomer, R.A.

No. 989. La Sea-gull. Awful fight between a gull and a boiled lobster. Allan J. Hook. [N.B.—Your eye is sure to be caught by this Hook. But the picture must be looked at from our point of view, from the opposite side of the room.]



ARS LONGA.

TALKING "ART" is so "smart" in the first week of May, That is "ART," which you start with a thundering A. Simple "art" must depart; that's an obsolete way. Some think "art" would impart all the work of to-day.

stuck-up poppies, and I do feel so— Oh! I feel my colour is gradually PALEIN (W.M.).

No. 502. "*What, no Soap!*" She may appear a trifle cracky, but no one can say that this picture represents her as having gone "clean mad." ANNA BILINSKA.

No. 553. *Margate Sands in Ancient Times*. Cruel conduct of an Ancient Warrior towards a young lady who refused to bathe in the sea. Full of life by E. M. HALE (and Hearty).

No. 575. "*Poor Thing!*" Touching picture of ideal patient in Aesthetic Idiot Asylum. LUCIEN DAVIS.

No. 636. "*A Clever Examiner drawing him out.*" [N.B.—This ought to have been exhibited at A. TOOTH'S Exhibition.] RALPH HEDLEY.

No. 686. *Upper part of Augustus Manns, Esq.* The Artist has, of course, chosen the better part, "MANNs wants but little here below," but he doesn't get anything at all, being cut off, so to speak, in his prime about the second shirt-button. Exactly like him as he was taken before the Artist at "Pettie Sessions."

No. 1041. *Every Dog must have his Dose; or, King Charles's Martyrdom.* FRED HALL.

SCULPTURE.—The descriptions in the Guide are too painful. We prefer

not, to give any names, but here are specimens:—"Mr. So-and-so, to be executed in bronze"; "The late Thingummy—bust!" These will suffice. Then we have No. 1997. "*All Three going to Bath.*" by GEORGE FRAMPTON; and last, but not by any means least, a very good likeness of our old friend J. C. HORSLEY, R.A., and while we think of it, we'll treat him as a cabman and "take his number, which it's 1911, done by JOHN ADAMS-ACTON, and so, with this piece of sculpture, we conclude our pick of the Pictures with this display of fireworks; that is, with one good bust up! *Plaudite et valet!*



No. 699. "Very Like a Whale," only it's a buoy not caught yet. C. N. Henry.



THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES.

"THAT'S THE NEW DOCTOR—AND THOSE ARE HIS CHILDREN!" "HOW UGLY HIS CHILDREN ARE!"
 "WELL, NATURALLY! OF COURSE DOCTORS HAVE GOT TO KEEP THE UGLY ONES THEMSELVES, YOU KNOW!"

RECKONING WITHOUT THEIR HOST.

Mr. P.C. BULL, *loquitur* :—

HUMPH! There you go, suspicious lurkers,
 From lands less free! I grudge you room
 Among my hosts of honest workers.

Had I the settling of your doom,
 Your shift were short, and brief your stay.
 As 'tis, I'll watch you on your way.

A Land of Liberty! Precisely.

And curs of that advantage take.

But, if you want my tip concisely,—

We hate the wolf and loathe the snake:
 And as you seem a blend of both,
 To crush you I'd be little loth.

Freedom we love, and, to secure it,
 Take rough and smooth with constant mind.

Espionage? We ill endure it,

But Liberty need not be blind.

Sorrow's asylum is our isle;

But we'd not harbour ruffians vile.

To flout that isle foes are not chary,
 When of its shelter not in need;
 But, when in search of sanctuary,
 They fly thereto with wondrous speed.
 Asylum? Ay! But learn—in time—
 'Tis no Alsatia for foul crime.

Foes dub me sinister, satanic,
 A friend of Nihilists and knaves;
 Because I will not let mere panic
 Rob me of sympathy with slaves,
 And hatred of oppressors. Fudge!
 Their railings will not make me budge.

I've taken up my stand for freedom,
 I'll jackal to no autocrat;

But rogues with hands as red as Edom,
 Nihilist snake, Anarchist rat,
 I'd crush, and crime's curst league determine.
 I have no sympathy with vermin.

Doors open, welcome hospitable

For all, unchallenged, is my style;

But trust not to the fatuous fable

That *Caliban's* free of my isle

With prosperous *Prospero's* free consent.

Such lies mad autocrats invent.

Such for some centuries they've been telling,

Crime, like an asp, I'd gladly crush

Upon the threshold of my dwelling,

But shall not join a purblind rush

Of panic-stricken fools to play

The oppressor's game, for the spy's pay!

But you, foul, furtive desperadoes,

Who, frightened now by those you'd fright,

Would fain slink off among the shadows,

To plot out further deeds of night,

Our isle's immunity you boast!—

You're reckoning without your host.

I'll keep my eye on you; my Juries

I think you'll find it hard to scare;

We worship no Anarchic furies,

For menace are not wont to care,

Here red-caught Crime in vain advances

"Extenuating Circumstances!"

Couplet by a Cynic.

(After reading certain Press Comments on the
 Picture Show.)

PHILISTINE Art may stand all critic shocks
 Whilst it gives Private Views—of Pretty
 Froeks!

THE WORLD ON WHEELS.

MR. STEVENS, the American gentleman who rode round the world on a bicycle, says, "The bicycle is now recognised as a new social force." Possibly. But certain writers to the *Times* on "The Tyranny of the Road," seem to prove that it is also a new *anti-social* force, when it frightens horses and upsets pedestrians. Adapting an old proverb, we may say, "Set a cad on a cycle and he'll ride"—well, all over the road, and likely enough over old ladies into the bargain. Whilst welcoming the latest locomotive development, we must not allow the "new social force" to develop into a new social despotism. To put it pointedly:—

We welcome these new steeds of steel,

(In spite of whistles and of "squealers,")

But cannot have the common weal

Too much disturbed by common "Wheelers"!

THE ROYAL ACADEMY BANQUET.—After the Presidential orations, the success of the evening was Professor BUTCHER's speech. His audience were delighted at being thus "butchered to make" an artistic "holiday." Prince ARTHUR BALFOUR expressed his regret that "the House of Commons did not possess a Hanging Committee." Hasn't it? Don't we now and again hear of a Member being "suspended" for some considerable time? On such occasions, the whole House is a Hanging Committee. There was one notable omission, and yet for days the air had been charged with the all-absorbing topic. "Odd!" murmured a noble Duke to himself, as meditating many things, he stood by the much-sounding soda-water, "Odd! a lot of speeches; and yet,—not a word about Orme!"



RECKONING WITHOUT THEIR HOST.

FIRST ANARCHIST. "ENFIN, MON AMI!—VE SHALL NOT BE INTERRUPT IN ZIS FREE ENGLAND!"

BULL A1 (*sotto voce*). "DON'T BE TOO SURE, MOSSOO! YOU'LL FIND NO *EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES* HERE!!"

THE YOUNG GIRL'S COMPANION.

By Mrs. Payley.

III.—THE CHOICE OF A POSE.

ALL young girls should have definite ideas of the impression which they wish to create. The natural girl is always either impolite or impolitic. I am quite willing to allow that a girl who appears artificial is equally detestable. To be unnatural, and to appear natural, is the end at which the young girl should aim. Much, then, will depend on the choice of a pose. It should be suitable; there should be something in your appearance and abilities to support the illusion. I once knew a fat girl, with red hair (the *wrong* red), a good appetite, and chilblains on her fingers; she adopted the romantic pose, and made herself ridiculous; of course, she was quite unable to look the part. If she had done the Capital Housekeeper, or the Cheerfully Philanthropic, she might have married a middle-aged Rector. She threw away her chances by choosing an unsuitable pose. At the same time the reasons for your choice should never be obvious. There was another case, which amused me slightly—a dark girl, with fine eyes. She was originally intended to be a beauty, but she had some accident in her childhood that had crippled her. She had to walk with a stick, and her back was bent. She posed as a man-hater. The part suited her well enough, for she had rather a pretty wit. "But," I said to her, "it is too plainly a case of the fox and the grapes; you hate men because you are a cripple, and can never get a man to love you." She did not take this friendly hint at all nicely; in fact, since then she has never spoken to me again; but what I said to her was quite true. She was right in deciding that she had nothing to do with love; if you ever have to buy yourself a wooden leg, you may as well get a wooden heart at the same time. But her pose was too obvious—ridiculously obvious. She would have done better with something in the way of a religious enthusiasm—something very mystical. It would have been impressive.

In the matter of dress a girl can do very much towards supporting her pose; but she must have the intuitions and perceptions of an artist.

The child-like type requires great care, for the young girl in London is not naturally child-like. There should be a suggestion of untidiness about the hair; the dress should be simple, loose and sashed; nurse a kitten with a blue ribbon round its neck; say that you like chocolate-creams; open your eyes very wide, and suck the tip of one finger occasionally. Let your manner generally vary between the pensive and the mischievous; always ask for explanations, especially of things which cannot possibly be explained in public. Do not attempt this pose unless your figure is *mignon* and your complexion pink. Do not be too realistic; never be sticky or dirty—men do not care for it.

A capital pose for a girl with dark lines under the eyes, is that of "the girl-with-a-past." These lines, which are mostly the result of liver, are commonly accepted as evidence of soul. The dress should be sombre, trailing, and rather distraught: there is a way of arranging a *fichu* which of itself suggests that the heart beneath it is blighted. If you happen to possess a few ornaments which are not too expensive, distribute them among your girl-friends; say, in a repressed voice, that you do not care for such things any more. Let it be known that there is one day in the year which you prefer to spend in complete solitude. Have a special affection for one flower; occasionally allow your emotions to master you when you hear music. The hair-ornament belongs exclusively to the lower middle-classes, but wear one article of jewellery, a souvenir, which either never opens or never comes off. Smile sometimes, of course; but be careful to smile unnaturally. On all festive occasions divide your time between your bedroom and the churchyard.

Both these types demand some personal attractions; if you have no personal attractions, you must fall back upon one of the philanthropic types. The plainer you are, the more rigid will be your philanthropy. Your object will be to disseminate in the homes of the poor some of the luxuries of the rich; and, on returning, to disseminate in the homes of the rich some of the diseases of the poor. Everything about you must be flat; your

hats, hair and heels must be flat; your denials must be particularly flat. Always take your meals in your jacket and a hurry, never with the rest of your family; never have time to eat enough, but always have time to brag about it.

I cannot understand why any girl should object to the assumption of a pose; and yet a girl told me the other day that she preferred to be what she seemed to be. She was an exceptional case; I disbelieved in her protestations that she was perfectly natural, and managed to get some opportunities for observation when she did not know that she was observed. I must own that she was quite truthful; she also managed to get married—suburban happiness and no position—but, as I said, she was exceptional. Personally, I feel sure that I should never have been married if I had seemed to be what I really was. I cannot understand this desire to be natural—it is so affected.

My correspondence this week is not very interesting. In spite of my disclaimer last week, I have been asked several questions which are not connected with Sentiment and Propriety. "BELLADONNA" asks my advice on rather a delicate case; she is almost engaged to a man, A., and her greatest friend is a girl, B. Happening, the other day, to open B.'s Diary by mistake for her own, she discovered that B. is also very much in love with A. What is "BELLADONNA" to do? I think the most honourable course would be to report in her own Diary a statement by A. that he loathes B., and then leave the Diary where B. might mistake it for her own. This is checkmate for B., because she cannot do anything nasty without thereby implying that she has read "BELLADONNA'S" Diary.



HAMLET; OR, KEEPING IT DARK.

SCENE I.—At the Haymarket.—Darkness visible. Out of it come Voices.

First Voice (probably on stage). "Who's there?"

Second V. (probably in auditorium). I can't see. Is it TREE?

Third V. "Nay, answer me: stand and unfold yourself."

Fourth V. I wish I could unfold the seat to let people pass.

Third V. "You come most carefully upon your hour."

Fourth V. Why on earth can't people be more punctual?

First V. 'Tis now struck twelve."

Fourth V. About a dozen people have hit my head scrambling past in the dark.

Third V. "For this relief much thanks."

Fourth V. They seem to have got in at last.

Third V. "'Tis bitter cold."

Fifth V. Oh, EDWIN, dear, I do wish they'd send away the ghost, and turn up the lights.

Third V. "Not a mouse stirring."

Sixth V. There goes my opera-glass! Deuce of a job to find it. [Crash.]

Third V. "Stand, ho!"

Seventh V. Bless my soul, Ma'am, are you aware that you're standing on my foot?

Third V. "BERNARDO has my place."

Sixth V. Here's someone taken my seat!

First V. "What, is HORATIO there?"

Eighth V. Hullo, dear boy, how are you? Couldn't see you—but now the light's a bit up—(&c., &c.).

A CRITERION OF MORALS.—Astutely doing "The Puff Preliminary" in a letter to the papers before the production of *The Fringe of Society* (i.e., *Le Demi-monde* freely adapted), Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM observes that "there is no such class, in any recognisable degree, as the *demi-monde* in England." "Recognisable" is good, very good, it saves the situation, as of course the *demi-monde* is not, on any account, to be recognised. 'Cheery CHARLES evidently belongs to that half of the world which never knows what the other half is doing. If *The Fringe*, as it at first went in to the Licenser, had to be trimmed, CHARLES our Friend might have announced his latest version as re—"adapted from the *Fringe*."

"AILING AND CONVALESCENT,"—ORME. [No others count.]

MR. PUNCH'S AGRICULTURAL NOVEL.

BO AND THE BLACKSHEEP.

A STORY OF THE SEX.

(By THOMAS OF WESSEX, Author of "Guess how a Murder feels," "The Cornet Minor," "The Horse that Cast a Shoe," "One in a Turret," "The Foot of Ethel hurt her," "The Flight of the Bivalve," "Hard on the Gadding Crowd," "A Lay o' Deceivers," &c.)

"I am going to give you," writes the Author of this book, "one of my powerful and fascinating stories of life in modern Wessex. It is well known, of course, that although I often write agricultural novels, I invariably call a spade a spade, and not an agricultural implement. Thus I am led to speak in plain language of women, their misdoings, and their undoings. Unstrained dialect is a speciality. If you want to know the extent of Wessex, consult histories of the Heptarchy with maps."

CHAPTER I.

In our beautiful Blackmoor or Blakemore Vale, not far from the point where the Melchester Road turns sharply towards Icenhurst on its way to Wintoncester, having on one side the hamlet of Batton, on the other the larger town of Casterbridge, stands the farmhouse wherewith in this narrative we have to deal. There for generations had dwelt the rustic family of the PEEPS, handing down from father to son a well-stocked cow-shed and a tradition of rural virtues which yet excluded not an overgreat affection on the male side for the home-brewed ale and the home-made language in which, as is known, the Wessex peasantry delights. On this winter morning the smoke rose thinly into the still atmosphere, and faded there as though ashamed of bringing a touch of Thermidorean warmth into a degree of temperature not far removed from the zero-mark of the local Fahrenheit. Within a fire of good Wessex logs crackled cheerily upon the hearth. Old ABRAHAM PEEP sat on one side of the fireplace, his figure yet telling a tale of former vigour. On the other sat POLLY, his wife, an aimless, neutral, slatternly peasant woman, such as in these parts a man may find with the profusion of Wessex blackberries. An empty chair between them spoke with all an empty chair's eloquence of an absent inmate. A butter-churn stood in a corner next to an ancient clock that had ticked away the mortality of many a past and gone PEEP.

CHAPTER II.

"WHERE be BONDUCA?" said ABRAHAM, shifting his body upon his chair so as to bring his wife's faded tints better into view. "Like enough she's met in with that slack-twisted 'hor's bird of a feller, TOM TATTERS. And she'll let the sheep draggle round the hills. My soul, but I'd like to baste 'en for a poor slammick of a chap."

Mrs. PEEP smiled feebly. She had had her troubles. Like other realities, they took on themselves a metaphysical mantle of infallibility, sinking to minor cerebral phenomena for quiet contemplation. She had no notion how they did this. And, it must be added, that they might, had they felt so disposed, have stood as pressing concretions which chafe body and soul—a most disagreeable state of things, peculiar to the miserably passive existence of a Wessex peasant woman.

"BONDUCA went early," she said, adding, with a weak irrelevance. "She mid 'a' had her pick to-day. A mampus o' men have bin after her—fourteen of 'em, all the best lads round about, some of 'em wi' bags and bags of gold to their names, and all wanting BONDUCA to be their lawful wedded wife."

ABRAHAM shifted again. A cunning smile played about the hard lines of his face. "POLLY," he said, bringing his closed fist down upon his knee with a sudden violence, "you pick the richest, and let him carry BONDUCA to the pa'son. Good looks wear badly, and good characters be of no account; but the gold's the thing for us. Why," he continued, meditatively, "the old house could be new thatched, and you and me live like Lords and Ladies, away from the mulch o' the barton, all in silks and satins, wi' golden crowns to our heads, and silver buckles to our feet."

POLLY nodded eagerly. She was a Wessex woman born, and thoroughly understood the pure and unsophisticated nature of the Wessex peasant.

CHAPTER III.

MEANWHILE BONDUCA PEEP—little Bo PEEP was the name by which the country-folk all knew her—sat dreaming upon the hill-side, looking out with a premature woman's eyes upon the rich valley that stretched away to the horizon. The rest of the landscape was made up of agricultural scenes and incidents which the slightest knowledge of Wessex novels can fill in amply. There were rows of swedes, legions of dairymen, maidens to milk the lowing cows that grazed soberly upon the rich pasture, farmers speaking rough words of an uncouth dialect, and gentlefolk careless of a milkmaid's honour. But nowhere, as far as the eye could reach, was there a sign of the sheep that Bo had that morning set forth to tend for her parents. Bo had a flexuous and finely-drawn figure not unreminiscent of many a vanished knight and dame, her remote progenitors, whose dust now mouldered in many churchyards. There was about her an amplitude of curve which, joined to a certain luxuriance of moulding, betrayed her sex even to a careless observer. And when she spoke, it was often with a fetishistic utterance in a monotheistic falsetto which almost had the effect of startling her relations into temporary propriety.

CHAPTER IV.

THUS she sat for some time in the suspended attitude of an amiable tiger-cat at pause on the edge of a spring. A rustle behind her



caused her to turn her head, and she saw a strange procession advancing over the parched fields where— [Two pages of field-scenery omitted.—ED.] One by one they toiled along, a far-stretching line of women sharply defined against the sky. All were young, and most of them haughty and full of feminine waywardness. Here and there a coronet sparkled on some noble brow where predestined suffering had set its stamp. But what most distinguished these remarkable processionists in the clear noon of this winter day was that each one carried in her arms an infant. And each one, as she reached the place where the enthrall'd BONDUCA sat oblivious of her sheep, stopped for a moment and laid the baby down. First came the Duchess of HAMPTONSHIRE followed at an interval by Lady MORTISFONT and the Marchioness of STONEHENGE. To them succeeded BARBARA of the House of GREBE, Lady ICENWAY and Squire PETRICK's lady. Next followed the Countess of WESSEX, the Honourable LAURA and the Lady PENELOPE. ANNA, Lady BAXBY, brought up the rear.

BONDUCA shuddered at the terrible encounter. Was her young life to be surrounded with infants? She was not a baby-farm after all, and the audition of these squalling nurslings vexed her. What could the matter mean? No answer was given to these questionings. A man's figure, vast and terrible, appeared on the hill's brow, with a cruel look of triumph on his wicked face. It was THOMAS TATTERS. BONDUCA cowered; the noble dames fled shrieking down the valley.

"Bo," said he, "my own sweet Bo, behold the blood-red ray in the spectrum of your young life."

"Say those words quickly," she retorted.

"Certainly," said TATTERS. "Blood-red ray, Broo-red ray, Broo-re-ray, Brooray! Tush!" he broke off, vexed with BONDUCA and his own imperfect tongue-power, "you are fooling me. Beware!"

"I know you, I know you!" was all she could gasp, as she bowed herself submissive before him. "I detest you, and shall therefore marry you. Trample upon me!" And he trampled upon her.

CHAPTER V.

THUS Bo PEEP lost her sheep, leaving these fleecy tail-bearers to come home solitary to the accustomed fold. She did but humble herself before the manifestation of a Wessex necessity.

And Fate, sitting aloft in the careless expanse of ether, rolled her destined chariots thundering along the pre-ordained highways of heaven, crushing a soul here and a life there with the tragic completeness of a steam-roller, granite-smashing, steam-fed, irresistible. And butter was churned with a twang in it, and rustics danced, and sheep that had fed in clover were "blasted," like poor BONDUCA's budding prospects. And, from the calm nonchalance of a Wessex hamlet, another novel was launched into a world of reviews, where the multitude of readers is not as to their external displacements, but as to their subjective experiences [THE END.]

THE NEW GALLERY.

THIS is the place to see the "female form divine," of all shapes and sizes. Walk up, walk up, and look at a few of the young Ladies:—

No. 13. "*White Roses*," E. J. POYNTER, R.A. Thorns here, evidently, judging by the young woman's look of anguish. And this is the moral POYNTER points.

No. 66. "*A War Cloud*," A Music-HALL singing "*Rule Britannia*," with proper dressings.

No. 18. "*Paderewski*," Surely it ought to be PATTY:REWSKY, with "Miss" before the name. Moral, "Get your hair cut!"

No. 284. "*Nightfall in the Dauphinée*," "*Might fall*," it ought to be, and no wonder if she walked about on so dark a night with such a load in her arms!

No. 165. "*Che sara sara*," A pedestrian match in the Metropolis. In fact, *Walker, London*. A portrait of *Sarah*, after she has been let down into the punt, the shock having dislocated her shoulder. She might have kept *Col. Neat's* clothes round her neck to hide her back.

No. 77. This is the gem of the collection. It is by FREND KENPFF. Our Head Critic was so overcome by this great work that he went out to get assistance, but unfortunately, in trying to pronounce the painter's name, he dislocated his jaw, and is now in a precarious state. Our Assistant Critic, Deputy Assistant Critic,



"OH, THAT TUNE!"

A Sketch of an Unintentional and Unwilling Imitator of Miss Lottie Collins.

Deputy Assistant Sub-Critic, and a few extra Supernumerary Critics, then went in a body and looked at this young woman's head, apparently taken after an interview with Madame Guillotine. They looked at the head from all sides, and finally stood on their own, but they could not make head or tail of it. Any person giving information as to the meaning, and paying three-pence, will receive a presentation copy of this journal.

There are other portraits of the latest fashion in young Ladies, but those mentioned above are the most remarkable in the New Ginery.

Any Man to Any Woman.

O WOMAN, in our hours of ease, We smile, and say, "Go as you please!" [row, But when there's prospect of a You're best out of it anyhow.

THE TWO ARCHERS.—In the P. M. G. of Saturday last, WILLIAM ARCHER, in a signed article, criticises a book on "*How to Write a Good Play*," by FRANK ARCHER." In expressing his opinion of the book, WILLIAM becomes Frank—unpleasantly Frank.

A Riddle.

WHILE Publishers their fortunes make And wax exceeding fat, The Author still is like a rake. Now, pray account for that.

THE WATER-COLOUR ROOM AT THE ACADEMY.



Oh, what a smell from the kitchen to spur comers
Out of this room, where we think more of ham
Than HORSLEYS, of soup than STONES, hashes than HERKOMERS,
Mix MILLAIS with mutton, and LEIGHTON with lamb,
Think of salmon and cucumber, stilton and celery,
And not of the drawings at which we should look;
Reminded, when making a tour round this gallery,
But little of "Gaze," and a great deal of "Cook."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 25.—Session resumed to-day after Easter Recess. As TENNYSON somewhere says, Session comes but Members linger. Not forty present when business commenced. "May as well go on," said the SPEAKER, whom everybody glad to see looking brisk and hearty after his holiday. "They'll drop in by-and-by."

So they did, but without evidence of overmastering haste or enthusiasm. Only half-dozen questions on paper; very early got to business in Committee on Indian Councils Bill; supposed to be measure involving closest interests of the great empire that CLIVE helped to make, and SEYMOUR KEAY now looks after. Appearance of House suggestive rather of some local question affecting Isle of Sheppey or Romney Marsh. Below Gangway, on Ministerial side, only MACLEAN present. Member for Oldham a sizeable man, but seemed a little lost in space. Above Gangway RICHARD TEMPLE on guard. Prince

ARTHUR and GEORGE CURZON had Treasury Bench all to themselves. Opportunity for observing how cares of office are beginning to tell on GEORGE. Growing quite staid in manner, the weight of India adding gravity to his looks, sickly his young face o'er with pale cast of thought. Pretty to see him blush to-night when SEYMOUR KEAY made graceful allusion to his genius and statesmanlike conduct of affairs. "Approbation from Sir HUBERT STANLEY," as he later observed, "is praise indeed."

Only sign of life and movement displayed below and above Gangway opposite. SCHWANN evidently in running for BRADLAUGH's vacant place as Member for India. Fortunate in finding a party brimful of energy, enthusiasm, eloquence, and encyclopædic knowledge—MORTON, SEYMOUR KEAY, SAM SMITH, JULIUS ANNIBAL PICTON, SWIFT MACNEILL, and the CURSE of CAMBORNE, who has been as far East as the Cape, and therefore knows all about India.

Some Members looking across the waste place behind MACLEAN whilst he was delivering vigorous speech, thought of poor LEWIS PELLY, who really knew something about India, and therefore would probably not have spoken had he been here to-night. A kindly, courteous, upright, valiant gentleman, who took a little too seriously the joke House had with him about the Mom-basa business. Everyone recalls his luminous speech on the question, with its graphic description of forced marches "from So-and-so to So-on," dubious flights by night "from Etcetera to So-forth."

PELLY was with us when the House adjourned. In recess he, too, has made a forced march, passing from the ordinary So-on into the unmapped So-forth.

MACLEAN's speech stirred up the dolorous



"So-and-So."

desolate House. Only one other movement. This when SEYMOUR KEAY, in one of several speeches dropped the remark, "I am sure my friends near me will bear me out when I say—" Instant commotion below Gangway. SWIFT MACNEILL on his legs; SCHWANN tumbling over PICTON; CONYBEARE cannoning against MORTON. All animated by desire to take up KEAY and carry him forth. He breathlessly explained that it was merely a figure of speech, and, they reluctantly resuming their seats, he went on to the bitter end.

Business done.—Practically none.

Tuesday.—Amid the pomps and vanities of a wicked world there is something refreshing and reassuring in spectacle of SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE going about his daily business. One would describe him as childlike and bland, only for recollection that combination of harmless endearing epithet has been applied in another connection and might be misunderstood. A pity, for there are no other words that so accurately describe SAGE's manner when, just now, he rose to pose Prince ARTHUR with awkward question about Dissolution. Wanted to know whether, supposing Parliament dissolved between months of September and December in present year, a Bill would be brought in to accelerate Registration? Terms of question being set forth on printed paper, not necessary for the SAGE to recite them. For this he seemed grateful. It relieved him from the pain of appearing to embarrass Prince ARTHUR by a reference to awkward matters. No one could feel acutely hurt at being asked "Question No. 8." So the SAGE, half rising from his seat—so delicate was his forbearance, that he would not impose his full height on the eyesight of the Minister—"begged to ask the FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY Question No. 8."

Quite charming Prince ARTHUR's start of surprise when he looked at the paper and saw, as if for the first time, the question addressed to him. Dear me! here was a Member actually wanting to know something about the date of the Dissolution, and what would follow in certain contingencies. As a philosopher, Prince ARTHUR was familiar with the vagaries of the average mind. He could not prevent the SAGE, in his large leisure, untrammelled by no other consideration than that of doing the greatest amount of good to the largest number, indulging in speculations. But for Her Majesty's Ministers, the contingency referred to was so remote and uncertain, that they had not even contemplated taking any steps to meet it.

Then might the SAGE assume that, if the contingency arose, the Government would act in the manner he had suggested?

No; on the whole, Prince ARTHUR, thinking the matter over in full view of the House, concluded the SAGE might hardly draw that deduction from what he had said.

The House, having listened intently to this artless conversation, proceeded to business of the day, which happily included the adoption

of a Resolution engaging the Government to connect with the mainland, by telephone or telegraph, the lighthouses and lightships that twinkle round our stormy coasts. It was CAP'N BIRKBECK who moved this Resolution, seconded from other side in admirable speech by MARJORIBANKS.

Business done.—Excellent.

Wednesday.—Much surprised, strolling down to House this afternoon, to find place in sort of state of siege. Policemen, policemen everywhere, and, as one sadly observed, "not a drop to drink." Haven't seen anything like it since KENEALY used to shake the dewdrops from his mane as he walked through Palace Yard, passing through enthusiastic crowd into House of Commons, perspiring after his efforts in Old Westminster Courts. Later, when BRADLAUGH used to give dear old GOSSET waltzing lessons, pirouetting between Bar and Table, scene was somewhat similar.

"What's the matter, HORSLEY?" I asked, coming across our able and indefatigable Superintendent striding about the Corridor, as NAPOLEON visited the outposts on the eve of Austerlitz.

"It's them Women, Sir," he said. "Perhaps you've heard of them at St. James's Hall last night? Platform stormed; Chairman

driven off at point of bodkin; Reporters' table crumpled up; party of the name of BURROWS seized by the throat and laid on the flat of his back."

"A position, I should say, not peculiarly convenient for oratorical effort. But you seem to have got new men at the various posts?"

"Yes, Sir," said Field-Marshal HORSLEY, lowering his voice to whisper; "we've picked em out. Gone through the Force; mustered all the bald-headed men. They say that at conclusion of argument on Woman's Suffrage in St. James's Hall last night, floor nearly ankle-deep in loose hair. They don't get much off my men," said HORSLEY, proudly.

Very well, I suppose, to take those precautions. Probably they had something to do with the almost disappointing result. Everything passed off as quietly as if subject-matter of Debate had been India, or Vote in Committee of Supply of odd Million or two. Ladies locked up in Cage over SPEAKER'S Chair, with lime-lights playing on placards hung on walls enforcing "Silence!" Cunningly arranged that SAM SMITH should come on early with speech. This lasted full hour, and had marvellously sedative effect. Some stir in Gallery when, later, ASQUITH demolished Bill with mercurial logic. Through the iron bars, that in this case make a Cage, there came, as he spoke, a shrill whisper, "So young and so iniquitous!" Prince ARTHUR, dexterously intervening, soothed the angry breast by his chivalrous advocacy of Woman's Rights. As he resumed his seat there floated over the charmed House, coming as it were from heavenly spheres above the SPEAKER'S Chair, a cooing whisper, "What a love of a man!"



"So young and so iniquitous!"

Business done.—Woman's Suffrage Bill rejected by 175 Votes against 152.

Friday Night.—Little sparring match between Front Benches. Mr. G. and all his merry men anxious, above all things, to know when Dissolution will dawn? SQUIRE OF MALWOOD starts inquiry. Prince ARTHUR interested, but ignorant. Can't understand why people should always be talking about Dissolution. Here we have best of all Ministries, a sufficient majority, an excellent programme, and barely reached the month of May. Why can't we get on with our work, and cease indulgence in these wild imaginings? Next week, on BLANE'S Motion, there will be opportunity for Mr. G. to explain his Home Rule scheme. Let him contentedly look forward to pasturing on that joy, and not trouble his head about indefinite details like Dissolutions.

This speech the best thing Prince ARTHUR has done since he became Leader.

Business done.—None.

SEASONABLE WEATHER.

THE sunshine is cheerful, I'll call upon STELLA,

The girl I am pledged to, and ask her for tea.

It's a summer-suit day, I can leave my umbrella;

Mother Nature smiles kindly on STELLA and me.

With my silver-topped cane, and my boots (patent leather),

My hat polished smoothly, a gloss on my hair,

Yes, I think I shall charm her, and as to the weather,

I am safe—the barometer points to "Set Fair."

So I'm off—why, what's that? Yes, by Jove, there's a sputter

Of rain on the pavement!—the sunshine retires;

And I wish, oh, I wish that my tongue dared to utter

The thoughts that this changeable weather inspires.

Back, back to my rooms; I am drenched and disgusted;

In thick boots and an ulster I'll tempt it again;

And accurst be the hour when I foolishly trusted

The barometer's index, which now points to "Rain."

Well, I'll trudge it on foot with umbrella and "bowler,"—

My STELLA thinks more of a man than his dress.

I can buy her some bonbons or gloves to console her.

Though I'm rigged like a navvy, she'll love me no less.

Let the showers pour down, I am dressed to defy them—

Bad luck to the rain, why, it's passing away!

The streets are quite gay with the sunshine to dry them.

Well, there, I give up, and retire for the day!

CONFESSIONS OF A DUFFER.

No. IX.—THE DUFFER DEER-STALKING.

I AM in favour of Mr. BRYCE's Access to Mountains Bill, and of Crofters who may be ambitious to cultivate the fertile slopes of all the Bens in Scotland. In fact, I am in favour of anything that will, or may, interfere with the tedious toil of Deer-stalking. Mr. BRYCE's Bill, I am afraid, will do no good. People want Access to Mountains when they cannot get it; when once they can, they will stay where the beer is, and not go padding the wet and weary hoof through peat-bogs, over rocks, and along stupid and fatiguing acclivities, rugged with heather. Oh, preserve me from Deer-stalking; it is a sport of which I cherish only the most sombre memories.

They may laugh, and say it was my own fault, all my misfortune on the stalk, but a feeling reader will admit that I have merely been unlucky. My first adventure, or misadventure if you like, was at Cauldkail Castle, Lord GABERLUNZIE's place, which had been rented by a man who made a fortune in patent corkscrews. The house was pretty nearly empty, as everyone had gone south for the Leger, so it fell to my lot to go out under the orders of the head stalker. He was a man of six foot three, he walked like that giant of iron, TALUS his name was, I think, who used to perambulate the shores of Crete, an early mythical coast-guard. HUGH's step on the mountain was like that of the red deer, and he had an eye like the eagle's of his native wastes.

It was not pleasant, marching beside HUGH, and I was often anxious to sit down and admire the scenery, if he would have let me. I had no rifle of my own, but one was lent me, with all the latest improvements, confound them! Well, we staggered through marshes, under a blinding sun, and clambered up cliffs, and sneaked in the beds of burns, and crawled through bogs on our stomachs. My only intervals of repose were when HUGH lay down on his back, and explored the surrounding regions with his field-glass. Even then I was not allowed to smoke, and while I was baked to a blister with the sun, I was wet through with black peat water. Never a deer could we see, or could HUGH see, rather, for I am short-sighted, and cannot tell a stag from a bracken bush.

At last HUGH, who was crawling some yards ahead, in an uninteresting plain, broken by a few low round hillocks, beckoned to me to come on. I writhed up to him, where he lay on the side of one of those mounds, when he put the rifle in my hand, whispering "Shoot!"

"Shoot what?" said I, for my head was not yet above the crest of the hillock. He only made a gesture, and getting my eye-glass above the level, I saw quite a lot of deer, stags, and hinds, within fifty yards of us. They were interested, apparently, in a party of shepherds, walking on a road which crossed the moor at a distance, and had no thoughts to spare for us. "Which am I to shoot?" I whispered.

"The big one, him between the two hinds to the left." I took deadly aim, my heart beating audibly, like a rusty pump in a dry season. My hands were shaking like aspen leaves, but I got the sight on him, under his shoulder, and pulled the trigger. Nothing happened, I pulled the trigger of the second barrel. Nothing occurred. "Ye have the safety-bolts in," whispered HUGH, and he accommodated that portion of the machinery, which I do not understand. Was all this calculated to set a man at his ease? I took aim afresh, pulled the trigger again. Nothing! "Ye're on half-cock," whispered HUGH, adding some remark in Gaelic, which, of course, I did not understand. Was it my fault? It was not my own rifle, I repeat, and the hammers, at half-cock, looked as high as those of my gun, full-cocked.

All this conversation had aroused the attention of the deer. Off they scuttled at full speed, and I sent a couple of bullets vaguely after them, in the direction of a small forest of horns which went

tossing down a glade. I don't think I hit anything, and HUGH, without making any remark, took the rifle and strode off in a new direction. I was nearly dead with fatigue, I was wishing Mr. BRYCE and the British Tourist my share of Access to Mountains, when we reached the crown of a bank above a burn, which commanded a view of an opposite slope. HUGH wriggled up till his eyes were on a level with the crest, and got his long glass out. After some interval of time, he awakened me, to say that if I snored like that, I would not get a shot. Then he showed me, or tried to show me, through the glass, a stag and three hinds, far off to our right. I did not see them, I very seldom see anything that people point out to me, but I thought it wise to humour him, and professed my satisfaction. Was I to shoot at them? No, they were about half a mile off, but, if I waited, they would feed up to us, so we waited, HUGH nudging me at intervals to keep me awake. Meanwhile I was practising aiming at a distant rock, about the place where I expected to get my shot, as HUGH instructed me. I thought the wretched rifle was at half-cock, and I aimed away, very conscientiously, for practice. Presently the rifle went off with a bang, and I saw the dust fly on the stone I had been practising at. It had not been at half-cock, after all; warned by my earlier misfortunes, HUGH had handed the rifle to me cocked. The stag and the hinds were in wild retreat at a considerable distance. I had some difficulty in explaining to HUGH, how this accident had occurred, nor did he seem to share my satisfaction in having hit the stone, at all events.

We began a difficult march homewards, we were about thirteen miles now from Cauldkail Castle. HUGH still, from habit, would sit down and take a view through that glass of his. At last he shut it up, like WELLINGTON at Waterloo, and said, "Maybe ye'll be having a chance yet, Sir." He then began crawling up a slope of heather, I following, like the Prophet's donkey. He reached the top, whence he signalled that there was a shot, and passed the rifle to me, cocked this time. I took it, put my hand down in the heather—felt something cold and slimy, then something astonishingly sharp and painful, and jumped to my feet with a yell! I had been bitten by an adder, that was all! Now, was that my fault? HUGH picked up the rifle, bowled over the stag, and then, with some consideration,

applied ammonia to my finger, and made me swallow all the whiskey we had.

It was a long business, and Dr. MACTAVISH, who was brought from a hamlet about thirty miles away, nearly gave me up. My arm was about three feet in circumference, and I was very ill indeed. I have not tried Deer-stalking again; and, as I said, I wish the British Tourist joy of his Access to Mountains.

EARLY SPRING.

ONCE more the North-east wind
Chills all anew,
And tips the redden'd
nose
With colder blue;
Makes blackbirds
hoarse as crows,
And poets too.

The town with nipping blasts
How wildly blown;
Around my hapless
head
Loose tiles are
thrown,
Slates, chimney-pots, and lead
Of weight unknown.



My tile and chimney-pot
Flies through the air,
My eyes are full of
dust,
My head is bare,
A state of things that
must
Soon make me swear!
When thus in early
Spring
My joys are few,
I'll warm myself at
home
With "Mountain
Dew,"

Or fly to Nice, or Rome,
Or Timbuctoo.



A STUDIED INSULT.

Box-Office Keeper at the Imperial Music-Hall (to Farmer Murphy, who is in Town for the Islington Horse Show). "BOX OR TWO STALLS, SIR?"

Murphy. "WHAT THE DEV'L D'YE MANE? D'YE TAKE ME AN' THE MISSUS FOR A PAIR O' PROIZE 'OSSES? OI'LL HAVE TWO SATES IN THE DHRESS CIRCLE, AND LET 'EM BE AS DHRESSY AS POSSIBLE, MOIND!"

A BIRD OF PREY.

THE Laureate, seeking Love's last law,
Finds "Nature red in tooth and claw
With ravin"; fierce and ruthless.
But Woman? Bard who so should sing
Of her, the sweet soft-bosomed thing,
Would be tabooed as truthless.

Yet what is this she-creature, plumed
And poised in air? Iris-illumed,
She gleams, in borrowed glory,
A portent of modernity,
Out-marvelling strangest phantasy
That chequered classic story.

Fair-locked and winged. So HESIOD drew
The legendary Harpy crew,

The "Spoilers" of old fable;
Maidens, yet monsters, woman-faced,
With iron hearts that had disgraced
The slaughterer of ABEL.

Chimæra dire! The Sirens three,
Ulysses shunned were such as she,
Though robed in simpler raiment.
Is there no modern Nemesis
To deal out to such ghouls as this
Just destiny's repayment?

O modish Moloch of the air!
The eagle swooping from his lair!
On bird-world's lesser creatures,
Is spoiler less intent to slay
Than this unsparing Bird of Prey,
With Woman's form and features.

Woman? We know her slavish thrall
To the strange sway despotical
Of that strong figment, Fashion;
But is there nought in *this* to move
The being born for grace and love
To shamed rebellious passion?

'Tis a she-shape by Mode arrayed!
The dove that coos in verdant shade,
The lark that shrills in ether,
The humming-bird with jewelled wings,—
Ten thousand tiny songful things
Have lent her plume and feather.

They die in hordes that she may fly,
A glittering horror, through the sky.
Their voices, hushed in anguish,
Find no soft echoes in her ears,
Or the vile trade in pangs and fears
Her whims support would languish.

What cares she that those wings were torn
From shuddering things, of plumage shorn
To make *her* plumes imposing?

That when—for *her*—bird-mothers die,
Their broods in long-drawn agony
Their eyes—for *her*—are closing?

What cares she that the woods, bereft
Of feathered denizens, are left
To swarming insect scourges?
On Woman's heart, when once made hard
By Fashion, Pity's gentlest bard
Love's plea all vainly urges.

A Harpy, she, a Bird of Prey,
Who on her slaughtering skyeey way,
Beak-striketh and claw-clutcheth.
But Ladies who own not her sway,
Will you not lift white hands to stay
The shameless slaughter which to-day
Your sex's honour toucheth?

THE SEVEN AGES OF WOMAN.

(As Sir James Crichton Browne seems prophetically to see them.)

WOMAN's world's a stage,
And modern women will be ill-cast players;
They'll have new exits and strange entrances,
And one She will play many mannish parts,
And these her Seven Ages. First the infant
"Grinding" and "sapping" in its mother's
arms,

And then the pinched High-School girl, with
packed satchel,
And worn anæmic face, creeping like cripple
Short-sightedly to school. Then the "free-
lover,"

Mouthing out IBSEN, or some cynic ballad
Made against matrimony. Then a spouter,
Full of long words and windy; a wire-puller,
Jealous of office, fond of platform-posing,
Seeking that bubble She-enfranchisement
E'en with abusive mouth. Then County-
Councillor,

Her meagre bosom shrunk and harshly lined,
Full of "land-laws" and "unearned in-
crement";

Or playing M.P. part. The sixth age shifts
Into the withered sour She-pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and "Gamp" at side,
Her azure hose, well-darned, a world too wide
For her shrunk shanks; her once sweet
woman's voice,

Verjuiced to Virgin-vinegarishness,
Grates harshly in its sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange new-fangled history,
Is sheer unwomanliness, mere sex-negation—
Sans love, sans charm, sans grace, sans every-
thing.



A BIRD OF PREY.

[Despite the laudable endeavours of "The Society for the Protection of Birds," the harpy Fashion appears still, and even increasingly, to make endless holocausts of small fowl for the furnishing forth of "feather trimmings" for the fair sex. We are told that to obtain the delicate and beautiful spiral plume called the "Osprey," the old birds "are killed off in scores, while employed in feeding their young, who are left to starve to death in their nests by hundreds. Their dying cries are described as "heart-rending." But they evidently do not rend the hearts of our fashionable ladies, or induce them to rend their much-beplumed garments. Thirty thousand black partridges have been killed in certain Indian provinces in a few days' time to supply the European demand for their skins. One dealer in London is said to have received, as a single consignment, 32,000 dead humming-birds, 80,000 aquatic birds, and 800,000 pairs of wings. We are told too that often "after the birds are shot down, the wings are wrenched off during life, and the mangled bird is left to die slowly of wounds, thirst, and starvation."]

ART IN THE CITY.

(A Sketch in the Corporation Gallery at the Guildhall.)

The Gallery is crowded, and there is the peculiar buzz in the air that denotes popular interest and curiosity. The majority of the visitors are of the feminine sex, and appear to have come up from semi-detached villas in the less fashionable suburbs; but there is also a sprinkling of smart and Superior Persons, prosperous City Merchants, who regard pictures with respect, as a paying investment, young Commercial Men, whose feeling for Art is not precisely passionate, but who have turned in to pass the time, and because the Exhibition is gratuitous, earnest Youths with long hair, soft hats, and caped ulsters, &c., &c.

BEFORE DELAROCHE'S "DROWNED MARTYR."

First Villa Resident (appreciatively). Such a death-like expression, isn't it?

Second Ditto, Ditto. Yes, indeed! And how beautifully her halo's done!

Third Ditto, Ditto. Will those two men on the bank be the executioners, should you think?

Fourth Ditto, Ditto (doubtfully). It says in the Catalogue that they're two Christians.

An Intelligent Child. Then why don't they jump in and pull her out, Mother? [The Child is reproved.]

A Languid Young Lady. Is that intended for Ophelia?

[The rest regard her with shocked disapproval, mingled with pity, before passing on.]

BEFORE HOLL'S "FATHERLESS FAMILY."

First Matter-of-Fact Person. They're just come back from the funeral, I expect.

Second Ditto, Ditto. I shouldn't wonder. (Feels bound to show that she too can be observant.) Yes, they're all in mourning—even the servant. Do you see the black ribbon in her cap? I do like that.

An Irrelevant Person. It's just a little melancholy, though, don't you think?—which reminds me—how much did you say that jet trimming was a yard—nine pence three-farthings?

Her Friend. Nine pence halfpenny at the shop in St. Paul's Churchyard. The child has her frock open at the top behind, you see—evidently a poor family!

The I. P. Yes, and the workbasket with the reels of cotton and all. (Looking suddenly down.) Don't you call this a handsome carpet?

A Frivolous Frenchman (fresh from 'The Casual Ward' and 'The Martyr' to his companion). Tenez, mon cher, encore des choses gaies!

[He passes on with a shrug.]

A Good Young Man with a train of three Maiden Aunts in tow (halting them before a picture of SIR J. NOEL PATON'S). Now you ought to look at this one.

[They inspect it with docility. It represents a Knight in Armour riding through a forest and surrounded by seductive Wood-nymphs.]

First Maiden Aunt. Is that a guitar one of those girls is playing, or what?

Second Ditto, Ditto. A mandolin more likely; it looks like mother-o'-pearl—is it supposed to be King ARTHUR, and are they fairies or angels, ROBERT?

The G. Y. M. (a little at sea himself). "Oskold and the Ellé-maids," the title is.

Third Aunt. Scolding the Elements! Who's scolding them, ROBERT?

Robert (in her ear). "Oskold and the Ellé-maids!" it's a Scandinavian legend, Aunt TABITHA.

Aunt Tabitha (severely). Then it's a pity they can't find better subjects to paint, in my opinion! (They move on to Mr. PERRIE'S "Musician.") Dear me, that young man looks dreadfully poorly, to be sure!



"Earnest youths with long hair."

Robert (loudly). He's not poorly, Aunt; he's a Musician—he's supposed to be (quoting from Catalogue) "thinking out a composition, imagining an orchestral effect, with the occasional help of an organ."

First Aunt. I see the organ plain enough—but where's the orchestral effect?

Robert. Well, you wouldn't see that, you know, he only imagines it.

Second Aunt. Oh, yes, I see. Subject to delusions, poor man! I thought he looked as if he wanted someone to look after him.

First Loyal Old Lady (reading from Catalogue). "No. 35. 'Lent by Her Majesty the QUEEN.'"

Second Ditto, Ditto. Lent by HER MAJESTY, my dear! Oh, I don't want to miss that—which is it—where?

[She prepares herself to regard it with a special and reverent interest.]

AMONG THE PRE-RAPHAELITE PAINTERS.

Matter-of-Fact Person (to her Irrelevant Friend). Here's a Millais, you see. Ophelia drowning herself.

The Irrelevant Friend (who doesn't approve of suicide). Yes, dear, very peculiar—but I don't quite like it, I must say. Do you remember whether I told SARAH to put out the fiddle-pattern forks and the best cruetstand before I came away? Dear Mr. HOMERTON is coming in to supper to-night, and I want everything to be nice for him.

The Good Young Man. There's Ophelia again, you see. (Searches for an appropriate remark.) She—ah—evidently understood the art of natation.

First Aunt. She looks almost too comfortable in the water, I think. Her mouth's open, as if she was singing.

Second Aunt (extenuatingly). Yes—but those wild roses are very naturally done—and so are her teeth.

A Discriminating Person. I like it all but the figure.

A Well-Informed Person. There's the "Dream of Dante," d'ye see? No mistaking the figure of DANTE. Here he is, down below, having his dream—that's the dream in that cloud—and up above you get the dream done life-size—queer sort of idea, isn't it?

A Ponderous Person (finding himself in front of "The Vale of Rest"). Ha!—what are those two Nuns up to?

His Companion. Digging their own graves, I think.

The Pond. P. (with a supreme mental effort). Oh, Cremation, eh?

[Goes out, conceiving that he has sacrificed at the shrine of Art sufficiently for one afternoon.]

Young Discount (to Young TURN-OVER—before "Claudio and Isabella"). Something out of SHAKESPEARE here, you see.

Young Turnover. Yairrs. (Giving Claudio a perfunctory attention.) Wants his hair raking, don't he? Not much in my line, this sort of subject.

Young Disc. Nor yet mine—takes too much time making it out, y'know. This ain't bad—"Venetian Washerwomen"—is that the way they get up linen over there?

Young Turn. (who has "done" Italy) Pretty much. (By way of excuse for them.) They're very al fresco out in those parts, y'know. Here's a Market-place in Italy, next to it. Yes, that's just like they are. They bring out all those old umbrellas and stalls and baskets twice a-week, and clear 'em all off again next day, so that you'd hardly know they'd been there!

Young Disc. (intelligently). I see. After Yarmouth style.

Young Turn. Well, something that way—only rather different style, y'know.

BEFORE "THE HUGUENOT."

An Appreciative Lady. Ah! yes, it is wonderfully painted! Isn't it lovely the way that figured silk is done? You can hardly tell it isn't real, and the plush coat he's wearing; such an exquisite shade of violet, and the ivy-leaves, and the nasturtiums and the old red

brick; yes, it's *very* beautiful—and yet, do you know, (*meditatively*) I almost think it's prettier in the engravings!

BEFORE THE BURNE-JONESES.

A Fiancé. This is the "*Wheel of Fortune*," EMILY, you see. (*Reads.*) "Sad, but inexorable, the fateful figure turns the wheel. The sceptred King, once uppermost, is now beneath his Slave. . . . while beneath the King is seen the laurelled head of the Poet."

His Fiancée (*who would be charming if she would not try—against Nature—to be funny*). It's a kind of giddy-go-round then, I suppose; or is it BURNE-JONES's idea of a revolution—don't you see—revolving?

Fiancé (*who makes a practice—even already—of discouraging these sallies*). It's only an allegorical way of representing that the Slave's turn has come to triumph.

Fiancée. Well, I don't see that he has much to triumph about—he's tied on like the rest of them, and it must be just as uncomfortable on the top of that wheel as the bottom.

[*Her Fiancé recognises that allegory is thrown away upon her, and proposes to take her into the Hall and show her Gog and Magog.*

A Niece (*to an Impenetrable Relative—whom she plants, like a heavy piece of ordnance, in front of a particular canvas*). There, Aunt, what do you think of that now?

The Aunt (*after solemnly staring at it with a conscientious effort to take it in*). Well, my dear, I must say it—it's very 'ighly varnished.

[*She is taken home as hopeless.*

COURT CARDS.

A SPLENDID hand is just now held by Mr. ARTHUR CHUDLIGH, Sole Lessee and Manager of the Court Theatre. Full of trumps, honours and odd tricks. A perfect entertainment in three pieces. You pay your money and you take your choice. You can come in at 8'15 and see *The New Sub*, by SEYMOUR HICKS (Brayvo, 'icks! and may your success be Hickstraordinary!) or at 9'15 for W. S. GILBERT's *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern*, or at 10 for *A Pantomime Rehearsal*, which, as I remarked long ago on seeing it for the first time, might last for ever if only judiciously refreshed, say once in every three months, and on this plan it might continue until it should be played in 1992 by the great-great-grandchildren of the members of the present company.

There is one charming line in the bill—a bill which, on account of its colour, must be "taken as red"—not to be missed by visitors. It comes immediately after the cast of *The New Sub*; it is this,—"*The Uniforms by Messrs. Nathan, Coventry Street.*" It has a line all to itself, which is, most appropriately, "a thin red line." Now the officers in the programme are given as belonging to the "*shire Regiment*," i.e., Blankshire Regiment, but as they are all wearing the Nathan uniform, why not describe them as officers of



TWO TRUMPS.

Brandon Thomas plays the King.

Gertrude Queen-and-Kingston.

the Nathanshire Regiment? Perhaps such a title might be more suggestive of Sheriff's Officers than of those belonging to Her Majesty's Army; yet, as these gallant *Dramatis Personæ* are avowedly wearing NATHAN's uniform (which may they never, never disgrace!) why should they not bear the proud title of "*The First Royal Coventry Street Costumiers*"? Let those most concerned see to it: our advice is gratis, and, at that price, valuable. 9'15. *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern*. Excellent piece of genuine

fun. If Mr. W. S. GILBERT could be induced to add to it, I am sure it would stand an extension of ten minutes to allow *Hamlet* to return and have a grand combat with the King, and then for all the characters to be poisoned by mistake, and so to end happily.

To everyone who does not look upon SHAKESPEARE's work as "*Holy Writ*," the question must have occurred, why did the Divine WILLIAMS put his excellent rules and regulations for play-actors into the mouth of a noble amateur addressing distinguished members of "*the Profession*"? Imagine some royal or noble personage telling HENRY IRVING how to play *Cardinal Wolsey*, or instructing Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON in painting, or telling J. L. TOOLE how to "get his laughs"! Probably actor and artist would listen in courtier-like silence to the illustrious lecturer, just as SHAKESPEARE makes his players behave when *Hamlet* is favouring them with his views on the histrionic



An Awful Moment of Suspense. Mmes. May, Christine, Ellaline, and Decima implore Lord Arthur Grossenez not to throw up the part. He cannot refuse them; il n'ose pas.

art. In Mr. GILBERT's skit the leading Player makes a neat retort, and completely shuts up *Hamlet*,—who, being mad, deserves to be "shut up,"—much to the delight of King and Court. But, the question remains, why did SHAKESPEARE ever put this speech to the players in *Hamlet*'s mouth? My theory is, that he did not want BURBAGE to play the part, but couldn't help himself, and so, out of pure revenge, he introduced this speech in which he makes BURBAGE himself condemn all his own faults. Later on the *Queen* describes *Hamlet* as "fat and scant of breath," which certainly was not the author's ideal Prince of Denmark; and this is evidently interpolated as "a nasty one" for BURBAGE. At the Court Theatre the skit is capably played all round, though I confess I should have preferred seeing *Hamlet* made up as a sort of fat and flabby *Chad-band* puffing and wheezing,—an expression, by the way, that suggests another excellent performer in this part, namely, Mr. HERMANN WHEEZIN, who might be induced to appear after a lot of "puffin'."

Finally, *A Pantomime Rehearsal* is still about the very funniest thing to be seen in any London Theatre at the present time. The ladies are, all of them, as the old gentleman in *Pink Dominoes* used to say, "Pretty dears!" They dance charmingly, especially Miss ELLALINE TERRISS and Miss DECIMA MOORE, whose two duets and character-dances are things of joy for ever. The representative of *Jack Deedes*, Barrister-at-Law and Gifted Author, is LITTLE and good, and the services of Mr. DRAYCOTT as the Lime-Light Comedian are invaluable. WEEDON GROSSMITH and BRANDON THOMAS are better than ever: their duet is immense, but their combat is too short. Why not introduce a *Corsican Brothers* duel? The music, by Mr. EDWARD JONES, is thoroughly appropriate and very catching. By the way, one of the songs most encored goes with the exquisitely sensible and touching refrain of "Diddle doddle diddle chip chop cho choorial li lay," which was enormously popular about thirty years ago when it was sung at EVANS's by SAM COWELL, and by CHARLES YOUNG as *Dido* on the stage of the St. James's Theatre. Odd this! The air has been a bit altered, but I thought that comic songs once out of date were dead and done for. The success of this is proof to the contrary. Will "Ta-ra-ra-boom" achieve a second success in 1922? Perhaps. A capital entertainment, which has caught on at the Court, says

THE HUMBLE B. IN BOX.



DRAWING-ROOM INANITIES.

She. "No, DON'T SIT THERE, MR. SPLOSHER—THAT'S MY UGLY SIDE!"
He (wishing to please). "WELL—A—REALLY—I DON'T SEE ANY DIFFERENCE!"

"NOT AT HOME!"

(A Dialogue on a Doorstep.)

SCENE—The G. O. M.'s front door. Two expectant callers, EIGHT-HOURS BILL and Miss SARAH SUFFRAGE, in sore disappointment and some disgust, interloctute:—

Mr. Bill (sardonically). You too? Ah! he ain't no respecter of pussons, he ain't!

Miss Sarah (tartly). Well, this tries the temper of even a Suffrage she-saint.

I *did* think,—but there, you cannot trust Men—even Grand Old Ones!

Mr. Bill. Trust? Them as do trust Party Leaders are gen'rally sold ones.

It don't a mite matter *which* side.

Miss Sarah. Well, as far as I see, The other side shows the most signs, BILL, of favouring Me!

I'm sure Mister BALFOUR was awfully civil and nice.

Mr. Bill. You won't trust Prince ARTHUR too far, if you'll take *my* advice.

Miss Sarah. Well, no,—but I *should* like to pay out—the other. Ah, drat him! I'd comb his soant wool, the old fox, could I only get at him.

I'd pamphlet the wily old word-spinner.

Mr. Bill. Ah! I've no doubt; But wot can we do when his flunkey assures us he's out?

Miss Sarah. We're out, anyhow.

Mr. Bill. Ah! you see you ain't never got in.

But me, his old pardner and pal! It's a shame, and a sin!

He's throwed lots of cold water of late. I am blowed if I likes

His wobblefied views about Payment of Members, and Strikes.

And then that HOOD bizness! Long rigmarole—cheered by the Tories!

I fear it's all lkybod now with our G. O. M.'s glories.

Miss Suffrage. I never *quite* liked him—at heart. Mrs. FAWCETT, she warn'd me.

Mr. Bill. Well, now, I *did* love him! You see, he so buttered and yarned me;

And now—he won't see me! O WILLYUM, I can't understand it.

Miss Suffrage. I've asked him politely this time. P'raps next time I'll demand it.

Unsex me? Aha! I am willing to wager Stonehenge

To a pebble, when canvassing's wanted, I'll have my revenge!

Mr. Bill. And though he seems cocksure the Gen'l Election he'll win,

Maybe if he's out to me always, he may not get in! [Exit.

Grand Old Voice (within). Look nasty! Now have I done wisely this time—on reflection?

One must be so careful—"in view of the General Election!"

RECOLLECTIONS OF (COCKNEY) "ARABIAN" DAYS AND NIGHTS.

[Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS, Q.C., is about to publish, in the pages of *Household Words*, a series of descriptive articles, embodying his more than Wel-lerishly "extensive and peculiar" knowledge of London, and entitled "Round London, Down East, Up West."]

WHEN the breeze of romance in my youth blew free,

"A Welcome Guest" I was wont to see.

It was a right good time with me, [time.

A joyful, book-devouring Far about London I was borne,

From night to night, from morn to morn;

From Street to Park, from Tower to Dock.

I was conveyed "Twice Round the Clock."

True Sala-ite was I and sworn, [prime

For it was in the golden Of graphic GEORGE AUGUSTUS:

And now I find me revel-ling through

A magazine of saffron hue, Called "*Sala's Journal*,"

and I swim

Once more in London's rushing tide,

Piloted as of old by him

Through "London Up to Date." With pride,

I own I have a goodly time,

For still it seems the golden prime Of graphic GEORGE AUGUSTUS.

But many another since my youth The streets of Babylon hath trod,

With a statistic measuring-rod, Or philanthropic gauge. In sooth

There was GEORGE SIMS, there is CHARLES BOOTH.

We now search out the Social Truth; A goodly plan, in the old time

Foreshadowed in the golden prime Of worthy HENRY MAYHEW.

Now London Labour, London Poor, Occupy pen and pencil more

Than Pictures in the Passing Show Of the Immense Metropolis.

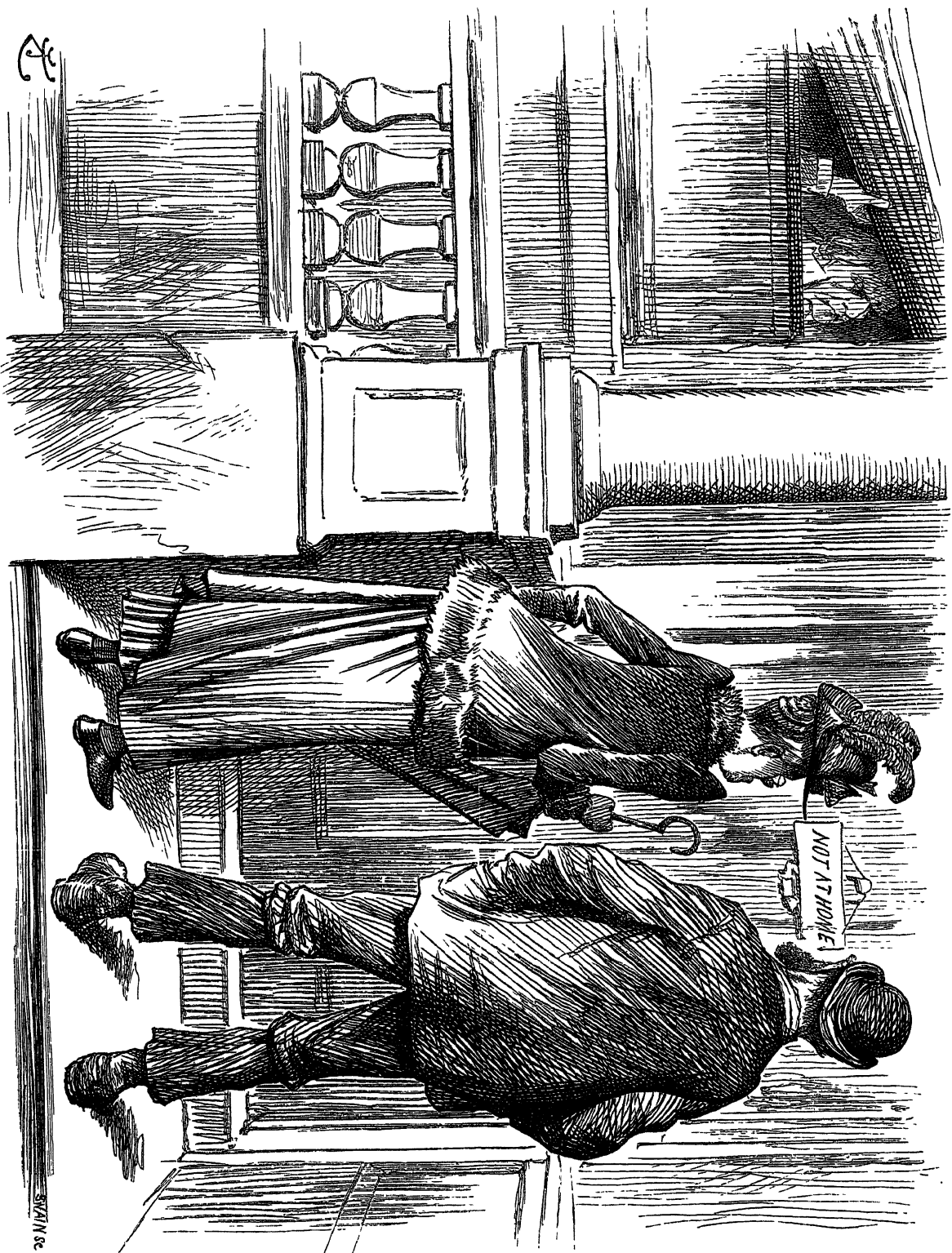
And few have knowledge such as his, (The great Q.C., the worthy Beak!)

Of modern Babylon, high and low; And so shall I with interest seek

These pages, full of interest, "Round London, Down East, and Up

West."

True picture of the present time, Drawn for us by the pencil prime Of good MONTAGU WILLIAMS!



“NOT AT HOME.”

MISS SARAH SUFFRAGE (*indignantly*). “OH! ‘OUT’ IS HE!”

EIGHT-HOURS BILL (*angrily*). “YUS!—AND HE WON’T GET ‘IN,’ IF I CAN HELP IT!”

[Mr. GRADSTONE has lately published an unympathetic Pamphlet on “Female Suffrage,” and has declined to receive a Deputation on the “Eight Hours Day” question.]



AN OVER-EXTENDED FRANCHISE.

(The Radical Grocer has just been elected County Councillor.)

My Lady (to her pet protégée). "PRAY WHOM DID YOUR HUSBAND VOTE FOR?"*Martha Stubbs*. "I DON'T KNOW, MY LADY."*My Lady*. "BUT SURELY YOUR HUSBAND TOLD YOU?"*Martha Stubbs*. "HE DOESN'T KNOW HIMSELF, MY LADY. HE'S SUCH A POOR IGNORANT CREATURE!"

POPULAR SONGS RE-SUNG.

WRITING of the brilliant Boanerges of the Liberal Party, the *Times* says:—"Sir WILLIAM is the strongest stimulant known to the Gladstonian wire-pullers, and his appearance is always an indication that the vital energies of the patient are low. It is well understood that his proper place is by his own fireside, and that his true function is to evolve epigrams and construct original systems of finance in that calm retreat. . . . But whenever they feel particularly downcast and unhappy, they break in upon his fecund meditations, and get him to fire off a roys-tering speech."

This affectionate and admiring tribute from the Thunderer to its old favourite contributor "HISTORICUS," is worthy of celebrating in deathless verse. How well a dithyramb on the subject would go to a certain popular tune! As thus:—

No. VIII.—GET YOUR HARCOURT!

AIR—"Get your Hair Cut!"

"WOULD serve them right if never I came
From my own fireside again!
The way the "Thunderer" cuts me up
Is vixenish—as vain.
I was born an Opportunist,
In a general sort of way,
But it's really very impertinent
For the *Times* to grin and say:—

Chorus.

"Get your HARCOURT! Get your HARCOURT!"

Oh! whenever I'm on spout,
You can hear the Tories shout,
"Get your HARCOURT! Get your HARCOURT!"
To cheer you when your spirits are down!"

I started in the Buffo line.

When things seem getting slack,

I'm to the front, with lots of go.

My critics may cry "Quack!"

But quacking's not confined to me.

I do extremely well,

And the more "I give them physic," why

The more they squirm and yell—

Chorus.

"Get your HARCOURT! Get your HARCOURT!"

But they know my sparkling spout—

Will help to turn them out.

"Get your HARCOURT! Get your HARCOURT!"

But I'll meet them when their sun goes down.

To play the great "HISTORICUS" part,

I years ago appeared.

The Thunderer's stage then knew my art,

But now *that* pitch is queered!

They swear that I apostatised

To follow W. G.

And patter about "Parnellite juice,"

And holloa after me—

BURNING WORDS.

(From a Working Man.)

["How many of you men would contribute to a Working Men's Fund the shilling you put on *Orme*, who, by the way, I am sorry to see was not poisoned to death."—*Mr. John Burns in the Park.*]

LOOK 'ere, JOHN, you stow it; you're nuts on the spoutin';
I don't mind a man as can 'oller a bit;
And if shillings are goin', I'd back you for shoutin',
Though your game 's an Aunt Sally, all miss and no 'it.
But the blusterin' chap as keeps naggin' the boys on
To fight and get beat all for nothing 's an ass.
And I'm certain o' this, that the wust kind o' poison
Is the stuff as you fellers 'ave lots of—that 's gas!

What's *Orme* done to you? 'E can't 'elp a cove bettin'.

To get at 'im for that is a trifle too warm.

And poisonin' racers ain't my kind o' vettin'.

I likes a good 'orse, so 'ere 's 'ealth to old *Orme*.

Take a bolus yourself, it might stop you from roarin';

There's nothin' like tryin' these games on yourself!

And I'll throw BENNY TILLET and one or two more in,

Just to lay the whole lot o' you up on the shelf.

BEN TILLET talks big of a mind that's a sewer;

Well, 'e knows what it is, for I'll lay 'e 's bin there.

And you'd make a 'orse into cat'smeat on skewer.

My eye, but just ain't you a nice-spoken pair!

I ain't goin' to foller you two like a shadder,

Your 'eads is a darned sight too swelled up with brag.

If you don't want to bust and go pop like a bladder,

Why you'd best take my tip—put 'em both in a bag.

So ta-ta, JOHN. I ain't the least wish to offend you,

But plain words to fellers like you is the best.

If they'd give me my way, why I'd jolly soon end you,

Beard, blather and all; you're no more than a pest.

I can fight and take knocks, and I'll stand by my folk,

Sir,

I'll 'elp them as 'elps me with whatever I earns;

But I've this for your pipe, if you're wantin' a smoke,

Sir,—

I ain't one for poison, nor yet for JOHN BURNS!

"MURDER IN JEST."—Is it not an extraordinary plea on behalf of a person under sentence of death for murder, that, like IBSEN's heroine, "she had never been able to take life in earnest?" Surely it should be added that "when she took somebody else's life she did take it very much in earnest."

Chorus.

"Get your HARCOURT! Get your HARCOURT!"

But, with quip, and jibe, and flout,
I completely put them out. [COURT!]

"Get your HARCOURT! Get your HARCOURT!"
But I beat them, and their sun goes down!

They try all sorts of "counters" to

My slogging strokes—in vain.

The "Thunderer" slates me every day,

But still I slog again.

Old W. G. in 'Ninety-Three

May form a Cabinet;

Then his first thought will be of Me,

And all will cry (you bet!)—

Chorus.

"Get your HARCOURT! Get your HARCOURT!"
Whoever may stand out,

Malwood's Squire must join, no doubt.

Get your HARCOURT! Get your HARCOURT!"

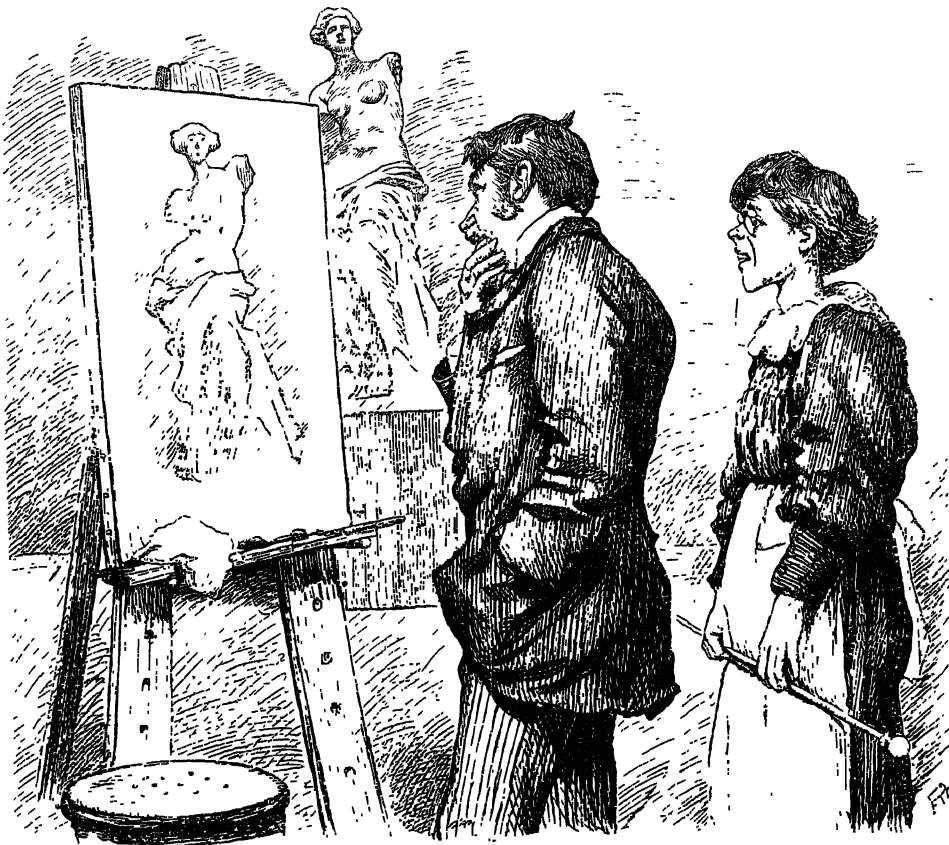
And I'll mock them when their sun goes down!

To the Grand Old Tory.

(By the Wife of a Dissenting Cumbrian Workman.)

O WILLIAM, you have managed to offend
The Workmen, and the Women, and the
Welsh.

Beware, or you'll discover ere the end,
That the three W.'s the great one can
squelch!



ENCOURAGING, VERY!

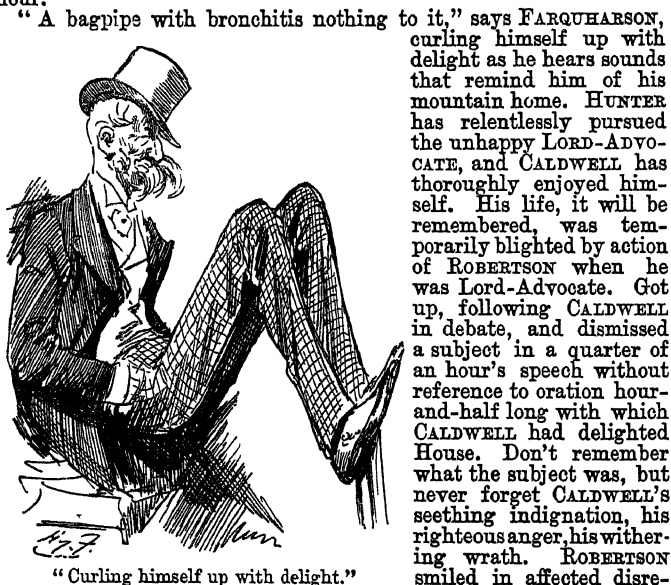
Cockney Art-Teacher (newly arrived and nervous—after a long silence). "IF YOU SHOULD SEE A CHANCE O' DRORIN' ANYTHING CORRECTLY—DO SO!!" [Collapse of expectant Student.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 2.—"Would that midnight or Closure would come!" murmured Prince ARTHUR just now, looking wearily up at clock.

It is only eleven; still another hour; hard even for trained nerves. For more than six hours been discussing Scotch Equivalent Grant. CLARK's musical voice has floated through the House by the half hour.



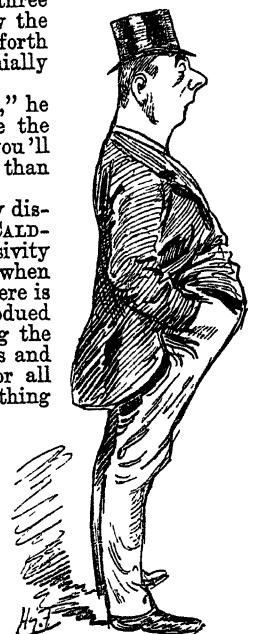
"Curling himself up with delight."

"A bagpipe with bronchitis nothing to it," says FARQUHARSON, curling himself up with delight as he hears sounds that remind him of his mountain home. HUNTER has relentlessly pursued the unhappy LORD-ADVOCATE, and CALDWELL has thoroughly enjoyed himself. His life, it will be remembered, was temporarily blighted by action of ROBERTSON when he was Lord-Advocate. Got up, following CALDWELL in debate, and dismissed a subject in a quarter of an hour's speech without reference to oration hour-and-half long with which CALDWELL had delighted House. Don't remember what the subject was, but never forget CALDWELL's seething indignation, his righteous anger, his withering wrath. ROBERTSON smiled in affected disre-

afternoon from two o'clock to seven. LORD-ADVOCATE visibly growing leaner in body, greyer in face. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN's usually genial temperament souring, as will be observed from remarks quoted above. J. B. BALFOUR looking in from Edinburgh professes thoroughly to enjoy the business. But then he's fresh to reserve themselves solely for Division. When bell rings three hundred odd come trooping in to follow the Whips into either lobby; then troop forth again. Long JOHN O'CONNOR beams genially down on scene.

"Glad you're having this for a change," he says. "You grumble when we Irish take the floor. Now the Scotch will oblige. Hope you'll like Caledonian and CALDWELL better than Home Rule and Erin G O'BRIEN."

"Yes, I do," I boldly answered. Only distraught between conflicting charms of CALDWELL and SINCLAIR. There is a cold massivity about SINCLAIR, a pointedness of profile, when he declares "the Nose have it." But there is a loftiness about CALDWELL's tone, a subdued fire in his manner when he is discussing the difference between a rate of ten shillings and one of twelve, a withering indignation for all that is false or truculent (in short, anything connected with the office of Lord-Advocate) that strangely moves the listener. The very mystery of his ordinary bearing weaves a spell of enchantment around him. For days and weeks he will sit silent, watchful, with his eye on the paralysed Scotch Law Officers. Then, suddenly, as in this debate on the Equivalent Grant, he comes to the front, and pours forth an apparently inexhaustible flood of argumentative oratory, delivered with exhilarating animation. "Give me Peebles for pleasure," said the loyal



"The Nose have it"

gard; but very soon after he found it convenient to withdraw from the focus of CALDWELL's eye, and take refuge on the Scotch Bench. As for CALDWELL, he withdrew his support from Ministers, tore up his ticket of membership as a Unionist, and returned to the Gladstonian fold. A tragic story which SCOTT might have worked up into three volumes had he been alive. He is not, but CALDWELL is, and so are we—at least partially after this six hours' talk round rates in Scotland, whether at ten shillings per head or twelve shillings. At half past eleven human nature could stand it no longer; progress reported although there still remained half-an-hour available time.

Business done.—Scotch Members avenged Culloden.

Tuesday.—"Rather a mean thing for MARJORIBANKS to bolt in this way, don't you think?" said CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, walking out of House when SINCLAIR showed signs of following CALDWELL. "Says he has some County Council meeting in Scotland. Went off by train last night; promised to be back on Thursday. We'll see. When he made that arrangement he thought Scotch Bill would be through to-night; but it won't. Will certainly go over to Thursday. So Master MARJORIBANKS will find himself caught when he comes back. Meanwhile he's escaped to-day and some hours of last night, which is something. As for me, I've stuck to my post, and will very probably die at it. Go in and listen to SINCLAIR, dear boy, following CALDWELL, succeeded by ESSLEMONT, with CLARK in reserve. I think you'll enjoy yourself."

So I did; thoroughly pleasant afternoon from two o'clock to seven. LORD-ADVOCATE visibly growing leaner in body, greyer in face. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN's usually genial temperament souring, as will be observed from remarks quoted above. J. B. BALFOUR looking in from Edinburgh professes thoroughly to enjoy the business. But then he's fresh to reserve themselves solely for Division. When bell rings three hundred odd come trooping in to follow the Whips into either lobby; then troop forth again. Long JOHN O'CONNOR beams genially down on scene.



CANDIDATE CATCHING.

Lowlander home from a fortnight's jaunt in Paris. "Give me CALDWELL for persuasive argument," says PLUNKET, himself a born orator who has missed scarcely five minutes of this two days' debate.

Curious how influence of the hour permeates and dominates everything, even to the distant Lake Ny'assa. Question asked when House met as to how things were going on there under Commissioner JOHNSTON. No one at all surprised when, in reply, LOWTHER referred to the "two powerful Chiefs, JUMBE and McPONDIA." Should like to hear the views of the last gentleman on the Scotch Equivalent Grant, its application to secondary education in Scotland, and the probable ultimate destination of the £25,000 allotted to parochial boards.

Business done.—More of the Scotch Equivalent Grant.

Wednesday.—May Day passed off quietly enough; but you can't have air charged with electricity, and your back-cellars filled with dynamite, without danger of explosion. Burst to-day in unlooked-for place, in unexpected circumstances. HALDANE brought in Bill providing that ratepayers should share with Duke of WESTMINSTER and other great land-owners benefit of unearned increment. Prospect alluring, but debate not exhilarating. House nearly empty; ASQUITH delivering able but not exciting speech in favour of Bill. Just sort of time and circumstances when, in another place, Judge might be expected to fall asleep on Bench. Citizen ROBERT GALNIGAD BONTINE CUNINGHAME GRAHAM, sitting on Bench behind ASQUITH, listening like the rest of us to his well-ordered argument. The Citizen a little tired with Sunday's peregrination. Been walking about all day with stout stick in hand, and blood-red handkerchief in pocket, ready for any emergency. At favourable moment blood-red handkerchief would flash forth, tied on to stick with timely twine, and there's your flag! Republic proclaimed; Citizen GRAHAM first President, under title GALNIGAD I., and before Secretary-of-State MATTHEWS quite knew where he was, he would be viewing the scene from an elevated position pendant in Trafalgar Square.

Chance had not come; GRAHAM still plain Citizen, in House of Commons listening to commonplace proposals about unearned increment. This evidently wouldn't do. Suddenly jumped up; shook fist at back of ASQUITH's unoffending head, and, *à propos de boîtes*, "wanted to know about the swindling companies and their shareholders?"

ASQUITH really hadn't been saying anything about them; turning round beheld Citizen GRAHAM glaring upon him, throwing about his arms as if he were semaphore signalling to the rear-guard of Republican Army.

"Order! Order!" cried SPEAKER, sternly.

"Oh, you can suspend me if you like," said Citizen GRAHAM, airily, as if it were no hanging matter. Members angrily joined in cry of "Order! Order!" SPEAKER promptly "named" the Citizen—not with his full list of names, for time was pressing.

"Name away!" roared the Citizen, whom nothing could disconcert. HOME SECRETARY having no fear of the lamp-post before his eyes, formally moved that the Citizen be suspended. GRAHAM snapped his fingers at HOME SECRETARY. "Suspend away!" he shouted.

Members looked on aghast. ROWLANDS standing at the Bar, conscious of his hair slowly uplifting. Belonged to the advanced guard himself; but this going little too far. LUBBOCK, sitting near Citizen, strategically attempted to change the conversation. "Did you ever," he said, blandly, "notice how the queen bee, when she is——"

"Hair slowly uplifting."

"Oh, you bee——" said the Citizen, roughly shaking off the gentle Bee-master.

SAM SMITH shudderingly covered his face with his hands. "I'm

so afraid," he whispered, "of the old A-dam coming out." And it did. Citizen GRAHAM himself immediately after going out, stopping at the Bar to shuffle through a few steps of the Carmagnole, and trumpet defiance on his blood-red handkerchief.

After this, a mere flash of lightning through the low clouds of a dull afternoon, ASQUITH went on with his speech, debate proceeded as if nothing had happened, and HALDANE's Bill thrown out by 223 Votes against 148. *Business done.*—Citizen GRAHAM suspended.



Effect of a great big D in the House.

Friday.—House met to-day as it did yesterday and day before to discuss Bills and Motions. But all the talk really turns upon date of Dissolution, and what is likely to happen after a General Election. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD serenely confident in the future.

"Yes," I said to him to-night, "it must be a great comfort to you to reflect that when you come into office you will not have to beat about for a programme. You've got your Newcastle platform, and I suppose a Liberal Ministry will stand upon that."

"You remind me, dear TOBY," said the Squire, with a far-away look, "of a story COLERIDGE brought home from his memorable visit to the United States. On his way down to Chicago he went out on the platform of the car to breathe the air and look at the scenery. 'Come off that,' said the Conductor, following him, 'you can't stand on the platform.' 'My good man,' said JOHN DUKE—you know his silver voice and his bland manner—'what is a platform for, if not to stand on?' 'Platforms,' said the Conductor, sententiously, 'are not made to stand on, they are made to get in on.'"

Business done.—Miscellaneous.

On the Row among the Romancers.

TRUST me, scribes who fight and
jeer, [us bent,
From yon blue heavens above
DICKENS and THACKERAY and
SCOTT [gent,
Smile at the grumbling Yankee

How'er it be, it seems to
me
A Novel needs but to be good;
Romancer's more than Realist;
And True Love's course than
too much "Blood"!

Too CONSCIENTIOUS.—"As a protest against gambling in connection with *Orme*," Mr. W. JOHNSTON, M.P., refused to attend a meeting at the Duke of WESTMINSTER's "for the prevention of the demoralisation of the uncivilised heathen races." Does Mr. W. J. include the Derby among the "heathen races" in connection with *Orme*?

QUITE APPROPRIATE.—"Acorse," says ROBERT, "it's the rite thing as that the Orse Show at Hisington should be honnerd with the pressence of the LORD MARE."

MORE THAN SATISFIED!

(With Mr. Punch's apologies to the Daily Telegraph's "Academic Enthusiast.")

"SHE—Pantaloons? seedy? Now, do we look like it?"

The speaker was a tall, robust maiden with fair hair; on her knee was an edition (without notes) of the *Anabasis of Xenophon*, and by her side was *Liddell and Scott's Lexicon*, in which she had just been tracking an exceptionally difficult—but, let me hasten to add, a perfectly regular—Greek verb to its lair. There were a considerable number of roseate specimens of English womanhood in the library of Girnam College, where, with some natural diffidence, I had ventured to put the rather delicate question to which I received the above reply.

For I had been much troubled in my soul about Sir JAMES CRICHTON BROWNE's recent deliverances with regard to the injurious physical effect of the Higher Education upon women, and, as a devoted—if hitherto unappreciated—admirer of the Fair Sex, I felt I had a theoretical interest in the question, and was bound to verify Dr. BROWNE's views. The most obvious way of satisfying my anxiety was to go to Girnam myself and ask the lady students what they thought about it, and so I did.

"I quite agree," I said, mildly, as I unwound my comforter, "that your course of studies seems to suit you remarkably well. Quite a bevy of female admirable CRICHT—!"

The effect was immediate; an unmistakable rush of lexicons—or were they Tod-hunters?—hurled around my devoted head from the fair hands of disturbed and ruffled girlhood.

"Pray don't mention that person again!" said my fair-haired interlocutor, and I thought I wouldn't.

"Well, but," I began, with heroic daring, as I laid aside my respirator, "as to weak chests now?"

I was interrupted by a paroxysm of coughing, which I tried to explain, as my young friends thumped my back with unnecessary zeal, was, owing to my having imprudently ventured out without my chest-protector. As soon as I was able, I feebly hazarded the suggestion that, for growing girls, the habit of stooping over their books seemed calculated to induce weakness in the lungs—but their roars of merriment at the idea instantly convinced me that any uneasiness on this score was entirely superfluous.

"You certainly all look remarkably well," I observed, genially, "particularly sunburnt and brow—"

Here there was a roar of quite another kind. I endeavoured to protest, as I got behind an arm-chair and dodged a Differential Calculus and a large glass inkstand, that I hadn't meant to allude to the obnoxious Physician at all, but had merely intended to convey my hearty admir—

"I know what you're going to say!" interrupted the fair-haired girl, vivaciously. "And you had better not."

As she spoke, she raised me from my seat by the coat-collar with no apparent effort, and deposited me on the top of a tall bookcase, from which I found myself compelled to prosecute my inquiries.

"Nature has been very bountiful to you—very much so, I am sure," I murmured, blinking amiably down upon them through the spectacles I wear to correct a slight tendency to strabismus. "Still, don't you—er—find that your eyes—"

I got no further; I thought some of them would have died!

"How about the effect of learning on your looks, now?" I next inquired. "Is it true that classical and mathematical pursuits are apt to exercise a disfiguring effect? Not that, with such blooming faces as I see around me—er—if you will allow me to say so—"

But they wouldn't; on the contrary, I was given to understand, somewhat plainly, that compliments were perhaps ill-advised in that gathering.

"Are you—hem—fond of athletics?" was the question I put next from my lofty perch. "Do you go in for games at all, now?"

"Of course we do!" said the fair-haired girl, affording a practical demonstration of the fact by taking me down and proceeding with her lively companions to engage in the old classical game of *pila* or *σφαίριστική*, the recreation in which Ulysses long ago found Nausicaa engaged with her maidens. On this occasion, however, I represented the *pila*, or ball, and although, in justice to their accuracy of eye and hand, I am bound to admit that I was seldom allowed to

touch the ground as I sped swiftly from one to the other, still I felt considerable relief when, on my urgent protestations that I was fully convinced of their proficiency in this amusement, they were prevailed upon to bring this pastime to a close.

"We are breaking the rule of silence in this room," said the fair-haired one. "And you do ask such a lot of questions! But, as you seem curious about our athletic pursuits, come and I will try to show you."

I crawled after my guide without a word, inwardly reflecting that I was sorry I had spoken, and heartily cursing (though without pronouncing it aloud) the very name of that eminent Physician, Dr. CRICHTON BROWNE. She took me first of all to a field where a bevy of maidens were engaged in a game of hockey.

"We are keen on hockey," said my guide, and, as she spoke, a girl, flushed and radiant, caught me across the most sensitive part of the shin with a hockey-stick. No need to ask her if she felt well. I limped away, and, in another part of the field, saw a comely and robust maiden practising drop-kicks, utterly regardless of the fact that I was looking on. I received the football in the pit of my stomach, and the name of CRICHTON BROWNE died on my lips.

My guide smiled as she saw that I had taken in the scene that was being enacted under my very nose.

"Do you play cricket?" she asked, with something like pity in her eyes. I did not—but I was by this time in such condign fear of this young Amazon that I was really afraid to admit my total ignorance of the sport. She made me wicket-keep for her, *without* pads, for an entire hour, at the end of which I readily assented to an invitation for further exploration.

We went through endless passages to an endless gymnasium, and every now and then I came across an Indian club or a dumb-bell, wielded by energetic female athletes. I should have liked to ask them whether they felt well, but I realised—only just in time—that the question would have been an impertinence.

"Are you getting satisfied?" said my unwearied guide, with another of her smiles, "or, do you still think we are a puny misshapen race?"

"Quite satisfied!" I replied, faintly, as I endeavoured to unclothe a rapidly discolouring eye, "in fact, I begin to discredit that alarmist cry—"

Before I could complete the sentence, I found myself executing an involuntary parabola over some adjacent parallel bars. My young friend's brows had contracted into a frown, although she waited politely for me to pick myself up.

"I thought we agreed not to mention that name!" she said, coldly.

I felt that any attempt to explain my innocence would be received with quiet scorn. "I—I should like to ask you just one thing more," I said, desperately, as I lay on my back, "I am really entirely converted—quite ashamed. I do hope you won't think me—er—inquisitive—but I have been so often told—it has been so constantly asserted—" I found myself bungling horribly in my desire not to offend.

"Pray go on," she said, "we try to be simple and sincere, and we are always ready to satisfy an intelligent inquirer."

"Well," I said, desperately, "people do say that you all wear—er—blue stockings. But I am sure," I added quickly, "that it is not true" . . .

It was too late. When the friend who had smuggled me into the building came to my rescue, he asked me, rather noisily, "if I was feeling well?" I replied that I was not, and that I did not think I ever should again. And I never have.

TRUE MODESTY.

[A West-end hosier advertises suits of Pyjamas in his window as "the latest styles in slumber-wear."]

ALL hail, O hosier; deem me not absurd
That I should thank thee for so apt a word.
'Tis thus that Modesty our language trims;
Where men say "legs" she softly whispers "limbs."
And, while they fume and rage in angry pother,
Stills the big D—and substitutes a "bother."
Speaks not of "trousers"—that were sin and shame;
"Continuations" is the gentler name.
Turns "shirts" to "shifts," and, blushing like the rose,
Converts the lowly stocking into "hose."
Thus thou, my hosier, profferest me a pair
Of these, the latest style of slumber-wear.



"I received the football in the pit of my stomach."



"AWEARY! AWEARY!"

Miss Certainage (who has been studying Schopenhauer, and has come to the conclusion that there is nothing but sorrow in life, sadly). "AH, MAJOR, I'M SURE I SHALL DIE YOUNG!" Ethel. "OH NO, AUNT DEAR, I'M CERTAIN YOU WON'T!"

THE GENERAL'S LITTLE FUND.

(See "Times," May 11.)

OH where, oh where is my little wee fund?
Oh where, oh where can it be? [long ;
With the pence cut short and the pounds cut
Oh where, oh where can it be?



I've travelled about with my little wee fund—
It used to pay for me;
But now it's gone I'm lorn and lone;
Oh where, oh where can it be?

I want to stump through Switzerland;
On the 24th proximo,
To Germany, Sweden, Norway, and
To Denmark I want to go;
I've held out my hat to every flat,
And begged over land and sea,
Humanity dunned, but I have no fund—
Oh where, oh where can it be?

If ever you see a stray bawbee
Whenever, wherever you roam,
Oh, tell him the woe that troubles me so,
And say that it keeps me at home.
I may mention that what you do, like a shot
Must be done to be useful to me;
At once send a cheque to save us from wreck,
Or the Army will go to the D!

MR. PUNCH

TO

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

On the happy occasion of the Jubilee of that excellent Journal, May 14, 1892.

FROM Forty-Two to Ninety-Two!
A full half-century of story!
And now, our Century's end in view,
May's back once more in vernal glory,
And with it brings your Jubilee,
(Punch came to his one year before you!)
"Many Returns," Ma'am, may you see,
And honoured be the hour that bore you!

Good faith! it scarcely seems so long
To us old boys, who can remember
The tale, the picture, and the song
We pored o'er by the wintry ember;

And how our young and eager eyes
Were kept from childhood's easy slumbers
By the awakening ecstasies
Of cheery coloured Christmas Numbers.

We loved great GILBERT, Glorious JOHN!—
Sir JOHN to-day, good knight, fine painter!
Our eyes dwelt lingeringly upon
His work, by which all else showed fainter.
His dashing pencil "go" could give
To simplest scene; a wondrous gift 'tis!
How his bold line could make things live
In those far Forties and old Fifties!

And humorous "PHIZ" and spectral READ,
Made us alternate smile and shiver.
Ah! ghosts, Ma'am, then were ghosts indeed,
Born of the brain and not the liver.
You shared our LEMON and our LEECH;
Our BROOKS for you ran bright and sunny.
May you live long, to limn and teach.
Be graphic, genial, sage, and funny!

We like you well, we owe you much,
True record, blent with critic strictures,
And culture of the artist touch
Through half a century of pictures.
We wish you many gay returns [plumper
Of this May day! You're brighter,
Than then; and Punch, who envy spurns,
Drinks your Good Health, Ma'am, in a
bumper!

"ORME! SWEET ORME!"—Orme is still
off solid food, and is kept alive entirely by
Porter. It is the opinion of the best informed
that "Porter with a head on" will pull him
through. Smoking is not permitted in the
stable, but there is evidence of there being
several "strong backers" about.



MR. PUNCH CONGRATULATES MADAME ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS ON ATTAINING
HER JUBILEE AND BEING YOUNGER THAN EVER.

MEMS. OF THEATRES, &C., COMMISSION.

MR. JOHN HARE, Lessee of the Garrick Theatre, in his evidence before the Theatres and Music Halls Committee, described himself, according to the *Times* Report, as having "been for about thirty years an actor, and for fifteen years a manager." This gives him forty-five years of professional life, and saying, for example, that he commenced his career as an actor at twenty, then his own computation brings him up to sixty-five. If this be so, then MR. JOHN HARE, with his elastic step, his twinkling eye, his clear enunciation, and his energetic style, is the youngest sexagenarian to be met with on or off the stage; and it is probable that when he reaches the Gladstonian age he will be more sprightly than even the Grand One himself.

In answer to a question put by Viscount EBRINGTON, MR. EDWARD TERRY gave it as his opinion that "if officers"—he was speaking of the army not the police—"were prouder of their uniforms, and did not take the earliest opportunity of divesting themselves of them, the uniform would be more respected." He ought to have put it, "would be uniformly more respected." But how about the man inside the uniform? But why should a soldier wear his uniform when off duty any more than a policeman when off duty, or any more than a barrister should wear his wig, bands, and gown, when not practising in the Courts? There is one person who should always wear a distinctive uniform, and that is a Clergyman, who is never off duty. Perhaps this is already provided for by the Act of Uniformity.

MR. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, after expressing his opinion that MR. IRVING had been "seeing visions,"—which of course is quite an Irvingite characteristic,—proposed to put everything right everywhere, and be the Universal Legislator and Official Representative of Everybody. Salary not so much an object as a comfortable home, a recognised official position, and "No Fees." (The Commission still sitting may perhaps dissolve itself, and appoint the last witness as Sole Theatrical and Music Hall Commissioner, with no power to add to his number.)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 9.—House dealt with just now after manner of Horticultural Exhibition at Earl's Court. Laid out as three acres, through which JESSE COLLINGS might be expected to lead the cow. But, as SQUIRE OF MALWOOD (a great authority on stock matters) says, the esteemed quadruped is dead, abandoned by its protector at time of disruption of Liberal Party. Exists now only in the form of carcass, to be found rather in butchers' shops than on quiet pastures. Pity, this. Difficult to imagine any better arrangement for what theatrical people call "properties" than the cow—probably with a blue ribbon round its neck—led through three acres of green meadow by JESSE COLLINGS, in clean smock-frock, with a crook in his hand.

Dr. CLARK says they don't drive cattle with crooks. But that's a detail. CLARK sure to contradict in any case.

Things very quiet to-night; quite pastoral. Only one outburst; that arose when FOSTER accused CHAMBERLAIN of saying the thing that is not. CHAMBERLAIN hotly rose, and appealed to Chairman to say whether the Doctor-Baronet was in order. COURTNEY said, since he was asked, he must say he thought not. So FOSTER changed the prescription. CHAPLIN much gratified at this speedy close of rupture that threatened progress with Bill. Presided over discussion with urbanity that was irresistible.

"Reminds me," said WILFRID LAWSON, looking across at Right Hon. Gentleman seated on Treasury Bench, with deeply-bayed shirt-front, and head closely bent over copy of Bill, "of a motherly hen gathering its brood under its wings, and trying to make things comfortable all round. Sometimes, when one of the brood grows a trifle importunate, the motherly expression on the expansive face sharpens, and the chicken is pecked at. But, on the whole, little to disturb the serenity of the coop."

Never before thought of CHAPLIN as an old hen. But, really, with the place permeated with agricultural and farm-yard associations, LAWSON's idea not so far out of it as it might appear to the domestic circle at Blankney Hall.

At half-past eleven those Scotchmen came up again. Upset the henroost, devoured what was left of the cow, dug up the verdurous three acres, and till two o'clock in the morning harried the Commis-

sioners under the Scotch University Act. *Business done.*—In Committee on the Small Holdings Bill.

Tuesday.—Don't know what we shall do when WIGGIN leaves us, as he threatens to do after Dissolution. Not much here just now, but sometimes his face seen in House or Lobbies, piercing surrounding gloom like what SWIFT MACNEILL distantly alludes to as "the orb of day." Only WIGGIN could have thought of the little

divertissement that for a few moments raised depressed spirits of House this afternoon. Resumed at morning Sitting (so called because it takes place in the afternoon) discussion of Small Holdings Bill. SEALE-HAYNE,—whose reputation as a humorist still lingers a tradition in the playing fields at Eton, but whose subsequent political career has subdued his vivacity,—moved Amendment. Something about compensation for cow-sheds. COBB airily addressed the Committee; and CHAPLIN whispered a few confidential remarks across Table.

Curious how this "eminent authority," as the MARKISS calls quite another personage, has lost his voice since Bill got into Committee. Seems so awestruck by enormity of his responsibility, not inclined to raise his voice above whisper. Effort to catch purport of his remarks completed depression under which Committee sinking. Went out to vote as if they were conducting CHAPLIN to a too early funeral. Then it was that an idea dawned on the mind of the wanton WIGGIN.

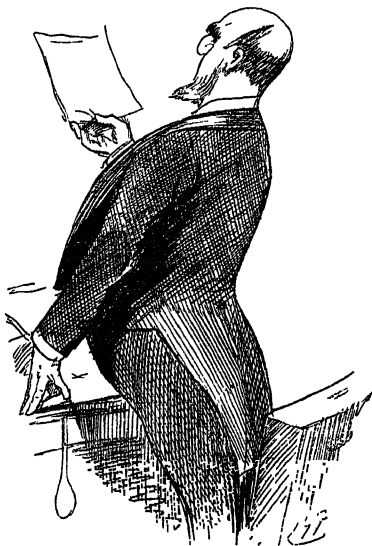
"I'll show 'em sport, TOBY, dear boy," he said to me in passing. "I'll give their spirits a leg up!"

Forgotten about this in passing through Division Lobby; coming back startled by angry roar. COURTNEY on his feet solemnly shouting "Order, Order!" like minute-gun at sea. Nothing came of this; excitement increased; COURTNEY crying "Order, Order!" in sterner voice. Looked about for explanation, and lo! there was the waggish WIGGIN with his hat cocked well on one side of his head, waddling down the floor of the House past the Chair. You may do almost anything in the House of Commons but walk about with your hat on, and here was WIGGIN, not only doing it, but persisting in the offence, smiling back innocently on the increasing circle of Members roaring at him, and COURTNEY, with increasing stridency, shouting "Order!" behind his back. Having got nearly to the Bar, the wily

WIGGIN, affecting to wonder what all the row was about, turned round and found himself pierced through and through with the flaming eye of outraged Chairman. Pretty to see how, all of a sudden, it seemed to flash upon him that he was the culprit, and that it was his hat at which Members, like so many WILLIAM TELLS, were persistently firing. The sunset face flushed deeper still; with quick movement the wayward WIGGIN removed his offending hat, and, bowing apologetically to the Chair, went forth with quickened pace.

Excellent! done; took in the whole House, including Chairman. But WIGGIN's benevolent intention secured, and, if only temporarily, spirits of House jubilantly rose. *Business done.*—In Committee on Small Holdings.

Wednesday.—Municipal Corporations Act, 1882 (Amendment) Bill first Order of Day. Doesn't seem to promise anything exciting; Debate, however, not gone far before discovery made that it hides a deep design. Wouldn't think, looking at FORWOOD as he sits at remote end of Treasury Bench, that he had anything to do with Hecuba, or Hecuba



"Order! Order!"



The Doctor-Baronet.



"No Forwooder!"

with him. Only suspicious thing about him is, his extreme desire to keep out of sight. When SPEAKER took Chair he was standing at Bar surveying House, and wondering when it would be made. As soon as MATTINSON rose to move Second Reading of Bill, FORWOOD, so to speak, went backward, and planted himself well in shadow of SPEAKER'S Chair.

Turns out in course of interesting Debate that, though the speech on moving Second Reading is the voice of MATTINSON, the Bill is the Bill of FORWOOD, whose interest in the political affairs of Liverpool is said to be extensive and peculiar. NEVILLE puts it in another way. "Whenever," he said, "any political manipulation is afoot in Liverpool, be sure the Secretary to the Admiralty will not be far away."

At first, FORWOOD affected indifference to proceedings. "His Bill! s'elp him, never seen it before. 'L'pool. What's that?" But as Debate went forward, and gentlemen opposite insisted on dragging him in, he finally yielded, and taking off coat, "went for" other side. Rev. SAM SMITH interposed with charming story about a gentleman whom Liverpool Tories had appointed Chairman of Watch Committee, "he being solicitor to the two largest publicans in Liverpool." That didn't at first sight seem much to point, supposing even the united cubit measurement of the worthy tradesmen exceeded twelve feet. But Reverend SAM went on to explain what he meant was that, "between them, they owned about 120 public-houses." Curious movement in Strangers' Gallery as of involuntary smacking of many lips. Forwood said this (which he daintily alluded to as "an allegation") had been denied. SAM, couching the retort in clerical language, said in effect, "You're another!" whereupon Ministerialists roared, "Oh! oh!" and FORWOOD, now thoroughly roused, proceeded to show that SAMUEL and his Liberal allies were the real Gerrymanders, and that he, FORWOOD, was the spotless advocate of the true interests of the Working-Man.

House began to look askance on S. S. Never suspected him of being a man of that kind. Glad when painful discussion came to

end. Bill read Second Time; but jubilation of promoters suddenly chilled by TIM HEALY, of whom no one was thinking at the moment, stepping in and adroitly putting spoke in wheel of Bill, by moving to refer it to Select Committee; which, being translated, means it will get no Forwooder this Session.

Business done.—TIM HEALY puts FORWOOD'S clock back.

Friday.—EDWARD WATKIN home from honeymooning trip. Pleased to find his Bill giving the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway direct access to London passed all its stages in the Commons.

"It's a new way to London, good TOBY," he said, when I congratulated him on the double event. "Some gentlemen who paint in St. John's Wood objected on what I believe are called æsthetical grounds. But there are several big towns between here and Sheffield wanted the short cut, and I determined they should have it. Things looked bad last Session, and perhaps some fellows would have given up. I have a little way of never giving up, and it's astonishing how far it'll carry you. We're not through the Lords yet,—though, as you say, we are through their cricket-ground. But you'll see, before twelve months are over, I'll bring a train straight

"This Way to London!"

from Sheffield into our own station in London, and if you only live a little longer, you shall come with me on the first trip from Charing Cross to Paris under the Channel Tunnel. Everything, TOBY, *cher ami*, comes to the man who won't wait."

Business done.—Small Holdings Bill practically through Committee.

TRAMWAYS.

(From the Newspapers of the Future.)

April 2, 1894.—The County Council at yesterday's meeting discussed the proposed new Tramway from Westminster Bridge to the Round Pond, through the Abbey, St. James's Park and Rotten Row. Deputations from all the artistic and archæological Societies presented petitions against it, but the Council refused to read them. Deputations from the Institute of Architects and the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings also attended to give their views on the partial demolition of the Abbey, but they quarrelled so much amongst themselves that it was necessary to eject them, in order to prevent a free fight in the Council Chamber. Three Labour Candidates were then received, the Council standing respectfully, and stated that at least twenty-seven persons residing in Southwark would



"WHEN PAIN AND ANGUISH WRING THE BROW."

The Minister. "WELL, JANET, HOW DID YOU LIKE YOUR NEW DOCTOR, DR. ELIZABETH SQUILLS?"

Janet. "WELL, SIR, ONLY PRETTY WELL. YE SEE, SIR, DR. ELIZABETH ISN'T SO LEDDYLIKE AS SOME OF OUR AIN MEN DOCTORS!"

benefit by the direct route to Kensington Gardens. It was at once resolved that the Tramway should be made.

May 2, 1901.—Yesterday an immense Demonstration of Working-Men was held in Hyde Park to protest against the extension of the Tramways. Mr. JOHN SCALDS presided, and observed in his speech, "What is the good of taking the Working-Man from his own door to a park, if there is no park at the other end, only asphalt and tram-lines and some stumps of trees cut down? What is the good of taking him to Westminster Abbey, if Poets' Corner has been made into a tramcar-shed? Besides, now the Working-Man is so much richer, and pays no rates or taxes, he does not want trams. They are only fit for the miserable Middle Class, and who cares about them?" This was greeted with loud shouts of, "Down with the Council!" and the vast assemblage marched with threatening cries and gestures towards the recently completed County Council Offices. Our readers are aware that this sumptuous building, which cost over two millions, occupies the site where St. Paul's Cathedral formerly stood. It was found, however, that the Council had suddenly adjourned, and that all the officials had fled. The workmen accordingly entered, and, having voted Mr. SCALDS to the chair, unanimously resolved that all the Tramways should be removed and the Parks replanted and returned. It was decided that nothing could be done to replace the Cathedral or the Abbey, but it was resolved that the following inscription should be placed on the ruins at Westminster:—"To the lasting disgrace of the English Nation, this Building, together with the other beautiful and interesting parts of London, was ruined, for the sake of some impossible and imbecile schemes, by an assemblage of the most Despicable Dolts that ever lived."

MIXED.—Under the heading "A Tragic Affair," it was recently stated in a paragraph, how "a Lady had been shot by a discharged Servant." It would have been better if the Servant, on being discharged, had gone off and injured nobody.



IN DIFFICULTIES.

Effie (who can't make her sum come right). "OH, I DO WISH I WAS A RABBIT SO!"
Maud. "WHAT FOR, DARLING?" *Effie.* "PAPA SAYS THEY MULTIPLY SO QUICKLY!"

THE OTHER "WESTMINSTER STABLE."

Noble Owner (watching the Favourite out for exercise). Ah! don't look so bad, ARTHUR, after his spin!
 They are asking all round if he'll run, if he'll win.
 They would like much to know, I've no manner of doubt.
 Why, there isn't a Bookie, a Tipster, or Tout, Not to mention an Owner, or Trainer, or Vet, But desires the straight tip—which I wish they may get!
 If they knew he'd been "nobbled," they'd greatly rejoice;
 Then they'd back other cracks—*Dissolution* for choice—

With a confident mind. "Nobbled!" Ah! were they able
 To get at his groom, or sneak into his stable, How gladly some of them would give him a dose!
 That's right, ARTHUR; watch him, my lad, and—keep close!
Trainer. Ay, ay, Sir! They will not get much out of me, Sir!
 A still tongue to Tipsters and Touts is a teaser. They're awfully curious about *t'other* horse; *Dissolution*, you know. Try to pump me.
Noble Owner. Of course!
 Very natural, you know. I should be, in their case.
 If they knew that this nag couldn't win the big race,

Or was not meant to run, then their course would be clear.

[*Espies Stranger approaching.*
 Hillo! Not too near, ARTHUR! (*Aside.*)
 Whom have we here?

Polite Stranger (insinuatingly). Beg pardon, my Lord! A bit out of my track.
 Missed my way. But—ahem!—is that really the "crack"?

Why, he looks cherry ripe—at a distance. I've heard

All sorts of reports—gossips are so absurd!
 But—would you mind telling me—has the Great Horse

Been really—got at? *Entre nous*, mind!—
Noble Owner (drily). Of course!

Dissolution's shy backers would much like to know.

But—tell them who sent you to ask—it's no go!
 [*Exit, leaving Polite Stranger planté là.*]

A LAY SERMON.

(Suggested by certain recent manifestations of the Nonconformist conscience.)

THOU shalt not steal! That's a command
 Which grips us with an iron hand;
 And "he who prigs what isn't his'n,
 When he is cotched shall go to prison!"
 So runs the Cockney doggerel, clear
 If ungrammatical, austere,
 With not a saving clause to qualify
 Its rigid Spartan rule, or mollify
 Theft's Nemesis. Thou shalt not steal!
 At least,—ahem!—well, all must feel
 That property in thoughts and phrases,
 The verbal flagree that raises
 Flat fustian into "oratory,"
 And makes the pulpit place of glory,
 Such property is not so easy
 To settle, and a conscience queasy
 O'er picking pockets, oft remains
 Quite unperturbed while—*picking brains!*
 A Sermon is not minted coin;
 It you may borrow, buy, purloin,
 In part or wholly, and yet preach it
 As your own work. Who'll dare impeach it,
 This innocent transaction? Not
 Your "brethren," save, perchance, some hot
 And ultra-honest (which means "rancorous")
 Parsonic rival. "How cantankerous!"
 The reverend Assembly shouts.
 It mocks at scruples, flames at doubts,
 Hints at the stern objector's animus,
 In the prig's praises is unanimous.
 Oh, Happy Cleric Land, where unity
 Breeds such unquestioning community
 Of property—in Sermons! True it
 Strikes some as queer; but *they all do it*,
 If one may trust advertisement,
 And an Assembly's calm content
 At what to the Lay mind seems robbery.
 Steal? Nay! But do not raise a bobbey,
 If hard-up preachers glean their shelves
 And take the credit to themselves.
 How wise, how good, how kind, how just!
 And how the poor Lay mind must trust
 Those who so skilfully reveal
 The meaning of "Thou shalt not Steal!"

"REGRETS AND GREAVES."—But for a recent trial, who of the outside public would even have guessed that the unromantic and quite Bozzian name of "Mr. and Mrs. TILKINS" meant the clever musician, Mr. IVAN CARYLL and the charming and accomplished actress and soprano, Miss GERALDINE ULMAR? The TILKINS are to be congratulated on their winning the recent action of *Tilkins v. Greaves* with the award of one thousand pounds damage, which is the price the transmitter of scandal to the *New York World* has had to pay for his industry.

POLITE STRANGER. "I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR; WOULD YOU KINDLY INFORM ME IF HE'S BEEN—*GOT AT*?"

NOBLE OWNER. "HIM—AH!—WOULDN'T THE BACKBERS OF *DISSOLUTION* LIKE TO KNOW!"

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OUR COOKERY-BOOKERY.

Most Cookery-Books are bosh. I have read them all—from the *Apodynepos* of FRANCATELLIDES (1904 B.C.) to the *Ayer Akberi*; or *Milhon Recipes of RUNG JUNG JELLYBAG*, compiled in Sanskrit, Pali, Singhal, Urdu, Hindustani, Bengali, and the Marowsky language, for the “Kitchens measureless to man” (see COALRIDGE), of the Golden Dome of Kubla Khan; from Mrs. GLASSE to Dr.

KITCHENER; from UDE to ALEX-ANDRE DUMAS; from CARÈME to Mrs. MARKHAM (who is said to have adopted the pseudonym of “RUNDELL” for her culinary mistress-piece); and from Miss ACTON (who was also the distinguished authoress of *Austen Fryers, Pies and Prejudice, Sense and Salt-cellars*, &c.) to SOYER. The only modern culinary manual which (with one exception) is worth anything is by Mrs. DE SALIS, whose name has a happy affinity to that of The Only Trustworthy Authority as a Cookery-Bookerist, and whose immortal contributions to mageiristic lore are appearing weekly in *Sal*—(Here the M.S. is firmly scored out by the Editorial blue pencil; but, faintly legible, is, “circulation, 2,599,862½.”) From this “Golden Treasury” of gormandising I have been permitted to cull a few recipes. Here are two or three for scholastic bed-room suppers. The first will be invaluable in Seminaries for Young Ladies:—

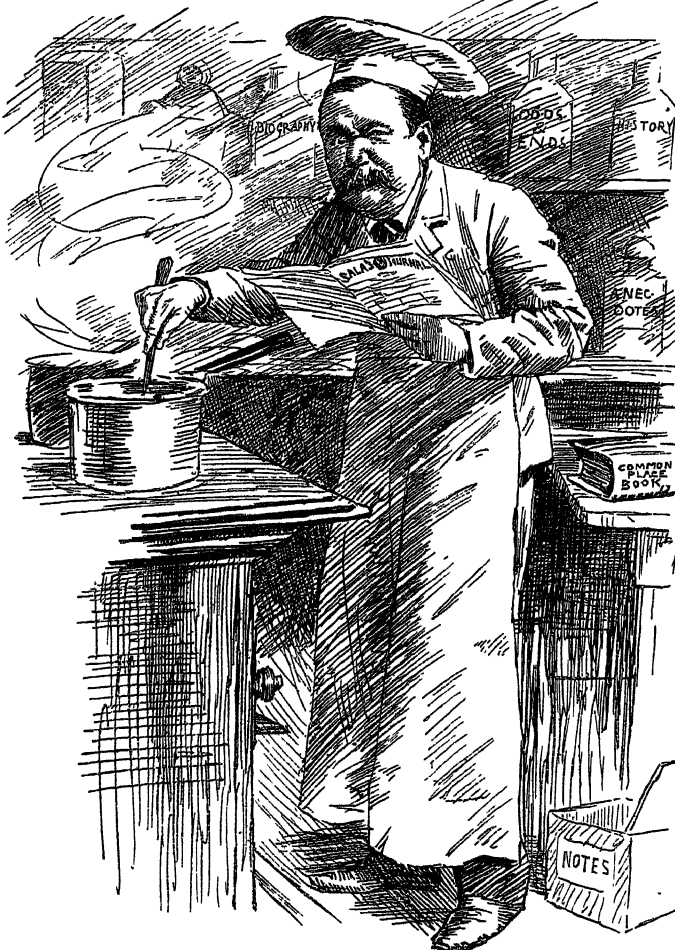
Saucissons en Petite Toilette.—Purchase your sausages on the sly, and keep them carefully in your glove-box, or your handkerchief case till wanted. Prick them all over with a hair-pin before cooking. Sprinkle them lightly with violet powder, and fry in cold cream (bear’s grease will do as well) on the back of your handglass over the bed-room candle. If the glass gets broken, say it was the housemaid, or the cat did it. Turn with the curling-tongs. When done to a rich golden brown, put your sausages on a neatly folded copy of *S*—(Editorial blue pencil again), and serve hot. Thin bread and butter, plum-cake or shortbread may accompany this appetising dish, and a partially ripe apple munchied between each sausage will certainly give it a zest; but it would perhaps be as well not to eat too many chocolate creams afterwards.

Soufflé de Fromage de Hollande.—This is a very favourite dish for the dormitory in Young Gentlemen’s schools. Procure, on credit, a fine Dutch cheese, keep it carefully in your play-box or in your desk; but don’t let your white mice get at it. Before cooking in the dormitory, you and your young friends can have a nice game of ball with the merry Dutchman, only refrain from trying his relative hardness or softness by hammering the head of MUGG, the stupidest boy in the school, with it. Now cut up your cheese into small dice and carefully toast them on a triangular piece of slate, which you will cause “GYP Minor” to hold over a spirit-lamp. When, as the slate grows hotter, “GYP Minor” will probably howl, box his ears smartly, and the cheese will thus become a “soufflé,” or rather “soufflet.” Serve à la main chaude, but I must indignantly protest against the practice of some youths of eating peppermint drops with this “plat.” A bath bun is much better. Beverage, gingerbeer or a little ginger wine.

Tournedos à la Busby.—It is a very astonishing thing that I never could persuade school-boys that this is a most succulent, scholastic supper-dish, exceptionally brisk and pungent in its flavour. Perhaps their aversion to it is based on the fact that the *tournedos* is usually served very hot indeed towards the conclusion of the repast by the Rev. Principal. It is accompanied by a brown sauce made of a *bouquet de bouleau* full of buds and marinaded in mild pickle.

Curried Rabbit.—Proceed to Ostend and procure a rabbit; honestly if possible, but procure it. Pinch its scut or bite its ears, and when it exclaims, “Miauw!” it is not a genuine rabbit, but a

grimalkin in disguise. Some cats are very deceitful at heart. Bring your rabbit home, and then send to the nearest livery stables and borrow a curry-comb, then proceed to curry your rabbit. If Bunny resists, hit him over the head with the comb. He will possibly run away to rejoin his brethren at Ostend, or in New South Wales; but at all events you will have the curry-comb. One can be good and happy without returning the things you borrow. See my “Essay on Books, Cartes-de-visite, and Umbrellas,” in the next number of *Sala’s J*—(Editorial blue-pencil again.)



Potage à la Jambe de Bois (Wooden-leg Soup).—Procure a fine fresh wooden-leg, one from Chelsea is the best. Wash it carefully in six waters, blanch it, and trim neatly. Lay it at the bottom of a large pot, into which place eight pounds of the undercut of prime beef, half a Bayonne ham, two young chickens, and a sweetbread. To these add leeks, chervil, carrots, turnips, fifty heads of asparagus, a few truffles, a large cow-cabbage, a pint of French beans, a peck of very young peas, a tomato cut in slices, some potatoes, and a couple of bananas. Pour in three gallons of water, and boil furiously till your soup is reduced to about a pint and a-half. As it boils, add, drop by drop, a bottle of JULES MUMM’S Extra Dry, and a gill of Scotch whiskey; then take out your wooden leg, which wipe carefully and serve separately with a neat frill, which can be easily cut from the cover of *Sala’s Jo*—(Editorial blue pencil again), round the top. The soup itself is best served in a silver tureen, or in a Dresden china punch-bowl. The above obviously is intended neither for school-boys nor school-girls, nor is it meant for the tables of the wealthy and luxurious. It is emphatically a Poor Man’s Dish, otherwise it would never have found a place in the cookery column of that essentially popular periodical, *Sala’s Journal*. Hurrah! the Editor has gone out to “chop,” and there was no blue pencil to mar the last touching allusions. N.B.—Circulation, eight millions,

nine hundred and thirty-three thousand, two hundred and sixty-one and a-half. Guaranteed by five firms of Magna Chartered Accountants. OLD ARTFUL.

THE NEW LEARNING.

MR. STUART RENDEL, having stated at Llanfair-Caereinion that “a day with Mr. GLADSTONE was a whole liberal education,” the London School Board has at last decided to alter the present system completely. After many days’ deliberation, it has been arranged to hire the Albert Palace and Mr. GLADSTONE for a week. It is estimated that during six days, all the children now in the London schools can, in detachments, be squeezed into the building and spend a day there with the Right Honourable Gentleman. Seats will be provided on the platform for the Members of the Board, as this instruction would be a great benefit to many of them. At the end of the six days the present work of the Board will be finished, and it will adjourn for ten years, when another week in the society of the Grand Old Educator will again suffice for the needs of the rising generation. The numerous Board Schools will therefore become useless, but it is not proposed to demolish them, as experience has shown that they are sure to fall down of their own accord before long. The sumptuous offices of the Board will be converted into a Home for Destitute Schoolmasters.

We have reason to believe that Mr. GLADSTONE, after fulfilling his engagement at the Albert Palace, will make a tour in the provinces, and later on will have classes for journalists and other literary men, whose style, in many cases, would be vastly improved by two minutes, or even less, in the same room with him.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

A DIRGE.

(Adapted from Thomas Hood.)

"A jolly place," said he, "in times of old.
But something ails it now: the place is curst."
"Hart-Leap Well," by Wordsworth.

I.

A RESIDENCE for Tory, Whig or Rad,
Where yet none had abiding habitation;
A House—but darkened by the influence sad
Of slow disintegration.
O'er all there hung a shadow
and a fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit
daunted,
And said as plain as whisper in
the ear,
The place is Haunted!

There speech grew wild and
rankly as the weed,
GRAHAM with TANNER waged
competitive trials,
And vulgar bores of Billings-
gattish breed

Voided spleen's venomous vials.
But gay or gloomy, fluent or
infirm,
None heeded their dull draws,
of hours' duration.

The House was clearly in for a
long term

Of desolate stagnation.
The SPEAKER yawned upon his
Chair, he found

It tiring work, a placid brow to
furrow,

To sit out speeches arguing
round and round,

From County or from Borough.
The Members, like wild rabbits,
scudded through

The lobbies, took their seats,
lounged, yawned—and
vanished.

The Whips like spectres wan-
dered; well they knew

All discipline was banished.
The blatant bore,—the faddist,
and the fool,

Were listened to with an indif-
ferent tameness.

The windbag of the new Hiber-
nian school

Railed on with shocking
sameness.

The moping M.P. motionless
and stiff,

Who, on his bench sat silently
and stilly,

Gawped with round eyes and
pendulous lips, as if

He had been stricken silly:
No cheery sound, except when
far away

Came echoes of 'cute LABBY's
cynic laughter,

Which, sick of Dumbleborough's
chattering jay,

His listeners rambled after.

But Echo's self tires of a GRAHAM's
tongue,

Rot blent with rudeness gentlest nymph can't
pardon.

Why e'en the G. O. M. his grey head hung,
And wished he were at Hawarden.

Like vine unpruned, SEXTON's exuberant
speech

Sprawled o'er the question with the which
he'd grapple;

PICTON prosed on,—the style in which men
preach

In a dissenting chapel.

Prince ARTHUR twined one lank leg t'other
round,
[ladies;
Drooping a long chin like BURN-JONES's
And HARCOURT, sickening of the strident
Wished CONYBEARE in Hades. [sound,
For over all there hung a cloud of fear,
A sense of imminent doom the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The House is Haunted!

II.

Oh, very gloomy is this House of Woe,
Where yawns are numerous while Big Ben is
knelling.



SOCIAL PROBLEMS NOT HAPPILY SOLVED.

Husband. "OH, SIR JOHN, SO GLAD YOU HAVE CALLED!—AND SO
KIND OF LADY DASHWOOD TO HAVE ASKED US TO HER PARTY!—BUT
WE ARE QUITE IN A FIX WHEN TO COME, BECAUSE THE CARD SAYS
'EARLY AND LATE.'"

Sir John. "OH, I THINK I CAN TELL YOU. SEND YOUR WIFE VERY
EARLY INDEED, AND YOU CAN COME AS LATE AS YOU LIKE!"

Husband (who does not quite see it). "THANKS! THANKS! VERY MANY
THANKS!"

It is not on the Session dull and slow,
These pale M.P.'s are dwelling.
Oh, very, very dreary is the gloom,
But M.P.'s heed not HEALY's elocution;
Each one is wondering what may be his doom
After the Dissolution!

That House of Woe must soon be closed to all
Who linger now therein with tedium mortal,
And of those lingerers a proportion small
Again may pass its portal.
There's many a one who o'er its threshold
stole

In Eighty-Six's curious Party tangle,
Who for the votes which helped him head
the poll

In vain again may angle.
The GRAHAMS and the CALDWELLS may look
bold,

So may the CONYBEARES, and COBBS and
TANNERS;

But the next House quite other men may
hold,

And (let's hope) other manners.
They'd like to know when this will close its
door

Upon each moribund and mournful Member,
And who will stand upon the
House's floor

After, say, next November.

That's why the M.P.'s sit in
silent doubt,

Why spirits flag, and cheeks are
pale and livid,

And why the DISSOLUTION SPOOK
stands out

So ominously vivid. [appeal
Some key to the result of the
They yearn for vainly, all their
nerves a-quiver;

The presence of the Shadow they
all feel,

And sit, and brood, and shiver.
There is a sombre rumour in the
air, [atrocious;

The shadow of a Presence dim,
No human creature can be
festive there,

Even the most ferocious.
An Omen in the place there
seems to be,

Both sides with spectral per-
turbation covering.

The straining eyeballs are pre-
pared to see

The Apparition hovering.
With doubt, with fear, their
features are o'ercast;

SALISBURY at Covent Garden
might have spoken,

But, save for Rumour's whispers
on the blast,

The silence is unbroken.
And over all there hangs a cloud
of fear, [daunted,

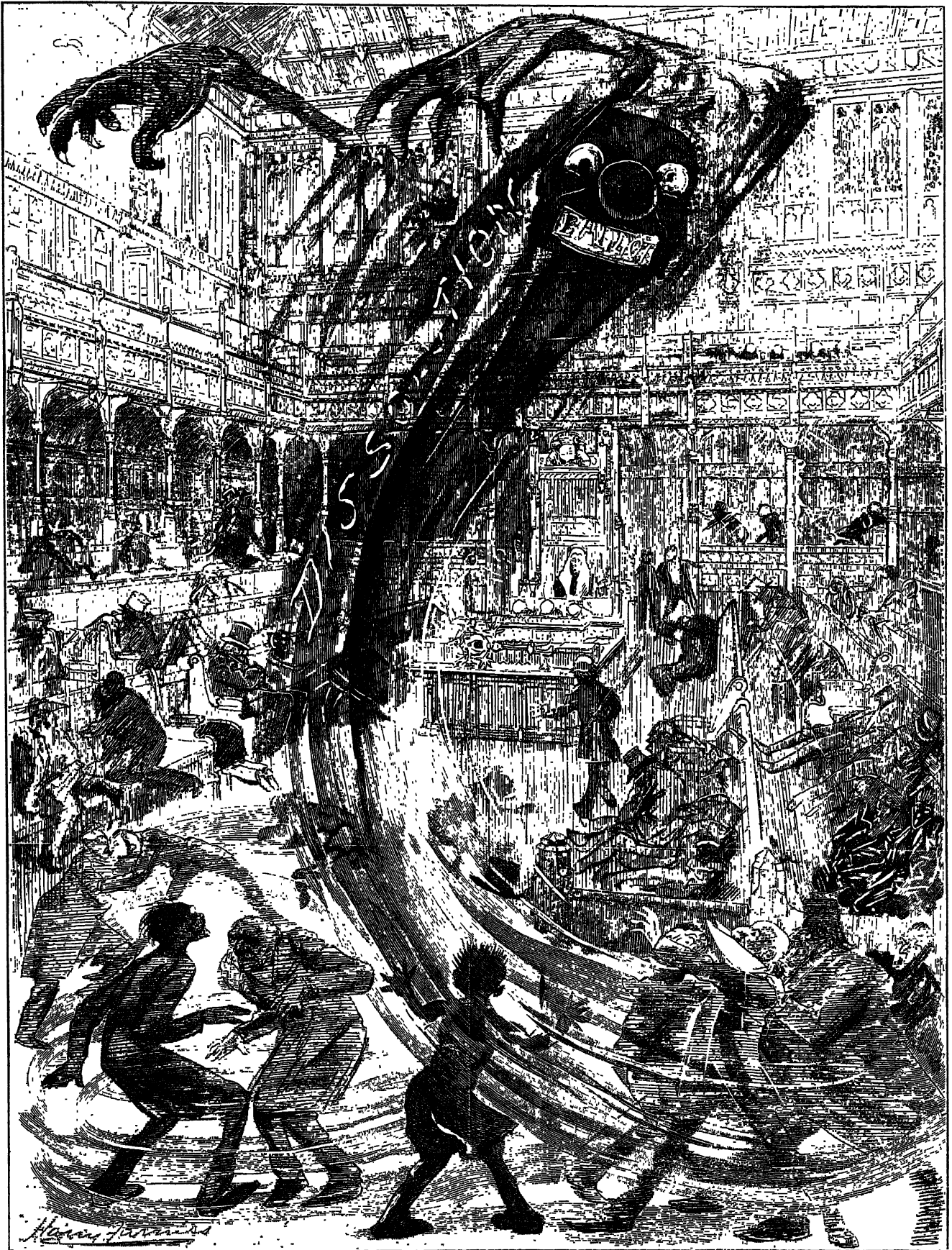
The Spook of Dissolution all has
And says as plain as whisper in
the ear,

The House is Haunted!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"UPON what principle," one
of my Baronites writes, "do
people collecting a number of
short stories for publication in
one volume, select that which
shall give the book its title?"
Of course I know, but shan't
say; am not here to answer
conundrums. After interval of
chilling silence, my Baronite
continues, "Lady LINDSAY has
brought together ten stories
which A. & C. BLACK publish in
a comely volume. She calls it

A Philosopher's Window, that being the title
of the first in the procession. I have looked
through the *Philosopher's Window*, and don't
see much, except perhaps a reminiscence of
A Christmas Carol. There are others, far
better, notably 'Miss Dairsie's Diary.' This
is a gem of simple narrative, set in charming
Scottish scenery, which Lady LINDSAY evi-
dently knows and loves. There is much else
that is good. 'The Story of a Railway Jour-
ney,' and 'Poor Miss Brackenthorne,' for
example. All are set in a minor key, but it
is simple, natural music." B. DE B.-W.



THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

THE YOUNG GIRL'S COMPANION.

(By Mrs. Payley.)

No. IV.—THE CHOICE OF A HUSBAND.

ANY woman, my dear young girls, can marry any man she likes, provided that she is careful about two points. She must let him know that she would accept a proposal from him, but she must never let him know that she has let him know. The encouragement must be very strong but very delicate. To let him know that you would marry him is to appeal to his vanity, and this appeal never fails; but to let him know that you have given him the information is to appeal to his pity, and this appeal never succeeds. Besides, you awake his disgust. Half the art of the woman of the world consists in doing disgusting things delicately. Be delicate, be indirect, avoid simplicity, and there is hardly any limit to your choice of a husband.



I need say nothing about detrimental people. The conflict between a daughter and her parents on this point—so popular in fiction—very rarely takes place. It is well understood. You may fall in love with the detrimental person, and you may let him fall in love with you. But at present we are talking about marriage.

Never marry a man with the artistic temperament. By the artistic temperament one means morbid tastes, uncertain temper and excessive vanity. It may be witty at dinner; it *must* be snappish at breakfast. It never has any money. In its dress it is dirty and picturesque, unless under the pressure of an occasion. It flirts well, but marries badly. I have described, of course, rather a pronounced case of artistic temperament. But it is hardly safe to marry any man who appreciates things artistic, because, as a rule, he only does it in order that people may appreciate his

appreciation; and after a time that becomes wearisome.

Do not marry an imperial man. The young girl of seventeen believes in strength; by this she means a large chin and a persistent neglect of herself. She adores that kind of thing, and she will marry it if she is not warned. It is not good to fall in love with Restrained Force, and afterwards find that you have married Apathy.

The man whom you marry must, of course, have an income; he should have a better social position than you have any right to expect. You know all that—it is a commonplace. But also he must be perfectly even. In everything he should remind you constantly of most other men. Everything in him and about him should be uniform. Even his sins should be so monotonous that it is impossible to call them romantic. Avoid the romantic. Shun supreme moments. Chocolate-creams are very well, but as a daily food dry toast is better. Seek for the man who has the qualities of dry toast—a hard exterior manner, and an interior temperament that is at once soft and insipid. The man that I describe is amenable to flattery, even as dry toast is amenable to butter. You can guide him. And, as he never varies, you can calculate upon him. Marry the dry-toast man. He is easy to obtain. There are hundreds of him in Piccadilly. None of them wants to marry, and all of them will. He gives no trouble. He will go to the Club when he wants to talk, and to the theatre when he wants to be amused. He will come to you when he wants absolutely nothing; and in you—if you are the well-bred English girl that I am supposing—he will assuredly find it. And so you will both be contented.

Do not think that I am, for one moment, depreciating sentiment. I worship it; I am a sentimentalist myself. But everything has its place, and sentiment of this kind belongs to young unmarried life—to the period when you are engaged, or when you ought to be engaged. The young man whom I have described—the crisp, perfect, insipid, dry-toast man—would only be bored by a wife who wanted to be on sentimental terms with him. I remember a case in point. A young girl, whom I knew intimately, married a man who was, as a husband, perfect. They lived happily enough for three or four years; she had a couple of children, a beautiful house, everything that could be desired. And then the trouble came. She had been

reading trashy novels, I suppose; at any rate, she fell in love with her own husband. She went in daily dread that he would find it out. I argued with her, reasoned with her, entreated her to give up such ruinous folly. It was of no use. She wrote him letters—three sheets, crossed and underlined. I warned her that sooner or later he would read one of them. He did; and he never forgave her. That happy home is all broken up now—simply because that woman could not remember that there is a time for sentiment and a time for propriety, and that marriage is the time for propriety. The passions are all very well until you are married; but the fashions will last you all your life.

I have no more to say on the choice of a husband. It is quite the simplest thing that a young girl has to learn,—you must find a quite colourless person, and flatter him a little; his vanity will do the rest. And when you are married to him, you will find him much easier to tolerate than a man who has any strong characteristic. Do not get into the habit of thinking marriage important; it is only important in so far as it affects externals; it need not touch the interior of your life.

I have received several letters. ELLA has had poetry sent to her by her *fiancé*, and wishes to know if this would justify her in breaking the engagement. I think not. She can never be quite certain that it is the man's own make; and, besides, plenty of men are like that during the engagement period, but never suffer from it afterwards. The other letters must be answered privately.

"THE DEADLY CIGARETTE."

HAVE you heard the Yankee threat to suppress the Cigarette? Ten dollars tax per thousand—as the French would say, *par mille*—Is the scheme proposed, forsooth, to protect the Yankee youth From poisons just discovered in his *papier pur fil*!

Such things might well have been in staring emerald green,

Or even in the paler tint that's christened "Eau-de-Nil,"

But it simply makes one sick to imagine arsenic

Is lurking in the spotless white of *papier pur fil*!

Strange the smoking French survive! Surely none should be alive;

Fair France should be one mighty *morgue* from Biarritz to Lille,

If there's also phosphorus, bringing deadly loss for us,

In Hygiene's new victim, luckless *papier pur fil*.

Yet some Frenchmen live to tell they are feeling pretty well;

From dozing *Concierge* at home to marching *Garde Mobile*,

You might safely bet your boots that, with loud derisive hoots, They'd scout the thought of poison in their *papier pur fil*.

Then how foolish to conclude that, because they hurt the dude, Smoking all day in the country, half the night as well *en ville*, After dinner Cigarettes, two or three, mean paying debts Of nature, or mean going mad, from *papier pur fil*!



VANS DE LUXE.

SIR.—I am going to start a Caravan! It's all the go now, and nothing like it for fresh air and seeing out-of-the-way country places. What's the good of *Hamlet* with all the hamlets left out, eh? We shall sleep in bunks, and have six horses to pull us up any *Bunker's Hill* we may come to. I intend doing the thing in style, like the Duke of NEWCASTLE and Dr. GORDON STABLES. No gipsying for yours truly! I've been calculating how many people I shall want, and I don't think I can get on comfortably without all the following (they'll be *my* following, d'y'e see?):—

1. Head Driver; 2. Understudy for Driver; 3. Butler; 4. Footman; 5. Veterinary Surgeon; 6. Carpenter (if wheel comes off, &c.); 7. Handy working Orator (to explain to people that we're not a *Political Van*); 8. Electrician (in case horses go lame, and we have to use electricity); 9, 10, 11. Female Servants.

The Servants will have to occupy a separate van, of course. They'll be in the van and in the rear at the same time! I'll let your readers know how we get on. At present we haven't even got off.

Yours jauntily,

THE HIGHWAY-MAN (*pro team*).

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

VENICE RESERVED.

(A Sketch from a Numbered Stall at Olympia.)

On the Stage, the Scene represents "A Public Place before the Arsenal," where a number of artisans are apparently busily engaged in making horse-shoes on cold anvils in preparation for the launch of "The Adriatica." On extreme r. enter Antonio, who expresses commercial embarrassment by going through a sort of dumb-bell exercise on a bridge. On extreme l. enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Antonio, who observe, with mild surprise, that there are several other persons present, and proceed to point out objects of local interest to one another with the officious amiability of persons in the foreground of hotel advertisements. (*Here a Small Boy in a box, who has an impression he is going to see a Pantomime, inquires audibly "when the Clown Part will begin?" and has to be answered and consoled.*) Bassanio perceives Antonio afar off, and advances towards him with stately deliberation, throwing out signals with one arm at intervals; Antonio goes to meet him; they shake each other by both hands with affectionate cordiality, and then turn their backs on one another, as though, on reflection, they found they had less to say than they had imagined. Presently Bassanio recollects why he wanted to see Antonio so particularly, and, by describing a circle in the air, and pointing from the electric lights above to the balcony stalls in front, and tapping his belt, puts Antonio at once in possession of his chronic impecuniosity, his passion for Portia, and his need for a small temporary loan. Antonio curls up his fists, raises them to the level of his ears, and then pretends to take his heart out of his doublet and throw it at Bassanio, who fields it with graceful dexterity, instantly comprehending with Italian intuition that his friend is, like himself, rather pressed for ready money, but is prepared to back a bill for any amount. Shylock passes that way, and is introduced by Antonio as a gentleman in the city who is in the habit of making advances on personal security without inquiry. Shylock extracts imaginary ink from his chest, and writes with one hand on the palm of the other, and cringingly produces a paper-knife—whereupon the transaction is complete, and the parties, becoming aware that a Grand Triumphal Procession is waiting to come in, and that they are likely to be in the way, tactfully suggest to one another the propriety of retiring. After the Procession, *Valentina*, "the lovely daughter of the proud Visconti," embarks on a barge with her maidens to meet her betrothed.

(*In the Stalls, a Lady with a Catalogue, who hasn't been here before, mistakes this proceeding for "The Launch of the Adriatica," but is set right by a friend who has, and is consequently able to inform her that Valentina is Portia on her way to plead against Shylock.*)

A mimic battle takes place on a bridge—i.e., rival factions shake their fists with prudent defiance over one another's shoulders. (*An Old Lady in the Balcony, who has been watching this desperate encounter, finds that she has missed a very important Scene between Shylock and Jessica at the other end of the stage, and remorsefully resolves to be more observant in future, as the Scene changes to "Portia's Palatial Home."*) Portia enters (the Lady in the Stalls, who has been here before, tells her companion that Portia's dress was "lovely when it was clean"), and greets her guests by extending both arms and inviting them to inspect the palms of her hands, thereby intimating that the abundance of canopied recesses, and the absence of any furniture to sit down upon, is due to the fact that the apartment has been recently cleared for a parlour game. The company express a well-bred gratification by bowing. Enter the Prince of Morocco (who is of course identified by various Spectators in the Stalls without Catalogues as "Othello," or "the Duke of Thingumbob—you know the chap I mean"), followed by his retinue; he kisses Portia's hand, as she explains to him, the Prince of Arragon, and Bassanio, the rules of the game in three simple gestures. They reply, by flourishes, that they have frequently played it at home, and promise faithfully not to cheat. The three caskets are brought in and placed on a table; the Prince of Morocco is the first player, and walks towards them very slowly, stopping at every

ten paces and signalling to Portia that he is all right so far, and that she is not to be at all uneasy on his account. On coming in sight of the caskets, he pauses and turns to the audience, as if it had only just occurred to him that the odds were two to one against him, and he must be careful. Presently he jerks his right arm above his head and strikes his forehead, to indicate a happy thought, rushes at the golden casket, opens it, and slams the lid disgustedly. After which he signals to Portia that it is not such an amusing game as he thought, and he doesn't mean to play any more, beckons to his retinue and goes off, throwing his cloak over his shoulder with a gesture of manly and not unnatural annoyance. The Prince of Arragon tries the silver casket next, with similar unsuccess. Then Bassanio—with an elaborate pretence of uncertainty, considering he can hardly have helped witnessing the proceedings—advances to the caskets, in front of which he performs a little mental calculation, finally arriving at the conclusion that, as the portrait is not in the gold and silver boxes, it may not improbably be in the leaden one. He actually does find it there, and exhibits it to Portia with extreme astonishment, as if it was quite the last thing he expected. Then

he advances to meet her, comparing her frequently with the picture, and expressing his approval of it as a likeness, and his determination to be taken by the same artist. Mutual satisfaction, interrupted by the arrival of a gondola with a letter from Antonio. To read it and impart its contents and the entire history of the bond to Portia, by a semicircular sweep of the arm and sounding his chest, takes Bassanio exactly two seconds and a half, after which he departs in the gondola, and the scene changes to the Piazzetta, where a variety of exciting events—including the Trial, a Musical Ballet, and a Call to Arms—take place, culminating in the embarkation of Venetian soldiers to recapture Chioggia, in three highly ornamental but slightly unseaworthy barges, as the Curtain falls on Act I.

Interval of Fifteen Minutes, spent by some of the lady spectators in speculation whether the dark and light patches on the blue curtains are due to design or the action of damp. After which the Fortress of Chioggia is disclosed, with a bivouac of the Genoese garrison. A bevy of well-meaning maidens enter with fruit and vegetables for the military, but, on the discovery that their wares are properties, and too firmly glued to the baskets to be detached, they retire in confusion. A small sail is seen behind the battlements; the soldiers poke at it with halberds until it retreats, whereupon, soldier-like, they dance. The sail returns with a still smaller one; red fire is burnt under the walls, which so demoralises the Genoese soldiery that they all tumble down with precaution, and the Venetians burst in and stand over them in attitudes as the scene changes to an Island near Venice and a Grand Aquatic Procession. (*Here intelligent Spectators in the Stalls identify the first four pairs of gondolas,—which are draped respectively in icicles, pale green, rose-colour, and saffron,—as typifying the Seasons; another pair come in draped in violet, which they find some difficulty in satisfactorily accounting for. When two more appear hung with white and gold with a harp and palette at the prows, they grow doubtful, and the entrance of the two last couples, which carry shrines and images, reduces them to hopeless mystification. The Small Boy wishes to know whether anybody will be upset in the water, and being told that this is not a feature in the entertainment, conceives a poor opinion of the capacity of Mediæval Venice for lighthearted revelry.*)

Terrace near Portia's Palace, Portia, Bassanio and the Doge discovered enjoying a pasteboard banquet.

(*A Lady in the Stalls "wonders whether it is correct to represent Portia as knowing a Doge so intimately as all that," and doubts whether it is in Shakespeare.*)

The supper-table is removed, and the proceedings terminate by a Grand Al Fresco Carnival. Ladies of the ballet dance bewitchingly, while soldiers play at Bo-Peep behind enormous red hoops. Finally the entire strength of the ballet link arms in one immense line, and simultaneously execute a wonderful chromatic kick, upon which the blue draperies descend amidst prolonged and thoroughly well-deserved applause from a delighted audience.



"Signals to Portia that it is not such an amusing game as he thought."

THE (POLITICAL) LADY-CRICKETERS.

(A Colloquy near the Nets.)

[At the meeting of the Women's Liberal Federation the following "operative mandatory resolution" was carried:—"That in pursuance of the resolution passed in May 1890, the Council now instructs the Executive Committee that they shall promote the enfranchisement of women, including the local and parliamentary votes for all women, who possess any of the legal qualifications enabling them to vote, among the other Liberal reforms now before the Country, whilst not making it a test question at the approaching Election."]

SCENE—"At the Nets" on the St. Stephen's Cricket Ground. "The Champion" has been practising in the interval, prior to playing in the Great Match of the Season, "Unionists v. Home-Rulers." Various admiring Volunteers of both sexes have been "scouting" for him.

First Admiring Bystander. By Jove, that was a slashing hit! What powder he puts into it, eh? At his age too!

Second A. B. Oh, the Grand Old 'Un's in great form this season. Like 'tother W. G., who's just back from the Antipodes and, at forty-four, can knock up his sixty-three in sixty-five minutes. There he goes again, clean over all the "scouts"!

First A. B. Oh! he gives 'em plenty to do, "in the country." Keeps 'em on the shift, eh?

Second A. B. Bless you, yes. Why a hit like that, *run out*, would be worth seven to his side—in a match!

First A. B. (knowingly). Ah, but I notice that in a match these tremendous swipes don't always come off, don't they know. I've seen some tremendous sloggers at the nets make a wonderful poor show when between wickets with a watchful "field" round 'em.

Second A. B. (with candour). Ah, quite so, of course. Everyone must have noticed that. With a demon bowler in front of yer sending 'em down like hundred-tonners, and a blarmed cat of a wicket-keeper on the grab just at your back, not to mention a pouncer at point, it puzzles the best of them to get 'em away, though "in a position of greater freedom and less responsibility," practising at the nets, to wit, with only the ground-bowler and a few scouts fielding, they may punish 'em properly.

First A. B. Ah, well, one must allow that the Champion plays the game right away all the time.

Second A. B. Yes. Age cannot wither him, nor custom stale his

infinite variety. Wonderful, all the same, what perversely bad hits he will persist in making, at times. Does things now and again you'd think a school-girl with a bat would be ashamed of.

First A. B. Ah, by the way, what do you think of these here new-fangled Lady-Cricketers?

Second A. B. (significantly). Ask the Old 'Un what he thinks of 'em.

First A. B. Ah! can't abide 'em, can he? And yet he likes the Ladies to look on and applaud, and even to field for him at times.

Second A. B. Yes; the Ladies have been good friends of his, and now he'd bar them from the legitimate game. I fancy it's put their backs up a bit, eh?

First A. B. You bet! And it do seem rather ongrateful like, don't it now? Though as fur as that goes I don't believe Cricket's a game for the petticoats.

Second A. B. Norme neither. But bless yer they gets their foot in in everything now; tennis, and golf, and rowing and cetera. And if you let 'em in at all, for your own pleasure, I don't quite see how you're going to draw the line arbitrary like just where it suits you, as the Grand Old Slogger seems to fancy.

First A. B. No; and, if you ask me, I say they won't stand it, even from him. "No," says they, "fair's fair," they says. "All very well to treat us like volunteer scouts at a country game, or at the nets, returning the balls whilst you slog and show off. But when we want to put on the gloves and pads, and take a hand at the bat in a businesslike way, you boggle, and hint that it's degrading, unsexing, and all that stuff."

Second A. B. Ah, that won't wash. If it unsexes 'em to bat, it unsexes 'em to scout. And if the old cricketing gang didn't want the Ladies between wickets, why, they shouldn't have let 'em into the field, I say. Strikes me Lady CARLISLE 'll show 'em a thing or two. That "operative mandatory resolution" of hers means mischief—after the next big match anyhow. "Ladies wait, and wait a bit more, wait in truth till the



GRACE-LESS!

Nursery Governess. "Now, ETHEL, SAY YOUR GRACE, LIKE A GOOD LITTLE GIRL!"

Ethel. "SHAN'T!"

Nursery Governess. "OH, ETHEL! DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S VERY NAUGHTY NOT TO BE THANKFUL, AND FOR SUCH A NICE PUDDING TOO?"

Ethel. "I WOULD BE THANKFUL, BUT"—(much distressed)—"I CAN'T FINISH IT!"

day after to-morrow." Yes; but they won't wait for ever.

First A. B. Not they. Why, look yonder! There's one of 'em in full fig. Lady-Cricketer from cap to shoes—short skirt, knickers, belt, blouse, gloves, and all the rest of it. D'ye think that sort means volunteer scouting only? Not a bit of it. Mean playing the game, Sir, and having regular teams of their own.

Second A. B. Look at her! She's a speaking to the Grand Old Champion himself!



THE POLITICAL LADY-CRICKETERS.

Lady Cricketer. "A TEAM OF OUR OWN? I SHOULD THINK SO! IF WE'RE GOOD ENOUGH TO SCOUT FOR YOU, WHY SHOULDN'T WE TAKE A TURN AT THE BAT?"

First A. B. Giving him a bit of her mind, you bet. What's that she's saying?

Second A. B. Why, that she admires his style immensely, and

doesn't want to spoil his game; but that, after the next great All England Match, if not sooner, they mean to have a team of their own, and go in for the game all round! *First A. B.* Ah, what did I say?

CONFESSIONS OF A DUFFER.

No. X.—THE DUFFER ON THE TURF.

"A HORSE for a protection is a deceitful thing," as the Scotch translator of KING DAVID has it, and I entirely agree with him. I rather wish to be protected from a horse, than expect any succour from a creature so large, muscular and irrational. Far from being "courageous," as his friends say, the horse (I am not speaking of the war-horse) is afraid of almost everything, that is why I am afraid of him. He is a most nervous animal, and I am a nervous rider. He is afraid of a bicycle or a wheel-barrow, which do not alarm the most timid bipeds, and when he is afraid he shies, and when he shies I no longer remain. Irrational he is, or he would not let people ride him, however, I never met a horse that would let me do so. It is with the horse as an instrument of gambling that I am concerned. In that sense I have "backed" him, in no other sense to any satisfactory result. With all his four legs he stumbles more than

one does with only a pair, an extraordinary proof of his want of harmony with his environment. I was beguiled on to the Turf by winning a small family sweepstakes—£3 in fact. A sporting cousin told me that I had better "put it on *Cauliflower*," who was the favourite for The City and Suburban. He put it on *Cauliflower* for me, and we won, so that a career of easy opulence seemed open. Then I took to backing horses, a brief madness. I read all the sporting papers, and came to the conclusion that the prophets are naught. If you look at their vaticinations, you will find that they all select their winners out of the first four favourites. Anybody could do that. Now the first four favourites do not by any means always win, and, when they do, how short are the odds you get—hardly worth mentioning! Horses occasionally win with odds of forty to one against them, *these* are the animals of which I was in search, not the hackneyed favourites of the Press and the Public. This, I think you will find, is usually the attitude of the Duffer, who, in my time, was known, I cannot say why, as the "Juggins." I liked to bring a little romance into my speculations. Often I have backed a horse for his name, for something curious, or literary, or classical about his name. *Xanthus*, or *Podargus*, or *Phæton*, or *Lampusa* has often carried my investment to an inconspicuous position in the ruck. Another plan of mine, which I believe every Duffer adopts, was backing my dreams—those horses of air. About the time of the Derby one always reads about lucky persons who backed a dream. But one does not read about the unlucky persons who take the same precaution. Several millions of people in this country read, talk, and think about nothing but race-horses. When the Socialists have their way, may I advise them to keep up Government or communal racing studs and stables? What the betting is to be done in, if there is no money (which is contemplated as I understand), is not obvious. But the people will insist on having races, and what is a race without a bet? However, these considerations wander from the subject in hand. With a fourth of the population thinking about horses, a large proportion must dream about horses. Out of these dreams, perhaps one in one hundred and fifty thousand comes true, and about that dream we read in the papers. We don't read about the other dreams, such as mine were, for I have dreamed of winning numbers, winning colours, winning horses, but my dreams came all through the Ivory Gate, and my money followed them.



"Yet here I was finally unsuccessful."

I don't pretend to be a judge of a horse; except for their colour they all seem pretty much alike to me. Nor did I haunt race-courses much, people there are often very unrefined, and the Ring is extremely noisy and confusing. Once I heard a man offering to lay considerable odds against the Field, and I offered in a shy and hesitating manner, to accept them. He asked me what horse I backed? I said none in particular, the Field at large, all of them, for really the odds seemed very remarkable. But he did not accede to my wishes, and continued to shout in rather a discourteous manner. Once, too, when I had won some money, I lost it all on the way back, at a simple sort of game of cards, not nearly so complex and difficult as whist. One need only to say which of three cards, in the dealer's hand, was the card one had chosen. Yet here I was finally unsuccessful, though fortunate at first, and I am led to suppose that some kind of sleight of hand had been employed; or, perhaps, that the card of my choice had in some manner been smuggled away. However, once on a racecourse I saw a horse which I fancied on his merits. He looked very tall and strong, and was of a pretty colour, also he had a nice tail. He was

hardly mentioned in the betting, and I got "on" at seventy to one, very reasonable odds. I backed him then, and he won, with great apparent ease, for his jockey actually seemed to be holding him in, rather than spurring him in the regrettable way which you sometimes see. But when I went to look for the person with whom I had made my bet, I was unable to find him anywhere, and I have never met him since. He had about him ten pounds, the amount of my bet, which he had insisted on receiving as a deposit, "not necessarily for publication," he said. "but as a guarantee of good faith." Race-courses are crowded, confusing places, and I doubt not, that so scrupulous a man was also looking for me. But we have never met. If this meets his eye, probably he will send a cheque for £700 to the office of *Mr. Punch*. I have often regretted the circumstance, as it was my most fortunate coup on the Turf, and above all, reflected credit on my judgment of a horse.

Conversing afterwards with a friend on this event, I expressed surprise that my horse had not been a favourite, considering his agreeable exterior.

"Why, you Juggins," he answered, "*Rumtifo* was a moral—everybody knew that; but everybody knew he wasn't meant; he was

being kept for the Polehampton Stakes. He only won because he got the better of little BOTHERBY, his jockey, who couldn't hold him. Why, the crowd nearly murdered him, and his master sacked him on the spot—the little idiot!"

I do not quite understand this explanation. Poor *Rumtifo* was "moral," like the "moral mare" mentioned by ARISTOTLE in the *Ethics*. He did his best to win, and he did win; what else can you ask for in a horse?

There is, apparently, more in horse-racing than meets the eye. I am not addicted to remembering much about the "previous performances" of horses, as some men are, who will tell you that *Cynic* was third in the Kelso Hunt Cup for last year, and that you ought to keep an eye on him for the Ayrshire Handicap. But I have remarked that horses are not like men; they do not always run almost equally well, though the conditions of the race seem similar. No doubt this is owing to the nervousness of the animal, who may be discouraged by the noise, the smell of bad tobacco, and so forth.

I have given up Racing. That was after last year's Ascot meeting. I was staying at a country house, some days before, and somehow I lost my betting-book. It is really extraordinary how things do get

lost. Perhaps I left it in a railway carriage. Afterwards I tried to put my bets, as far as I could remember them, down on a large sheet of paper, and I think I got it very nearly right. But I left the paper lying about in the library in a very interesting first edition of *Plotinus*, I believe, and either the housemaid burned it, or my host threw it into the waste-paper basket. At all events, it was lost, and I have no head for figures, and things got mixed somehow. The book-maker's recollection of the circumstances was not the same as mine. But I began quite a fresh book, on imaginative principles, on the course. I had not a good Ascot. And as Racing gives me a headache, and I seldom meet any people on the Turf who are at all interested in the same things as myself, I have given it up for good. They say I am a good deal regretted by the Ring. It is always pleasant to remember having made a favourable impression.

THE OPERA-GOER'S DIARY.

Monday, May 16.—Sound the trumpets, Beat the drums! All hail to Sir DRURIOLANUS OPERATICUS, the most successful Knight of the Season! A brilliant audience in a brilliant house lighted by thousands of additional electric lights, acclaimed with rapture the awakening of Opera. *Philémon et Baucis* began it, a work by GOUNOD (which is not intended for swearing) of great sweetness and light; and this was followed by PIETRO MASCAGNI's *Cavalleria Rusticana*, "Rustic Chivalry," which might be epigrammatically described as a "Clod-hoppera." *Philémon et Baucis* is charming. M. MONTABRIOL was a capital *Philémon*, and Mlle. SIGRID ARNOLDSEN as *Baucis*, a sort of classical Little Bo-peep, received a hearty welcome on her return to the Covent Garden House and Home. M. PLANÇON was the thoroughly French *Jupin*, and M. CASTELMARY an amiable *Vulcan*; both most accomplished Divines. Altogether, a perfect quartette. The graceful *intermezzo* only escaped an *encore* because the knowing ones among the gods and groundlings felt that too much enthusiasm at first might do serious damage to the subsequent reception of the great *intermezzo* of the evening. All on *qui vive* for great *intermezzo*. Anticipations of event heard in the lobbies. Anxiety depicted on some countenances, but most features looking happy and hopeful. The members of what was once known as "the Organising Committee" nod encouragingly to one another as they pass to and fro; the officials and *habitués* exchange greetings without any expression of opinion. Sir DRURIOLANUS does not issue forth until the right moment, when he can shut up his opera-glass with a click, and give the word to Field-Marshal MANCINELLI to lead his men to the attack. For the present, "Wait" is the *mot d'ordre*, "and this," quoth a jig-maker, "is the only weight in the entire entertainment."

Up goes the Curtain, and those who remember the *Cavalleria* as it was put on "in another place," to use parliamentary language, see at the first glance that this representation is going to be quite another pair of shoes. The stage management is admirable: not a second without movement, and every movement with a motive—musical or dramatic, or both. Madame CALVÉ's *Santuzza* is operatically and histrionically—but especially the latter—a triumph; and "this is the verdict of us all." GIULIA RAVOGLI makes a great part of *Lola*; the many-talented little Mlle. BAUERMEISTER's *Lucia* is not quite up to her own *Maria* in *Faust*. As for the men, the singing and the acting of Signor DE LUCIA as *Turiddu* (ye gods! what a name!), and of Mons. DURICHE as *Alfo* cannot be surpassed.

But—stop—the tremendous row (a quarrel quite representative of Whitechapel in Italy, and suggesting to some of us what Signor Coster CHEVALIER might do if this Opera were Londonised) between *Turiddu-de-Lucia* and *Santuzza-Calvé* is over, the latter has denounced her former lover, there is thunder in the air—the atmosphere is heavy with fate—and the stage is clear. Then comes the *inter-*

mezzo, foreboding ill, presaging tragedy,—magnificent! And as MANCINELLI bows from his seat, acknowledges the thunder of applause—this was the thunder in the atmosphere—and pulls his forces together again to repeat and emphasize the triumph—DRURIOLANUS shuts up his lorgnette, beams on the world around, and murmurs to himself, "Waterloo is won!" Decides thereupon to give the same performance on Thursday, and does so, with repetition of triumph.

Now one word as to a picturesque detail. The action takes place on Easter Sunday, not on Palm Sunday; but Archbishop DRURIOLANUS has issued a pastoral melody dispensing his flock from the usual custom, and allowing them to have the palms distributed on Easter Sunday, for the sake of the show. "*Palmam qui meruit ferat*,"—and well does each one of the Chorus deserve his or her palm. And do not those in front who are nervous as to splitting their glove-seams, also bare their palms to applaud this Opera? Why certainly. Truly, Sir DRURIOLANUS ARCHIEPISCOPUS DISPENSATOR, well hast thou inaugurated the palmy days of this Opera Season.

Friday.—*Faust* selected because alliteration in *Faust* and Friday. A trifle, but as DRURIOLANUS says, "The world is governed by trifles." Wise saw this, with practical modern instance. VAN DYCK look-

ing like a Rembrandt, a Fastrate *Faust*, and Miss EMMA EAMES a charming *Marguerite*. Mons. PLANÇON's *Mephistopheles à la Française*. Mons. CESTE good as *Valentine*. *A propos of Valentine* and his soldiers, why do the army and their friends who come to welcome them, invariably turn their backs on the triumphal procession, taking no sort of interest in it whatever? Also, why is that banner persistently and purposelessly waved during the whole of the great Soldiers' Chorus? Is this the reason why nowadays the ever-popular Soldiers' Chorus is seldom encored? As this monotonous action on the part of the Bannerman (not CAMPBELL of that ilk, but the ensign-bearing supernumerary) suggests "flagging interest," hadn't it better be abolished altogether?

Saturday.—Great excitement in outer Hall. Everybody buzzing about. What has happened? Has dynamite been found? Has some eminent vocalist "gone up to see," and can't come down again in time? Sir DRURIOLANUS is present, explaining matters to the critics, and repeating explanation in various tongues to eager foreign inquirers. The sentinels eye the moving scene with determination and bayonets fixed. At a word from Sir DRURIOLANUS, they will give an extra charge, and rout the crowd. "What is it all about?" asks little PETERKIN. Sir DRURIOLANUS can tell him. Madame CALVÉ is indisposed, and *L'Amico Fritz* cannot be performed. So GLUCK's *Orfeo* is substituted in a happy-g-lucky sort of way. The two RAVOGLI are excellent, and Box and Stall are satisfied.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"MRS. HENNIKER," my Baronite writes, "dedicates to her brother, Lord HOUGHTON, her first essay in fiction, on the ground that he will be the most kindly critic. *Bid me Good-bye* (BENTLEY) does not stand in need of the adventitious aid of fraternal kindness to recommend it to the reader. The story of woman's sacrifice to a sense of duty has been told before; but Mrs. HENNIKER endows her version with a charm of simplicity under which, here and there, glows the fire of passion. Moreover, she writes excellent English, which ladies who make books do sometimes. It is a pity the story is so sad. Colonel St. Aubyn might just as well have married Mary Giffard, and lived ever after in that charming Brereton Royal which Mrs. HENNIKER doubtless sketches from life. If she had insisted on his being a cripple for life, her dictum could not have been disputed. But there ought to have been a union between *William* and *Mary*."

Why are the Obstructives like last Season's Walnuts?—Because they are troublesome to PEEL.



The Good and Great Archbishop Drumolanus Coventgardenus giving his Chorus Flock permission to use Palms on Easter Sunday. Quite "the palmy days" of the Opera.



VOLO EPISCOPARI.

Festive Middy. "I SAY, GUV'NOR! I THINK YOU MUST RATHER LIKE BEING BISHOP HERE!"

His Lordship. "WELL, MY BOY I HOPE I DO! BUT WHY DO YOU ASK?"

Festive Middy. "OH, I'VE JUST BEEN TAKING A WALK THROUGH THE CITY, AND—I SAY!—THERE IS AN UNCOMMONLY GOOD-LOOKING LOT O' GIRLS ABOUT, AND NO MISTAKE!"

TO LORD SALISBURY.

(By a Perturbed Tory.)

"We trust that the present Administration will not commit the blunder of attempting to 'gain favour with this or that section of the constituencies, by indulging in loose talk on economical questions.'"—*The Standard.*

To thump the Drum Ecclesiastic

Was very likely mere parade;

But oh, why make yourself seem plastic

To the fanatics of Fair Trade?

Of course a warning's no "incitement";

You only said, in tones of thunder,

The valiant Ulstermen to fight meant,

And on your soul you didn't wonder.

Encouragement in *that*? Go to!

Did shouting SAUNDERSON so take it?

(*Still it did raise a hullabaloo.*

It's settling now, DON'T re-awake it!)

No; civil war is far—and fudge!

But why the dickens make suggestions

That England is inclined to budge

An inch on Economic Questions?

Let HOWARD VINCENT, if he likes,

Talk "Fair Trade" fustian; no one listens.

But *you*?—best keep to slating Strikes.

You bet the eye of HARCOURT glistens,

And GLADSTONE reading with a grin,

Says, "Now I have him on the hip!"

This will *not* do, if we're to win.

Of course, dear Lord, 'twas but a slip,

But then you do make such a lot;

Explaining them away gets wearying.

You seem as though—of course, 'tis rot!

Our Free Trade system you were querying.

That cock won't fight; Protection's dead,
Don't trot its ghost out. Just ask GOS-
CHEN!

That Silver Conference, too! *His* head

Must have gone woolly, I've a notion.

Fire us with militant suggestions;

Your loyal followers they embolden,

But upon Economic Questions

Remember Silence is so golden!

REPORTED DISAPPEARANCE OF THE BROAD GAUGE.—It has been "converted," and in this sense our old friend, The Broad Gauge, with its easy-going ways, is defunct for ever. Is the conversion for the better? From "broad" to "narrow" is not, ordinarily speaking, beneficial to the individual or to society. And as applied to lines that fall in such pleasant places as do those of the Great Western, will the change to "narrow" result in the same breadth of view which the passengers have hitherto enjoyed? Will the ideas of the management and direction of the G. W. R. change from "broad" to "narrow"? We see it mentioned that the "cross sleepers" have been disturbed and re-laid (enough to make them crosser than ever; the ceremony should have been accompanied by a band playing selections from "*The Sleeper Awakened*"), and that "an inner row of chairs" is already fixed. But chairs are not so comfortable for sleepers as the good old-fashioned broad-gauge-G.-W.-R. first-class seat, in which, after you had lunched, you could repose from Swindon to Exeter. However, we all know the safety of choosing the "narrow"

in preference to the "broad" way in life, and so, no doubt, the spiritually-minded Directors of the G. W. R. have acted with the best intentions and upon the most unanimous resolutions. Yet "intentions" or "resolutions" are more compatible with the "broad" than the "narrow" way.

Lord Bramwell.

BORN 1808. DIED 1892.

ALAS! The Busy "B" is dead,

No more we'll hear him buzz a-wing,

Nor picture with a smiling dread

The pungent terrors of his sting.

As lo's gaddy was this "B"

To Sentiment and to Pretence.

Oh, Property! Ah, Liberty!

Fallen in your supreme defence!

Gone is the friend that in a phrase

The "Common Sense" of things could settle,

That with a stroke could slay a craze,

And folly lash with flail of nettle.

Who now will thunder in the *Times*

Against the Socialistic Rad's tone?

Who'll flout the cant and check the crimes

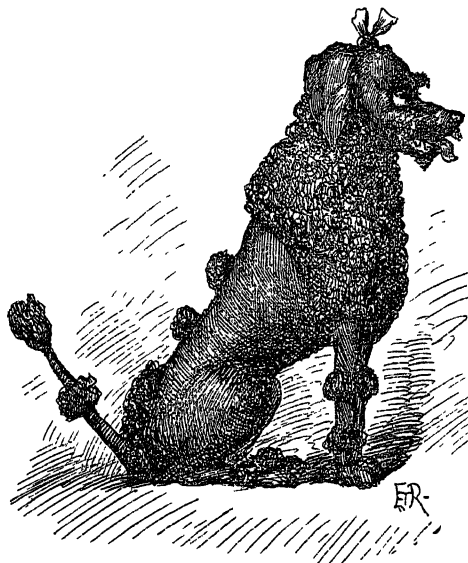
Of him, the all-surviving GLADSTONE?

MILITARY TOURNAMENT at Islington successful as ever. All the glory of war, as Mr. JORROCKS observed in his lecture, with one-half per cent. of its danger. Under command of Major TULLY. For seats, apply per Tully-phone.



“UNDER WHICH THIMBLE?”

ON MY LADY'S POODLE.



I wonder, wonder, at a loss
To justify such wayward snarling—
It makes her very, very cross
My poor opinion of her darling;

I WONDER what on earth it is
That makes me think my lady's poodle
(Her minion smug of solemn phiz,)
The pink and pattern of a noodle:
Its eyes are deep; their look, serene;
Its lips are sensitive and smiling;
But oh! the gross effect, I ween,
Is, passing measure, dull and riling.

It is not that its locks are crisp;
Your humble servant's hair is crisper,
It is not that its accents lisp;
I, too, affect a stammered whisper:
Nor that a gorgeous bow it wears
And struts with particoloured bib
on;

I like these macaronic airs;
I'm very fond of rainbow ribbon.

Nor can it be—of this I'm sure—
Because she pampers all its wishes
And tempts her peevish epicure
With dainty meats in dainty dishes.
To tell the truth, while I'm her guest,
My little wants and whims she
studies;

If "Beau"'s a rival, I protest
No jealous tincture in my blood is.

The cause (should pride the cause withhold,
She bodes and I deserve a scrimmage,)
The cause is this—she calls, I'm told,
The little brute my "Living image!"

LADY GAY'S SELECTIONS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—My dear friend, Lady HARRIET ENTOUCAS, said to me, the other day at Kempton, when I told her to have a sovereign on *Conifer*:—"My dear Lady GAY, your tips are so marvellous that I really wonder you don't write to the papers!" Being struck with the idea, my thoughts naturally flew to you—not only as the most gallant Editor of my acquaintance, but also as probably the only one hitherto unrepresented with a regular Turf Correspondent.

It is, therefore, with true feminine confidence that I place my services at your disposal, and, my information being of the most unreliable description (derived invariably from the owners), I feel sure that those of your readers who follow my tips will have no cause to regret their temerity, as, being like all women, nothing if not original, I intend to tip, not the probable *winner*, but the probable *last* horse in important races!

As I invariably attend all the fashionable meetings and most of the unfashionable (incognito of course the latter), it can be left to me to decide which horse was last—thus reducing the matter to a *certainly*—distinctly an object to be gained in making a bet—whatever *men* may say to the contrary.

An ancestor of mine (the poet of the name)—having transmitted to me a spark of his genius—I propose to give my selections in verse—select verse in fact, and will now in concluding my letter, give my tip for the probable last horse in the Derby—(which, by the way, happens in this case to be a mare—I repeat—I am nothing if not original!)—and, before doing so, I should like to express my sympathy with the Duke of WESTMINSTER and JOHN PORTER, who have indeed had an Orme-ful of trouble with the unfortunate erstwhile Derby Favourite, which would undoubtedly have been my selection had he not been scratched! Yours devotedly,

LADY GAY.

"THE TIP."

The Baron boldly said, "Je vais
Renvoyer cette dépêche:
'À Monsieur FR. of London Town.
Un livre sur *La Flèche*!'"

HYDE PARK CORNER.

(MAY, 1892.)

Mr hansom here completely stuck;
No chance to catch my train, worse luck!

I sit and wonder:
Why should the roads be up in May?
Who muddles matters in this way,
With bungling blunder?

What use to make a shapeless space,
Where rambling roadways interlace,
And, in the Season,
To close just what was meant to save
This block, because they want to pave?
What is the reason?

By Jove, it's like some years ago,
The traffic stopping in a row
In Piccadilly!
The Vestry does not care a pin
For all the muddle that we're in;
They're much too silly.

Perhaps they'd say they meant it well.
I do not know. All I can tell
Is that I'm raving.
I'd send that Vestry down below,
Where all such good intentions go,
To make more paving!

FAIR TRADERS.

LADY friend of my wife's wants us to "try her tea"! Seems she's started (with two other Ladies) as Firm of Tea Merchants in City. What are we coming to? Or rather, what are male Tea Merchants coming to? Mr. Registrar BROUGHAM, most likely. In incautious moment—as I was out—wife promised to give her an order for a couple of pounds of her "best Ceylon Mixture."

Tried it. Never tasted such vile stuff! Wife agrees, and asks me to call at the Firm's Offices and see if they haven't got anything with more Ceylon and less Mixture in it. Don't much like the job. How can one blow up a woman whom one will have to meet in one's own drawing-room, calling?
Have looked in. Must say that Tea-dealeress is better than her tea. Really quite an attractive person. The three of them gave

me afternoon tea in a little sanctum behind the shop, and chatted *most* pleasantly. My wife's friend the head of Firm. Said the Ceylon Mixture was a mistake—really intended for kitchen use—but as they've only just started business, their stocks have got jumbled together. She hoped—quite penitently—that I would "overlook the error." What *could* I say? What I *did* was to order a whole box of their "Incomparable Congou," at four shillings a pound.

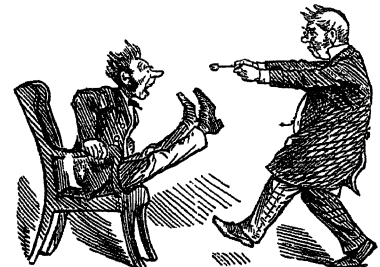
Wife (when I tell her of this) seems surprised. Says "she won't send *me* shopping again." But can one call this cosy—this tea-cosy—social visit to three accomplished women by the vulgar term "shopping"?

Wife incautiously mentions that she is "out of Coffee." Gives me an excuse to call on Firm again, and see if they sell Coffee too. Yes, they do. Head of Firm more fascinating than ever. Asks me "if I would mind, as a very great favour, mentioning her tea to all my City friends? She *knows* I have great influence in the City." Says this with winning smile. Query—is not *Mincing Lane* rather an appropriate locality for Lady Tea-dealers?

Later. Wife has forbidden my ever going to Mincing Lane again! Says the box of "Incomparable Congou" was mere "dust." So are my hopes!

A DENTIST'S WAITING-ROOM.

CLASPING tight my jaw, I staggered,
Pale and haggard,
To this room,
Where were fellow-martyrs sitting
In befitting,
Solemn gloom;
Whilst they turned, with air dejected,
Books collected
To amuse,
Graphics, or accumulated
Illustrated
London News.
How they glared! No fellow-feeling
O'er them stealing,
Made them kind;
"Touch of nature" that is dental
Makes no mental
Kin, I find.
There I sat, the numbers growing
Less, each going
To his fate—
What a dismal occupation!
My elation
Was not great—



Heard the butler call each saddened,
Toothache-maddened
Victim's name;
Watched them wincing as they strode out:
I should no doubt
Look the same.
Then, when me he had to take in,
"Mr. ALKIN!"
Made me quail;
O'er the after vivisection
Recollection
Draws a veil!

FROM THE SHADES.

(At the Sign of the "Castor and Pollux.")

DEAR MISTER PUNCH,—Look at 'ere! This is not one of your penny papers—there was none on 'em in my time—ups and says, says it:—"The travelling expenses from America of Mr. JACKSON, who is coming to England to fight Mr. SLAVIN for the Championship of the World, are reckoned at no less than £150."

Wy, wot a delikit plarnt, wot a blooming hexotic, this "Mister" JACKSON (oh, the pooty perlitiness of it!) must be! Saloon passage and fust-class fare, I persoom, for the likes of 'em. Isterns and champagne, no doubt, and liquor brandy, and six-penny smokes! A poor old pug like me wos glad of a steak and inguns, and a 'arf ounce o' shag, with a penny clay. And as to "travelling hexpenses"—I wonder wot the Noble Captings of our day would 'ave said to the accounts laid afore your "National Sporting Club!" £2000 for the Purse, and £150 for Mister JACKSON's travelling hexpenses!!! Oh, I say! Pugs is a-looking up! And yet I'm told some o' your cockered-upfly-flappers can't 'it a 'ole in a pound o' butter, or stand a straight nose-ender without turning faint! Evidently funkng and faking pays a jolly sight better than 'onesty and 'ard 'itting.

Well, well, *Mister Punch*, I'm hout of it now, thanksbe. And I ain't sure as I could shape myself 'andy to the Slugger SULLIVAN and JEM SMITH kind o' caper. The "resources o' science" is so remarkable different from what they wos in my days, and include so many new-fangled barnies as we worn't hup to. These 'ere pugilistic horchids, so to speak, wants deliket 'andling in the Ring, as well as hout on it, and a fair 'ammering from a 'onest bunch o' fives might spile the pooty look of 'em for their fust-class Saloons, Privet Boxes, and Swell Clubs. But you can tell Mister JACKSON, Eskvire, an cetrer, an cetrer, an cetrer (put it all in, please, Sir, as I want to be per-lite), that in my day I'd a bin only too 'appy to fight 'im to a finish (which mighn't ha' bin in five minutes, either, hunless he wanted it so), for—his Travelling Hexpenses!!!

Yours to kommand,

THE CHICKEN.

Singular Plurality!

O SHAW-LEFEVRE, was it but fatality,
Or could it be because the subjects bore 'em,
That, when you wished to argue on plurality,
About one Member came to form a quorum?
No doubt the others meant this to denote
That when you speak you like "One Man,
One Vote."

FRIENDLY ADVICE TO MRS. HUMPHRY WARD, A PROPOS OF HER TROUBLE WITH HER ADVERSE CRITICS.—Grieve no more!



WHAT OUR ARTIST (THE ONE WHO PAINTS THE PRETTY "KISS-MAMMY" PICTURES) HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

Tommy. "It's a LITTLE GIRL, FAST ASLEEP, WITH HER DOLL IN HER ARMS!"

Jimmy. "YES; AND WHEN SHE WAKES UP, WON'T SHE BE FRIGHTENED AT THAT GREAT BIG BIRD!"

ST. JOHN'S WOOD.

THESE hapless homes of middle class,
Can they escape annihilation
When come, in place of trees and grass,
A filthy goods-yard and a station?

If such seclusion sheltered Peers,
Their wealth and influence might save it;
No speculator ever fears
Artists or writers such as crave it;

Or if it housed the WORKING MAN,
Would Lords or Commons dare eject him?
Picture the clamour if you can!
His vote, his demagogues, protect him.

But you, who only use your brains—
The people's voice, the noble's money,
Not yours—why save you from the trains?
For quiet, do you say? How funny!

Perhaps you think, because in May
The talk is all of Art and beauty,
The Commons also think that way;
Not so, they have a higher duty.

If only speculators shout,
And millionaires take up the story,
They thrust all Art and Nature out,
For Trade is England's greatest glory.

Then, if a careless House some day
Permit the Channel Tunnel boring,
Think how this railway line would pay;
If you had shares you'd cease deploring.

Think of the cotton-laden
trains
Direct from Manchester to
Asia!
Think of the Sheffield Rail-
way's gains,
Not of your lilac or acacia!

"ONE TOUCH OF NATURE."

To introduce in a monument to a great writer a presentment of one of his most popular characters, as Mr. F. EDWIN ELWELL has done in his bronze statue of "Charles Dickens and 'Little Nell,'" is decidedly a pretty notion. "The child," looking up into the face of the great creative genius, who loved this offspring of his sympathetic fancy better than did all her other admirers, is a pathetic figure, and gives to the monument a more human and less coldly mortuary aspect than, unhappily, is usual in such work. It is a "touch of Nature" that makes even the adjunct of the mausoleum akin to the quick world of the living and loving. The vivid valiant genius, who so detested and denounced the superfluous horrors with which we surround death and the tomb, would cordially have approved it, little as was his love for monumental effigies, or care for the fame that is dependent on them.

VERY "FRENCH BEFORE BREAKFAST."—It was reported in the *Times* that a M. ROULEZ fought four duels between nine and ten on Wednesday morning, severely wounded his four adversaries, and then, after this morning's pleasure, went about his business, that is his ordinary business, as if nothing particular had happened. To this accomplished swordsman the series of combats had been merely like taking a little gentle exercise "*pour faire Rouler le sang*." The combatants, as it turns out, appear to have been like *Falstaff's* "men in buckram."

THE LIMB AND THE LAW.—"To whom does an amputated limb belong?" queries the *Standard* (*à propos* of the case of the boy HOUSLEY, whose father demanded that the arm cut off in the Infirmary should be given up to him). The answer is clear. An amputated limb belongs to *no body*!

In Defence of the Great Paradoxist.

He may not be "earnest," he may not be "smart,"

You may say, if you please, he's unable to sing; [art,]—
But, oh, you *must* own he's a "work of A "beautiful untrue thing!"

ASPIRATIONS.—A Music-hall Manager told the Parliamentary Committee sitting on Theatres and Places of Entertainment, that he did not believe in Art with a capital A. Perhaps he believed in Art with a capital H?



THE ROYAL PARLIAMENTARY TOURNAMENT; OR, THE SESSION ENDS IN SMOKE.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 16.—This looked forward to in advance as grand field-night. SQUIRE of MALWOOD been preparing onslaught on JOKIM's last Budget. Should have come off days ago, but Squire had other engagements in the country. Nothing to equal Prince ARTHUR's accommodating spirit. If the Squire not ready to demolish Budget, say, on Thursday, well, it shall be put off till Monday, or even later if that day not convenient. JOKIM doesn't mind; accustomed to have his Budgets torn up, and the little pieces returned to him postage unpaid; would feel lonely if Budget went through an uninterrupted course. Arranged accordingly that to-night the great onslaught shall be delivered. The Squire judiciously spent interval since Friday amidst quiet glades of Malwood.



Waiting!

with figures; mellifluous with millions, throbbing with thousands. The Squire is in peculiar degree dependent for success upon mood of his audience. In crowded House, Members cheering, laughing, or, if you please, jeering and howling, the Squire improves with every five minutes of his Speech. To-night House not a quarter full; those present depressed with consciousness that no real fight meant; Mr. G. sat it out with some intervals of suspicious quietude. HENRY FOWLER also faithful found; sitting with folded arms

waiting for the time when a new Chancellor of the Exchequer shall find opening made for him on a newly-arranged Treasury Bench.

Only JOKIM really listened; nervous, restless, murmuring comment, muttering contradiction, clutching at himself with strange gestures reminiscent of hereditary instinct to rend his garments in moments of tribulation. That was something in recompense for the meditations of yesterday morning. But as one swallow does not make a summer, neither does one Minister, however unhappy under criticism, make an audience. JOKIM followed with a speech scrupulously measured as to length by that of the Squire's; through the dead unhappy night the rain of talk fell on the roof, and everyone was glad when midnight, slowly coming, struck.

Business done.—Budget Resolutions agreed to.

Tuesday.—Small Holdings Bill through Committee. Last clause added amid buzz of admiration from a not too full House.

HAMLEY looked on in rapt admiration.

"In rapt admiration!"
JESSE COLLINGS rose up and called CHAPLIN blessed.

"Not at all," said CHAPLIN, blushing; "as my friend TOOLE says from the deck of the Houseboat, anyone could do it."

"The fact is, TOBY," CHAPLIN whispered to me a little later, as we sat on the Terrace sharing a bottle of gingerbeer imbibed through a couple of straws, "I've really done a clever thing, only those fellows don't quite see it. Here we've been for a week pegging away at this Bill, bargaining and bickering. Sometimes I've yielded a trifle to the Opposition; sometimes I haven't. But it's pretty much all the same in the end. The Act will look very well in the Statute Book, and I hope will help us at the General Election. But as far as practical use goes, I have sometimes laughed when I look round the Committee and see Members seriously discussing the thing. Just before the Bill was printed, Prince ARTHUR asked me when I proposed the Act should come into operation. 'When are you going to have the General Election?' I asked, by way of reply. Prince ARTHUR said he couldn't exactly tell at the moment. 'Very well,' I said; 'let us put it this way. If you're going to dissolve at the end of June, the Act may as well come into operation as soon as it receives Royal Assent. But if you postpone Election over Autumn, better fix date for Act coming into force on the first of January.' 'What d'you mean?' asked ARTHUR. 'I mean just this. If this Bill's to help us at the General Election, we mustn't give time for people to find it out.' 'Um!' said ARTHUR, and he can put a good deal of meaning into the observation."

Business done.—Small Holdings Bill in Committee.

Thursday.—Admiral JEREMIAH FIELD pacing quarter-deck, uttering lamentations over collapse of the Eastbourne stand against the Salvationists. Bill amending Eastbourne Improvement Act up for Third Reading. JEREMIAH had proposed to introduce Clause enabling inhabitants of town to protect themselves against the Sabbath incursions of a mob in red waistcoats and poke bonnets, with drums, trumpets also, and shawms. Evidently no use; so the Admiral lowered his topsails, pulled taut his lee scuppers, and sheered off. "We're living in flabby times," he complained to sympathetic House.

He heaved one sigh, then he hove-to, and Bill read Third Time.

Truth of Admiral's remark about living in flabby times proved through rest of Sitting. "Don't," said GEORGE TRAVEL-YAN, yesterday, speaking about RUSSELL's Amendment on Plurality of Vote Bill—"don't drag this ghost of a dead red-herring across the path." Only the imagination of genius could conjure up this terrible vision. Realised it to-night when Irish Local Government Bill took the floor, and asked to be read a Second Time. Thought it was as dead as a herring, red or otherwise; but here's its ghost filling House with gloom. Promise of several days' cheerful conversation. SEXTON promptly turned on flood of everlasting talk, hopelessly swamping place to begin with. Here's a Bill no one believes Government seriously intend to proceed with; still feel bound, having introduced it, to take Second Reading. Must show it's not quite so ridiculous as it seemed when, three months ago, Prince ARTHUR introduced it, and House laughed it off premises. Sensible course suggested at close of Sitting by WILFRED LAWSON. "Scandalous waste of time," he said; "the sooner we finish Debate the better."

SEXTON full of scorn for the hapless measure. Looked it all over, and behold! there is no good thing in it. Might have said this in ten minutes, or at most, quarter of an hour. But temptation to straddle irresistible; discoursed for full hour and half; talked clean out of Peers' Gallery FIFE and Earl SPENCER, who had innocently looked in. MADDEN, not to be outdone, talked for another hour and half; out of a possible seven hours' debate three appropriated by two speakers. Quite Maddening. Afterwards, RATHBONE, JOHNSTON (of Ballykilbeg), WEBB, COGHILL, BLANE, and AMBROSE.

A weary world, my masters!

Business done.—None.

Friday.—Morning Sitting for further discussion of Local Government Bill. Only four Members spoke, each Member at terrible length. At this rate quite clear, if every Member is to have his say—and why shouldn't he?—House must sit into August before even Second Reading stage of Bill is disposed of. Should have been Evening Sitting, but things rapidly approaching collapse. Members in state of coma. Couldn't get forty together; and as soon as SPEAKER took chair Counted Out.

Business done.—None.



Admiral Jeremiah Field.



LOST LUGGAGE.

(Or the Experiences of a "Vacuus Viator.")

At the Douane, Ostend.—Just off *Princesse Henriette*; passengers hovering about excitedly with bunches of keys, waiting for their luggage to be brought ashore. Why can't they take things quietly—like me? I don't worry. Saw my portmanteau and bag labelled at Victoria. Sure to turn up in due time. Some men when they travel insist on taking hand-bags into the carriage with them—foolish, when they might have them put in the van and get rid of all responsibility. The *douaniers* are examining the luggage—don't see mine—as yet. It's all right, of course. People who are going on to Brussels and Antwerp at once would naturally have their luggage brought out first. Don't see the good of rushing about like that myself. I shall stay the night here—put up at one of the hotels on the Digue, dine, and get through the evening pleasantly at the Kursaal—sure to be something going on. Then I can go comfortably on by a mid-day train to-morrow. Meanwhile my luggage still tarries. If I was a nervous man—luckily I'm not. Come—that's the bag at all events, with everything I shall want for the night . . . Annoying. Some other fellow's bag . . . No more luggage being brought out. Getting anxious—at least, just a shade uneasy. Perhaps if I asked somebody—Accost a Belgian porter; he wants my baggage ticket. They never gave me any ticket. It did occur to me (in the train) that I had always had my luggage registered on going abroad before, but I supposed they knew best, and didn't worry. I came away to get a rest and avoid worry, and I won't worry . . . The Porter and I have gone on board to hunt for the things. They aren't there. Left behind at Dover probably. Wire for them at once. No idea how difficult it was to describe luggage vividly and yet economically till I tried. However, it will be sent on by the next boat, and arrive some time in the evening, so it's of no consequence. Now for the Hotel. Ask for the bus for the *Continental*. The *Continental* is not open yet. Very well, the *Hôtel de la Plage*, then. Closed! All the hotels facing the sea are, it seems. Sympathetic Porter recommends one in the town, and promises to come and tell me as soon as the luggage turns up.

At the Hotel.—Find, on getting out of the omnibus, that the Hotel is being painted; entrance blocked by ladders and pails. Squeeze past, and am received in the hall by the Proprietress and a German Waiter. "Certainly they can give me a room—my baggage shall be taken up immed—" Here I have to explain that this is impracticable, as my baggage has unfortunately been left behind. Think I see a change in their manner at this. A stranger who comes abroad with nothing but a stick and an umbrella cannot expect to inspire confidence, I suppose. I remark to the Waiter that the luggage is sure to follow me by the next boat, but it strikes even myself that I do not bring this out with quite a sincere ring. Not at all the manner of a man who possesses a real portmanteau. I order dinner—the kind of dinner, I feel, that a man who did not intend to pay for it would order. I detect this impression in the Waiter's eye. If he dared, I know he would suggest tea and a boiled egg as more seemly under the circumstances.

On the Digue.—Thought, it being holiday time, that there would be more gaiety; but Ostend just now perhaps a little lacking in liveliness—hotels, villas, and even the Kursaal all closely boarded up with lead-coloured shutters. Only other person on Promenade a fisher-boy scrooping over the tiles in *sabots*. I come to a glazed shelter, and find the seats choked with drifting sand, and protected with barbed wire. This depresses me. I did not want to sit down—but the barbed wire does seem needlessly unkind. Walk along the sand-dunes; must pass the time somehow till dinner, and the arrival of my luggage. Wonder whether it really was labelled "Ostend." Suppose the porter thought I said "Rochester" . . . in that case—I will not worry about it like this. I will go back and see the town.

I have; it is like a good many other foreign towns. I am melancholy. I can't dismiss that miserable luggage from my mind. To be alone in a foreign land, without so much as a clean sock, is a distressing position for a sensitive person. If I could only succeed

in seeing a humorous element in it, it would be something—but I can't. It is too forlorn to be at all funny. And there is still an hour and a half to get through before dinner!

I have dined—in a small room, with a stove, a carved buffet, and a portrait of the King of the BELGIANS; but my spirits are still low. German Waiter dubious about me; reserving his opinion for the present. He comes in with a touch of new deference in his manner. "Please, a man from de shdation for you." I go out—to find the sympathetic Porter. My baggage has arrived? It has; it is at the Douane, waiting for me. I am saved! I tell the Waiter, without elation, but with what, I trust, is a calm dignity—the dignity of a man who has been misunderstood, but would scorn to resent it.

At the Station.—I have accompanied the Porter to the Terminus. Such a pleasant helpful fellow, so intelligent! The Ostend streets much less dull at night. Feel relieved, in charity with all the world, now that my prodigal portmanteau is safely reclaimed. Porter takes

me into a large luggage-room. Don't see my things just at first. "Your baggage—ere!" says the Porter, proudly, and points out a little drab valise with shiny black leather covers and brass studs—the kind of thing a man goes a journey with in a French Melodrama! He is quite hurt when I repudiate it indignantly; he tries to convince me that it is mine—the fool! There is no other baggage of any sort, and mine can't possibly arrive now before to-morrow afternoon, if then. Nothing for it but to go back, luggageless, to the Hotel—and face that confounded Waiter.

Walk about the streets. Somehow I don't feel quite up to going back to the Hotel just yet. The shops, which are small and rather dimly lighted, depress me. There is no theatre, nor *café chantant* open apparently. If there were, I haven't the heart for them to-night. Hear music from a small *estaminet* in a back street; female voice, with fine Cockney accent, is singing "Oh, dem Golden Slippers!" Wonder where my slippers are!

In my Bedroom.—I have had to come back at last, and get it over with the Waiter. If he felt any surprise, I think it was to see me back at all. I have had to ask him if he could get me some sleeping-things to pass the night in. And a piece of soap. Humiliating, but unavoidable. He promised, but he has not brought them. Probably this last request has done for me, and he is now communicating with the police . . .

A tap at my door. "Please, de tings!" says the Waiter. I have wronged him. He has brought me such a nightgown! Never saw anything in the least like it before. It has flowers embroidered all down the front and round the cuffs, and on every button something is worked in tiny blue letters, which, on inspection, turns out to be

"Good-night." I don't quite know why, but, in my present state, I find this strangely consoling, and even touching—like a benediction. After all, he must believe in me, or he would hardly confide his purple and fine linen to me like this. Go to bed gorgeous, and dream that my portmanteau, bag, and self-respect are all restored to me by the afternoon boat. . . . There must be something in dreams, for, oddly enough, this is exactly what does happen.

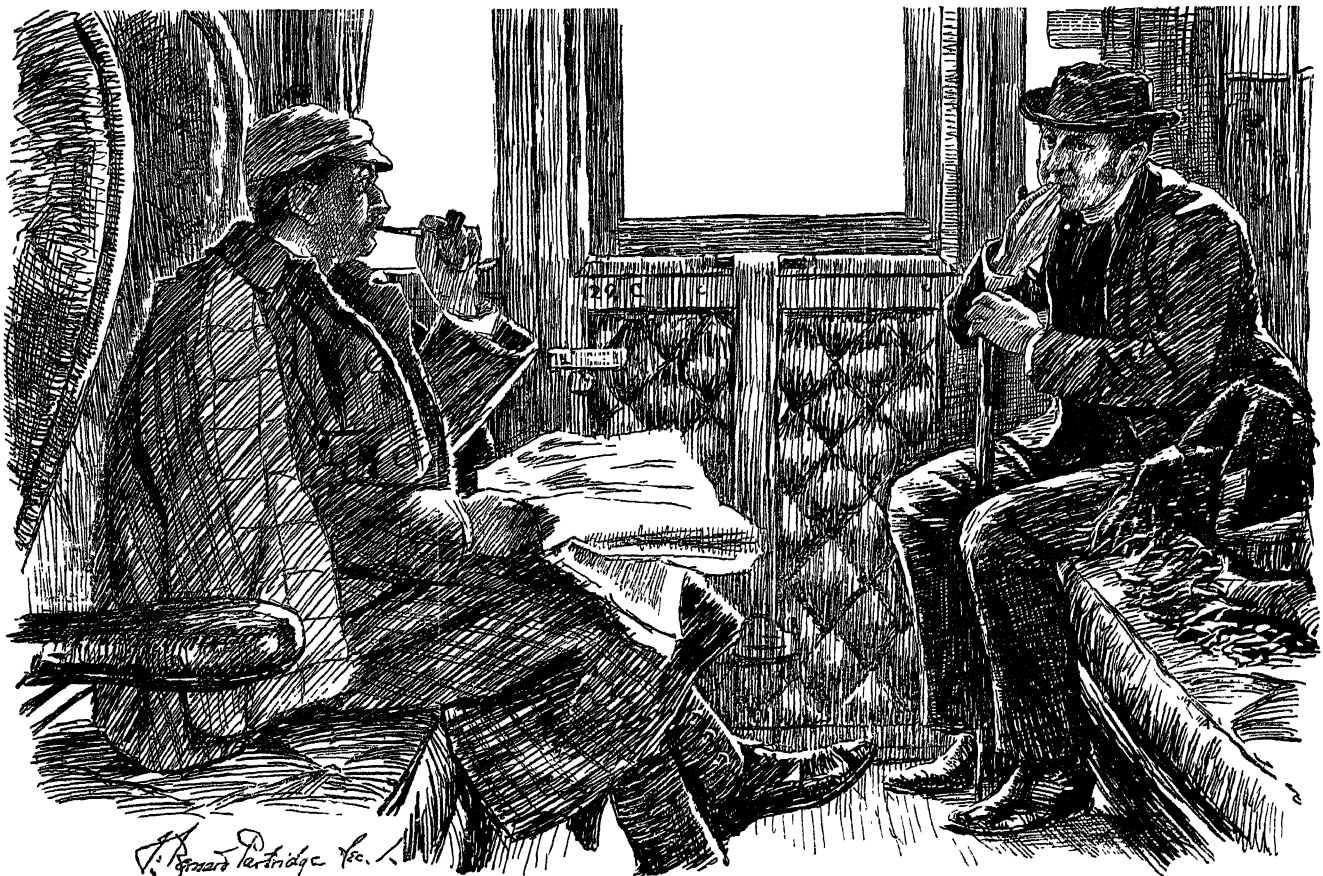
Next morning, at breakfast, I am handed a mysterious and, at first sight, rather alarming telegram from the Station-master at Dover. "Your bones will be sent on next boat." Suspect the word in the original was "boxes." But they may call them what they like, so long as I get them back again.

"THE Campaign against the Jebus. Gallant Advance of the British." Dear old Mrs. RAM wants to know "who is commanding the British forces in the campaign against the Jebus" (which she spells "Gibus")? Mr. Punch is glad to inform his estimable correspondent that the principal officers commanding in the Gibus Campaign are Generals WIDE-AWAKE, BULLCOCK, JIMCROW, POTT, and BELTOPPER. Their strategical movements are worthy of the First Nap.

CONSIDERATE.—Arrangements are to be made for all Standing Committees in future to sit at certain hours. "For this relief, much thanks," as WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, M.P., observed.



"Please, de tings!"



RECIPROCAL.

Sporting Gentleman. "WELL, SIR, I'M VERY PLEASED TO HAVE MADE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE, AND HAD THE OPPORTUNITY OF HEARING A CHURCHMAN'S VIEWS ON THE QUESTION OF TITHES. OF COURSE, AS A COUNTRY LANDOWNER, I'M INTERESTED IN CHURCH MATTERS, AND—"

The Parson. 'QUITE SO—DELIGHTED, I'M SURE. ER—BY THE BYE, COULD YOU TELL ME WHAT'S WON TO-DAY?'"

THE BURIAL OF THE "BROAD-GAUGE."

MAY 23, 1892.

[*"Drivers of Broad-Gauge Engines wandering disconsolately about with their engine-lamps in their hands; followed by their firemen with pick and shovel over their shoulder, waiting in anxious expectation of the time when that new-fangled machine, a narrow-gauge engine, should come down a day or two after."*—*Times' Special at Plymouth on Death of Broad Gauge.*]

Not a whistle was heard, not a brass bell-note,
As his corse o'er the sleepers we hurried;
Not a fog-signal wailed from a husky throat
O'er the grave where our "Broad-Gauge"
we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sod with our pickaxes turning,
By the danger-signal's ruddy light,
And our oil-lamps dimly burning.

No useless tears, though we loved him well!
Long years to his fire-box had bound us.
We fancied we glimpsed the great shade of
BRUNEL

In sad sympathy hovering round us.

Few and gruff were the words we said,
But we thought, with a natural sorrow,
Of the Narrow-Gauge foe of the Loco. just
dead.

We should have to attend on the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his big broad bed,
And piled the brown earth o'er his funnel,
How his foe o'er the Great-Western metals
would tread,
Shrieking triumph through cutting and
tunnel.

Lightly they'll talk of him now he is gone,
For the cheap "Narrow Gauge" has out-
stayed him,
Yet BULL might have found, had he let it go
on,

That BRUNEL's Big Idea would have paid
him!

But the battle is ended, our task is done;
After forty years' fight he's retiring.*
This hour sees thy triumph, O STEPHENSON;
Old "Broad Gauge" no more will need
firing.

The "Dutchman" must now be "divided in
two"!

Well, well, they shan't mangle or mess you!
Accept the last words of friends faithful, if
few:—

"Good-bye, poor old Broad-Gauge, God
bless you!"†

Slowly and sadly we laid him down.

He has filled a great chapter in story.
We sang not a dirge—we raised not a stone,
But we left the "Broad Gauge" to his
glory!

* The Royal Commission appointed to inquire
into the uniformity of railway gauges, presented
their report to Parliament on May 30, 1846.

† Words found written on one of the G.-W. rails.

TO A DEAR YOUNG FEMININE FRIEND, WHO
SPELT "WAGON" AS "WAGGON."

BAD spelling? Oh dear no! So tender, she
Wished that the cart should have an extra
"gee."

KILLING NO MURDER.

(To the Editor of "Punch.")

MY DEAR SIR,—I have just been reading with a great deal of surprise "*The Life and Letters of Charles Samuel Keene*," by GEORGE SOMES LAYARD.* Seeing the name of one of your colleagues as the first line of the "Index," I turned to page 74 and looked him out. I found him mentioned in an account given by Mr. M. H. SPIELMANN of the *Punch* Dinner, which Mr. GEORGE SOMES LAYARD had extracted from *Black and White*, no doubt to assist in making up his book. The following is the quotation:—"The Editor, as I have said, presides; should he be unavoidably absent, another writer—usually, nowadays, Mr. ARTHUR A'BECKETT—takes his place, the duty never falling to an artist." Then, to show how thoroughly Mr. GEORGE SOMES LAYARD is up to date, he adds to the name of Mr. ARTHUR A'BECKETT (after the fashion of *Mr. Punch* in the drama disposing of the clown or the beadle), "since dead." Now Mr. ARTHUR A'BECKETT is not dead, but very much alive. Do you not think, Sir, it would be better were gentlemen who write about yourself and your colleagues, to verify their facts before they attempt to give obituary notices, even if they be as brief as the one in question?

Yours, truly,
MORE GAY THAN GRAVE.

NEW AND APPROPRIATE NAME FOR
MODERN PUGILISM.—The "Nobble" Art.



THE BURIAL OF THE "BROAD-GAUGE."

STUDIES IN THE NEW POETRY.

THE world is of course aware by this time that a New Poetry has arisen and has asserted itself by the mouths of many loud-voiced "boomers." It has been *Mr. Punch's* good fortune to secure several specimens of this new product, not through the intervention of middle men, but from the manufacturers themselves. He proposes to publish them for the benefit and enlightenment of his readers. But first a word of warning. There are perhaps some who believe that a poem should not only express high and noble thoughts, or recount great deeds, but that it should do so in verse that is musical, cadenced, rhythmical, instinct with grace, and reserved rather than boisterous. If any such there be, let them know at once that they are hopelessly old-fashioned. The New Poetry in its highest expression banishes form, regularity and rhythm, and treats rhyme with unexampled barbarity. Here and there, it is true, rhymes get paired off quite happily in the conventional manner, but directly afterwards you may come upon a poor weak little rhyme who will cry in vain for his mate through half a dozen interloping lines. Indeed, cases have been known of rhymes that have been left on a sort of desert island of a verse, and have never been fetched away. And sometimes when the lines have got chopped very short, the rhymes have tumbled overboard altogether. That is really what is meant by "impressionism" in poetry carried to its highest excellence. There are, of course, other forms of the New Poetry. There is the "blustering, hob-nailed" variety which clatters up and down with immense noise, elbows you here, and kicks you there, and if it finds a pardonable weakness strolling about in the middle of the street, immediately knocks it down and tramples upon it. Then too there is the "coarse, but manly" kind which swears by the great god, Jingo, and keeps a large stock of spread eagles always ready to swoop and tear without the least provocation.

However, *Mr. Punch* may as well let his specimens speak for themselves. Here, then, is No. I.—A GRAVESEND GREGORIAN.

By W. E. H-NL-Y. (*Con Brio.*)

Deep in a murky hole,
Cavernous, untransparent, fetid, dank,
The demiurgus of the servants' hall,
The scuttle-bearing buttons, boon and blank
And grimy loads his evening load of coals,
Filled with respect for the cook's and butler's rank.



QUITE UNANSWERABLE.

Ethel. "MAMMY DEAR! WHY DO YOU POWDER YOUR FACE, AND WHY DOES THOMAS POWDER HIS HAIR? I DON'T DO EITHER!"

Lo, the round cook half fills the hot retreat,
Her kitchen, where the odours of the meat,
The cabbage and sweets all merge as in a

pall,
The stale unsavoury remnants of the feast.
Here, with abounding confluences of onion,
Whose vastitudes of perfume tear the soul
In wish of the not unpotatoed stew,
They float and fade and flutter like morning dew.

And all the copper pots and pans in line,
A burnished army of bright utensils, shine;
And the stern butler heedless of his bunion
Looks happy, and the tabby-cat of the house
Forgets the elusive, but recurrent mouse
And purrs and dreams;

And in his corner the black-beetle seems
A plumed Black Prince arrayed in gleaming mail;
Whereat the shrinking scullery-maid grows [pale,
And flies for succour to THOMAS of the calves,
Who, doing nought by halves,
Circles a gallant arm about her waist,
And takes unflinching the cheek-slap of the chaste

And giggling fair, nor counts his labour lost.
Then, beer, beer, beer.
Spume-headed, bitter,
golden like the gold
Buried by outlashed pirates tempest-tossed,
Red-capped, immitigable, over-bold
With blood and rapine, spreaders of fire and fear.
The kitchen table
Is figured with the ancient, circular stains
Of the pint-pot's bottom; beer is all the go.
And every soul in the servants' hall is able
To drink his pint or hers until they grow
Glorious with golden beer, and count as gains
The glowing draughts that presage morning pains.

EPISCOPACY IN DANGER.—*Mr. Punch* congratulates Dr. PEROWNE, Bishop of Worcester, on his narrow fire-escape some days ago, when his lawn sleeves (a costume more appropriate for a garden-party than a pulpit) caught fire. It was extinguished by a bold Churchwarden. Infuture let Churchwardens be prepared with hose whenever a prelate runs any chance of ignition from his own "burning eloquence." If *Mr. Punch's* advice as above is acted upon, a Bishop if "put out" may probably mutter, "Darn your hose." But this can be easily explained away.

BETTER AND BETTER.—The Report last week about Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN was that "he hopes to go to the country shortly." So do our political parties. Sir ARTHUR cannot restrain himself from writing new and original music at a rapid pace. This, is a consequence of his having taken so many composing draughts.

"OUR BOOKING OFFICE."—Not open this week, as the Baron has been making a book. Interesting subject, "On the Derby and Oaks." Being in sporting mood, the Baron adopts as his motto King SOLOMON's words of wisdom, out of his (King SOLOMON's) own mines of golden treasures.—"And of book-making there is no end." He substitutes "book-making" for "making of books," and with the poetic CAMPBELL (HERBERT of that ilk) he sings, "it makes no difference."

AFTER THE EVENT.—Last Sunday week was the one day in the year when ancient Joe Millers were permissible. It was "Chestnut Sunday." We didn't like to mention it before.

THE Royal General Theatrical Fund Dinner, held last Thursday, will be remembered in the annals of the Stage as "ALEXANDER's Feast."

HORACE IN LONDON.—TO A COQUETTE. (AD PYRRHAM.)

WHAT stripling, flowered and scent-bedewed,
Now courts thee in what solitude?



My "dripping weeds" are doffed; and I
Sit "landed," like my wine, and "dry;"
What "weeds" survive I smoke, and rub
My hands in harbour at my Club!

For whom dost
thou in order set
Thy tresses' au-
reole, Coquette.

"Neat, but not
gaudy"?—Soon
Despond
(Too soon!) at
flouted faith and
fond,
Soon tempests hal-
cyon tides above
Shall wreck this
raw recruit of
Love;

Who counts for
gold each tinsel
whim,
And hopes thee
always all for
him,
And trusts thee,
smiling, spite of
doom
And traitorous
breezes! Hap-
less, whom

Thy glamour holds
untried. For me,
I've dared enough
that fitful sea;
Its "breach of
promise" grim
hath curst
Both purse and
person with its
worst.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday.—*L'Amico Fritz* at last! Better late than never. A Dramatic Operatic Idyl. "Nothing in it," as Sir Charles Coldstream observes, except the music, the singing, and the acting of Signor DR LUCIA as *Fritz* Our Friend, of M. DUFRICHE as the Rabbi

of Mlle. GIULIA RAVOLLI as *Boy Beppe*, of Mlle. BAUERMEISTER as *Caterina*, and of Madame CALVÉ as *Suzel*. Not an indifferent performer or singer among them, and not an individual in the audience indifferent to their performance. Cherry-Tree Duet, between *Suzel* and *Fritz*, great hit. Admirably sung and acted, and vociferously encored. Nay, they would have had it three times if they could, but though Sir DRURIOLANUS sets his face against encores, allowing not too much encore but just encore enough, he, as an astute Manager, cannot see why persons who have paid to hear a thing only once should hear it three times for the same money. No; if they like it so much that they want it again, and must have it, and won't be happy till they get it, then let them encore their own performance of paying for their seats, and come and hear their favourite *morceaux* over and over again as often as they like to pay. He will grant one encore,

no more. Sir DRURIOLANUS is right. Do we insist on Mr. IRVING giving us "To be or not to be," or any other soliloquy, all over again, simply because he has done it once so well? Do we ask Mr. J. L. TOOLE to repeat his author's good jokes—or his own when

his author has failed him? No; we applaud to the echo, we laugh till, as Mr. CHEVALIER says, "we thort we should ha' died," but we don't encore the comic jokes, telling situations, or serious soliloquies as rendered by our accomplished histriions.

Were a collection of pictures made of Mlle. BAUERMEISTER in different characters, it would, for interest and variety, become a formidable rival of the CHARLES MATHEWS series now in the possession of the Garrick Club. To-night she is the busy, bustling *Caterina*, *Friend Fritz's* housekeeper, who, as she has to provide all the food for their breakfast, and set it on the table, might be distinguished as *Catering Caterina*. No one now cares to see an Opera without Mlle. BAUERMEISTER in it, whether she appear as a dashing lady of the Court, probably in a riding-habit, or as a middle-class German housekeeper, or as Cupid God of Love, or as *Juliet's* ancient nurse, or as an impudent waiting-maid, or as an unhappy mother, or as,—well,—any number of characters that I cannot now recall, but all done excellently well. Never have I heard of her being either "sick or sorry." Some few seasons ago I drew public attention to this most useful and ornamental *artiste*, and now I am glad to see that here and there a critic has awoke to the fact of her existence, and has done her tardy justice. Long may the Bauermeistersinger be able to give her valuable assistance, without which no Covent Garden Opera Company could possibly be perfect.



Bob-Cherry Duet.

As to *L'Amico Fritz*, I should suggest that it be played in one Scene and two Acts. That this one Scene should be the Exterior of Cherry-Tree Farm (which should be *Fritz's*, not the *Rabbi's*) and that instead of lowering the Curtain, the *intermezzo*—not 1 venture to opine equal to the marvellous *intermezzo* in *Cavalleria Rusticana*—should be played. *L'Amico* is certain of an encore, and this will give the singers a rest. It could then commence at nine—a more convenient hour to those who would like to hear every note of it, than 8'15, and it would be over by eleven sharp. A nod is as good as a wink to Sir DRURIOLANUS, but all the same, Heaven forefend I should be guilty of either indiscretion in the Imperial Operatorial presence. Thus much at present.

Friday.—"It's the smiles of its AUGUSTUS and the heat of its July"—adapted quotation from "Old Song." "I cannot sing the old song"—except under a sense of the deepest and most unpardonable provocation; and when I do!—*Cave canem, ruat cælum!* I bring down the house as Madame DELILAH's SAMSON did. To-night *Manon* is indeed warmly welcomed. "A nice Opera," says a young lady, fanning herself. "I wish it were an iced Opera," groans WAGSTAFF, re-issuing one of his earliest side-splitters. M. VAN DYCK strong as the weak *Des Grieux*, but Madame MRAVINA apparently not strong enough. "What made author-chap think of calling her *Manon*?" asks languid person in Stalls. WAGSTAFF, revived after an iced B.-and-S., is equal to the occasion. "Such a bad lot, you know—regular man-catcher; hooked a *man on*, then, when he was done with, hooked another *man on*. Reason for name evident, see?" The *Cavalleria Rusticana* is the favourite for Derby Night. All right up to now, Sir DRURIOLANUS.

TENNER SONG FOR DERBY DAY.—"He's got it on!"



The Rabbinical-Hat-Beer-Jug.



WHAT OUR ARTIST (THE SMALL AND SUSCEPTIBLE ONE) HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

Miss Binks. "PRAY, MR. TITMOUSE, WHY DO YOU ALWAYS DRAW SUCH IMMENSELY TALL WOMEN?"

Our Artist. "WELL, MISS BINKS, I SUPPOSE IT'S BECAUSE I'M SUCH A TINY LITTLE MAN MYSELF. CONTRAST, YOU SEE!"

Miss Binks. "AH, YES, CONTRAST! THAT IS HOW WE TINY LITTLE WOMEN ALWAYS ATTRACT ALL THE FINE TALL MEN! THAT'S HOW WE SCORE!"

Our Artist. "EXACTLY. I ONLY WISH TO GOODNESS YOU'D ATTRACT THAT VERY FINE TALL MAN AWAY FROM MISS JONES—THEN I MIGHT HAVE A CHANCE, PERHAPS!"

A VERY "DARK HORSE."

["The Country knows... what it is we desire to do. What the Right Hon. Gentleman (MR. GLADSTONE) desires to do no human being knows. If we have done our part, as we have done, to clear the issues, all we can ask him is to do his part, to lay before the electorate of this country in the same plain, unmistakable outline, the policy which he desires to see adopted."]—*Mr. Balfour on Second Reading of Irish Local Government Bill.*

SCENE—The Paddock, before the Great Race. *Rising Young Jockey, ARTHUR BALFOUR, mounted on the Crack Irish Horse. Enter Grand Old Jockey, at the moment minus a mount.*

Grand Old Jockey (aside). Humph! Don't look so bad, now, despite the dead set

That against him we've made since his very first running,

Do they mean him to win after all? Artful set,

That Stable! It strikes me they've been playing cunning.

One wouldn't have backed him, first off, for a bob.

His owner concerning him scarcely seemed caring.

Eugh! No one supposed he was fair "on the job";

A mere trial-horse, simply "out for an airing."

When he first stripped in public he looked such a screw,

He was hailed with a general chorus of laughter;

Young BAL seemed abashed at the general yabboo!

And pooh-poohed his new mount! What the doose is he after?

I'm bound to admit the Horse looks pretty fit,

And the boy sits him well, and as though he meant trying.

I say, this won't do! I must bounce him a bit.

Most awkward, you know, if his "slug" takes to flying!

Rising Young Jockey (aside). Hillo! There's Old WILLIAM! He's

out on the scoot.

The artful Old Hand! Hope he'll like what he looks on!

He slated this nag as a peacocky brute,

Whose utter collapse they've been building their books on.

How now, my spy veteran? Only a boy

On a three-legged crock? Well, I own you are older,

And watching your riding's a thing to enjoy;

There isn't a Jock who is defter and bolder;

Your power, authority, eloquence—yes,

For your gift of the gab is a caution—are splendid;

But—the youngster may teach you a lesson, I guess,

As to judgment of pace ere the contest is ended.

Grand Old Jockey (aloud). Well, ARTHUR my lad, in the saddle [again!]

Is that your crack mount?

Rising Young Jockey. The identical one, WILL.

Grand Old Jockey. Dear, dear, what a pity! It quite gives me pain

To see you so wasted.

Rising Young Jockey. That's only your fun, WILL. [points.]

Grand Old Jockey. Nay, nay, not at all! Don't think much of his

He's not bred like a true-blood, nor built like a winner.

Not well put together, so coarse in his joints,

In fact—only fit for a hunting-pack's dinner!

Rising Young Jockey (laughing). Oh! "Cat's-meat!" is your cry,

is it, WILLIAM? Well, well!

We shall see about that when the winning-post's handy. [tell

Grand Old Jockey. You won't, my brave boy; that a novice could

You'll be left in the ruck at the end, my young dandy. [yet—

Rising Young Jockey. Perhaps! Still the pencilers haven't,—as

Quite knocked the nag out with their furious fever

Of hot opposition. Some cool ones still bet

On his chance of a win.

Grand Old Jockey (contemptuously). Ah, you're wonderful clever.

But we have got one in our Stable, my lad,

Who can—just lick his head off!

Rising Young Jockey (drily). Now have you indeed, WILL?

I fancy I've heard that before. Very glad

That your lot are in luck; and I hope you'll succeed, WILL,

But bless me! yours seems such a very Dark Horse!

Oh! there, don't fire up so! Your word I won't doubt, WILL.

You say so, and one must believe you, of course;

But—*isn't* it time that you brought the nag out, WILL?



A VERY "DARK HORSE."

OLD JOCKEY. "DON'T THINK MUCH OF HIS POINTS! WE'VE ONE IN OUR STABLE CAN LICK HIS HEAD OFF!"

YOUNG JOCKEY. "*HAVE* YOU? THEN WHY DON'T YOU *BRING HIM OUT?*"

HISTORY AS SHE IS PLAYED!

Questioner. Why should M. V. SARDOU be called the Historian of the French Revolution?

Answerer. Because in *Thermidor* he has given an entirely new version of the "Reign of Terror."

Q. Was the "Reign of Terror" very terrible?

A. Not very. At the Opéra Comique it had its comic side.

Q. How was that?

A. For instance, *les trico-teuses* were represented by comely, albeit plump maidens, who seemed more inclined to dance round a Maypole than haunt a scaffold.

Q. Were ROBESPIERRE, ST. JUST, and the rest, cruel and vindictive?

A. I should say not; and I found my conclusion on the fact that they engaged an actor given to practical joking as an officer of the Public Security.

Q. From this, do you take it that ROBESPIERRE must have had a subtle sense of humour?

A. I do; and the impression is strengthened by his order for a general slaughter of Ursuline Nuns.

Q. Why should he order such a massacre?

A. To catch the heroine of *Thermidor*, a lady who had taken the vows under the impression that her lover had been killed by the enemy.

Q. Had her lover been killed?

A. Certainly not; he had preferred to surrender.

Q. Can you give me any idea of the component part of a revolutionary crowd?

A. At the Opéra Comique, a revolutionary crowd seems



NATURE V. ART.

Æsthetic Friend. "YES, THIS ROOM'S RATHER NICE, ALL BUT THE WINDOW, WITH THESE LARGE BLANK PANES OF PLATE-GLASS! I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE SOME SORT OF PATTERN ON THEM—LITTLE SQUARES OR LOZENGES OR ARABESQUES—"

Philistine. "WELL, BUT THOSE LOVELY CHERRY BLOSSOMS, AND THE LAKE, AND THE DISTANT MOUNTAIN, AND THE BEAUTIFUL SUNSETS, AND THE PURPLE CLOUDS—ISN'T THAT PATTERN ENOUGH?"

to consist of a number of mournful loungers, who have nothing to do save to take a languid interest in the fate of a tearful maiden, and a few *gens d'armes* a little uncertain about their parade-ground.

Q. How do the mournful loungers express their interest in the fate of the tearful maiden?

A. By pointing her out one to another, and when she is ordered off to execution removing their hats, and fixing their attention on something concealed behind the scenes.

Q. What is your present idea of the Reign of Terror?

A. My present idea of the Reign of Terror is, that it was the mildest thing imaginable. In my opinion, not even a child in arms would have been frightened at it.

Q. Do you not consider M. MAYER deserving of honour?

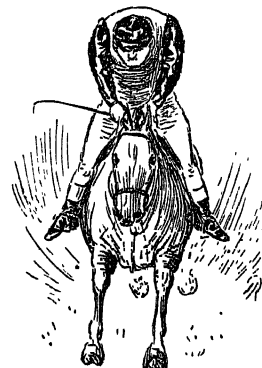
A. Certainly I do. For has he not removed (with the assistance of M. SARDOU and the Opéra Comique) several fond illusions of my youth?

THE MORNING OF THE DERBY.—*Hamlet* considering whether he shall go to Epsom for the great race or not, soliloquises, "*Der-be* or not *Der-be*, that is the question." [N.B.—As to the other lines, go as you please. "The rest is silence."]

"MARRIED AND SINGLE" should be played by Lady-Cricketers. No single young person under seventeen should be permitted an innings, as any two sweet sixteens would be "not out," and there would be no chance for the other side. Match-makers are only interested in the Single.

LADY GAY'S SELECTIONS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—For the first time have I seen myself in print!—and I must say I think it very becoming—and so nice and cool too this hot weather! You are indeed a sweet creature for adopting my idea so readily—and I really must say that if these obstinate Members of Parliament who oppose Women's Suffrage would only alter their views, it would be much better for the Country—or worse—I don't know which!



Sir MINTING BLOUNDELL, whose criticism on my contribution to your well-written journal I invited, complimented me on my style, and suggested that when giving my selections it might be as well to refer to the "Home Trials" of the horses mentioned—but I venture to disagree with him! Goodness knows we all have home trials enough! (Lord ARTHUR and I frequently do not speak for a week unless someone is present)—but I do not think these things should be made public, and besides, it is an unwritten law amongst "smart" people to avoid subjects that "chafe"—which sounds like an

anachronism—whatever that means! Having an opportunity of a "last word" on the Derby, I should like to say that, although my confidence in my last week's selection, *La Flèche*, is unshaken, I wish to have a second "arrow" to my bow in *Llanthony*—of whom

a very keen judge of racing (Lord BOURNEMOUTH to wit) has formed the opinion that—in his own words—"he will be on the premises"! The premises in question being Epsom Downs, there will undoubtedly be room for him without his filling an unnecessarily prominent position, so I will couple *Llanthony* with *La Flèche* to supply the probable last in the Derby.

Meanwhile, I must say a word or two about the Ladies' Race at Epsom on Friday next. There is absolutely no knowing what will start for the Oaks nowadays until the numbers go up—and no Turf Prophet will venture a selection until the morning of the race—and this is where the perspicuity of an Editor like yourself, *Mr. Punch*, scores a distinct hit—for such a paltry consideration as "knowing nothing about it" is not likely to daunt a woman who takes as her motto the well-known line from SHAKESPEARE: "Thus Angels rush where Cowards fear to tread!"—so herewith I confidently append my verse selection for the last Mare in the Oaks!

Yours devotedly, LADY GAY.

THE TIP.

'Tis the voice of the Sluggard, I hear him complain,

You have waked me too soon—an unpleasant surprise!

In an hour or so later pray call me again,

When, if feeling refreshed, I will straightway "*Arise!*"

QUITE IN KEEPING.—The Earl of DYSART has left the ranks of the Liberal Unionists and become a Gladstonian Home-Ruler. "What more natural?" asked one of his former Unionist friends. "Of course he's dysarted us!"



A MISUNDERSTANDING.

He. "OH, IF I'D ONLY BEEN A 'BEAR'!"

She. "IF YOU HAD BEEN, YOU COULDN'T GROWL WORSE THAN YOU DO!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 23.—REDMOND, Junior, said really funny thing just now. Rising to take part in resumed Debate on Irish Local Government Bill, he announced in loud angry tone that it would be waste of time to discuss a Bill the Government evidently did not intend to press through this Session, and he for one would be no party to such a farce. Then he went on to talk for half an hour.

Debate on the whole something better than last week's contribution.

O'BRIEN delivered himself of glowing denunciation full of felicitous phrases, all got through in half an hour. CHAMBERLAIN followed; has not yet got over startling novelty of his interposition in Debate being welcomed by loud cheers from Conservatives; thinks of old Aston-Park days, when the cheering was, as WEBSTER (not Attorney-General) says, "on the other boot." Now, when JOSEPH gets up to demolish his Brethren sitting near, Conservatives opposite settle themselves down with the peculiar rustling motion with which a congregation in crowded church or chapel arrange themselves to listen to a favourite preacher. Pretty to watch them as CHAMBERLAIN goes forward with his speech, delighting them with surprise to find how much better is their position than they thought when it was recommended or extolled from their own side. JOSEPH not nearly so acrimonious to-night as sometimes. Still, as usual, his speech chiefly directed to his former Brethren who sit attentive, thinking occasionally with regret of the fatal shallowness of the pit, and the absence of arrangement for hermetically

sealing it. If only— But that is another story. COURTNEY at end of Bench is thinking of still another, which has the rare charm of being true. It befel at a quiet dinner where JOSEPH, finding himself in contiguity with Chairman of Committees, took opportunity of rebuking him for his alleged laxity in repressing disorder.

"I should like to know," he asked, "whether, supposing I were to fire a pistol across the House, you would call it a breach of order."

"I don't think, CHAMBERLAIN," said Prince ARTHUR, who was sitting at the other side of the table, "that if you were going to fire a pistol in the Commons, you would point it across the House." TIM HEALY just back from Dublin, where he's been appearing in his favourite character of pacificator; followed CHAMBERLAIN, and later came SAUNDERSON. But even he suffered from prevailing tone of dulness, and WILFRID LAWSON, fast asleep in the corner by Cross Benches, did not miss much. *Business done.*— More talk on Local Government Bill.

Tuesday.—If anyone looking on at House of Commons at three o'clock this afternoon had predicted that within an hour it would be teeming with life, brimming over with human interest, he would have been looked upon with cold suspicion. NOLAN had taken the floor, and was understood to be expressing his deliberate opinion on merits of Irish Local Government Bill. He was certainly saying something, but what it might be no man could tell. LYON PLAYFAIR, who is up in all kinds of statistics, tells me 120 words per minute is the average utterance of articulate speech. NOLAN was doing his 300, and sometimes exceeded that rate. Not a comma in a column of it. A humming-top on the subject would have been precisely as instructive and convincing. Some twenty Members sat there fascinated by the performance. It was not delivered in a



"Joe!"



The Fighting Colonel.



THE GLADSTONIAN BAGMAN.

["I regard myself as a commercial traveller."—Speech by Sir William Harcourt at Bristol, May 11, 1892.]

monotone, in which case one could have slept. NOLAN was evidently arguing in incisive manner, shirking no obstacle, avoiding no point in the Bill, or any hit made by previous speaker. His voice rose and fell with convincing modulation. He seemed to be always dropping into an aside, which led him into another, that opened a sort of Clapham Junction of converging points. One after the other, the Colonel, with full steam up, ran along; when he reached terminus of siding, racing back at sixty miles an hour; and so up and down another. Only guessed this from modulation of his voice and the intelligent nodding of the head with which he compelled the attention of ATTORNEY-GENERAL FOR IRELAND. For just over half an hour he kept up this pace, and, saving a trot for the avenue, fell back into his seat gasping for breath, having concluded a sentence nine hundred words long worked off in three minutes by the astonished clock.

An interval of T. W. RUSSELL, with one of his adroitly-argued, lucidly-arranged speeches. Then Mr. G. and transformation scene. House filled up as if by magic. In ten minutes not a seat vacant on floor; Members running into Side Gallery, nimbly hopping over Benches, to get on front line so as to watch as well as hear the last and the greatest of the old Parliamentarians. As suddenly and swiftly as the House had filled, the limp lay figure of the Debate throbbed with life. Scene of the kind witnessed only once or twice in Session. Six hundred pair of eyes all turned eagerly upon figure standing at Table, denouncing with uplifted arm, and voice ringing with indignation, the iniquities of the MARKISS, safely absent, and of his nephew, Prince ARTHUR, serenely present.

A great speech; an achievement which, if it stood alone, sufficient to make a reputation. And yet, when result of Division announced, it was found that majority of an iniquitous Government had run up to 92!

Everyone delighted to hear the interesting news from 27, St. James's Place, which gives an heir to the Spencer Earldom, and has spread a feeling of joy and contentment throughout Althorpe and Mid-Northamptonshire. The latest news, brought down just now by MARJORIBANKS, is "BOBBY is doing as well as can be expected." *Business done.*—Irish Local Government Bill read Second Time, by 339 votes against 247.

Wednesday.—Hail! Sir HENRY WIGGIN, Bart, M.P.; B.B.K., as ARTHUR ORTON called himself when resident in the wilds of Australia, and explained that the style imported Baronet of the British



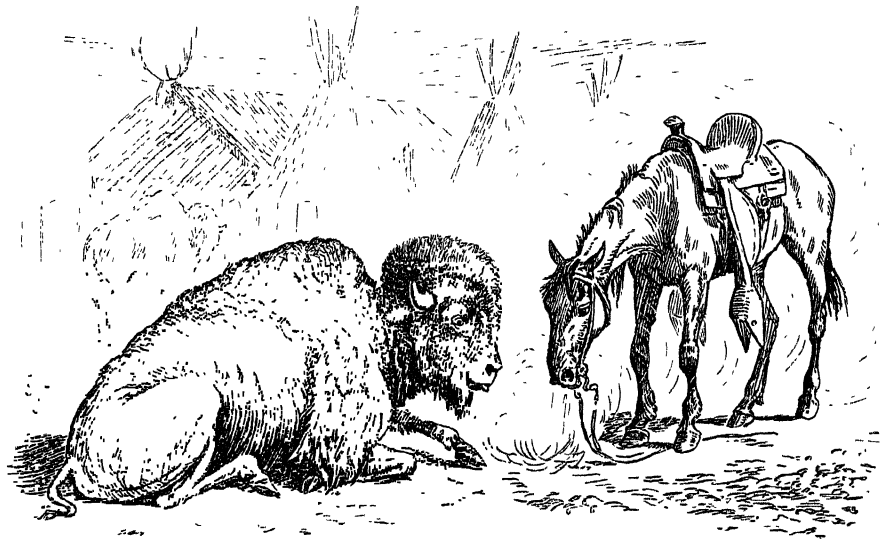
"T. W."

Kingdom. Now we know what was the meaning of that foray upon the House the other day, when, with the Chairman in the Chair, and Committee fully constituted, the waggish WIGGIN walked adown the House, with his hat cocked on one side of his head, in defiance of Parliamentary etiquette. The Birthday Gazette was even then being drafted, and to-day the wanton WIGGIN is Sir HENRY, Baronet of the United Kingdom. Not a more popular announcement in the list. An honest, kindly, shrewd WIGGIN it is, with a face whose genial smile all people, warming under it, instinctively return.

Business done.—WIGGIN made B.B.K.

Thursday.—Quite a long time reaching Vote on Account; two hours taken for discussion of Birmingham Water Bill; Gentlemen in Radical camp much exercised about size of fish in streams annexed for purposes of Birmingham water supply. CHAMBERLAIN, who has charge of Bill, says he never caught one longer than two inches. DILLWYN protests that fishing in same waters he rarely caught one less than a pound weight. Evidently a mistake somewhere. House perplexed, finally passed Bill through Committee.

Then Rev. SAM SMITH wants to know more about Polynesian Labour Traffic. The NOBLE BARON who has charge of Colonial



OVERHEARD AT EARL'S COURT.

Old Buffer. "UGH! I'M TIRED TO DEATH OF BEING HUNTED! BLESSED IF I'LL RUN AWAY FROM THOSE BLANK CARTRIDGES AGAIN!"

Broncho. "YES, YOU BET! AND I'VE MADE UP MY MIND TO QUIT BUCKING. IT'S PERFECTLY SICKENING HAVING TO DO IT FROM YEAR'S END TO YEAR'S END!"

affairs in Commons, whilst controverting all his statements, says "everyone must admit that the Hon. Member has spoken from his heart." "Which," NOVAR says, "it reminds me of the couplet Joe

Gargery meant to put on the tombstone of his lamented father. 'Whatsum'er the failings on his part, Remember, reader, he were that good in his hart.'"

At length in Committee of Supply; Vote on Account moved; Mr. G. on

his feet wanting to know you know; doesn't once mention the Dissolution; but puts it to Prince ARTHUR whether, really, the time hasn't come when House should learn something with respect to intentions of Government touching finance, their principal Bills, and, in short, "so far foreshadowing the probable termination of the Session?" Wouldn't on any account hurry him; any day he likes will do; only getting time something should be said. Prince ARTHUR, gratefully acknowledging Mr. G.'s kind way of putting it, agreed with his view. Some day he



The Noble Baron.

will tell us something; to-day he will say nothing. A pretty bit of by-play; excellently done by both leading Gentlemen; perfectly understood by laughing House.

Business done.—Shadow of Dissolution gathering close.

Friday.—I see TAY PAY, in the interesting Sunday journal he admirably edits, reproaches me because, in this particular page of history, "Mr. SEXTON," he says, "is derided constantly and shamefully." *Anglicè:* Occasionally when, in a faithful record of Parliamentary events, SEXTON's part in the proceedings must needs be noticed, it is gently hinted that among his many admirable qualities terseness of diction is not prominent. In fact he has been sometimes alluded to by the playful prefix WINDBAG. If TAY PAY had been content to administer reproof, it would have been well. But he goes on to discuss SEXTON's parliamentary style, and comes to this conclusion:—"Mr. SEXTON's one fault as a speaker is that he does not proportion his observations sufficiently at certain stages in his speeches; and that preparation sometimes has the effect of tempting him to over-elaboration." If TAY PAY likes to put it that way, no one can object. Only, space in this journal being more valuable, the same thing is said in a single word.

Business done.—Small Holdings Bill sent on to the Lords.

A DAY AT ANTWERP.

(By the "Vacuus Viator.")

In the *Place Verte*.—"The traveller," according to *Badeker*, "should at once direct his steps to the Cathedral." Not going to be bullied by *Badeker*! Shall assert my independence by directing steps somewhere else first. Carillon tinkling fitfully up in tower. Like an elderly ghost with failing memory, trying to play every tune she ever knew all at once on a cracked old spinnet. Fancy I detect fragment of "*The Heavens are Telling*," tripped up by the "*Old Hundredth*," and falling over "*Haydn's Surprise*." Ghost tries back, and just as she seems about to arrive at something definite—suddenly gives it up as hopeless. To Church of St. Paulus, to see the Calvary. Small but highly intelligent Belgian Boy, who speaks English, insists on volunteering services. (Why aren't our street-boys taught French and German in Board Schools?—make all the difference to foreigners in London.) Boy takes me up avenue of heroic-sized scriptural statues, introduces me to "Moise," "Dahvit mit de 'arp," and others. Kind of him—but I wish he would go. Offer him twopence. Boy declines with indignation. Young Belgium evidently high-minded and sensitive. He informs me that, in a certain church he refers to as "*Sin Yack*," there are "*RUBENS*' peecture—mooch fine," and plainly proposes to conduct me thither. Mustn't hurt his feelings again—so accept. Boy clumps on ahead, down alleys, and through back-streets, and round corners, looking round severely at intervals to see that I am not giving him the slip. Nice friendly little fellow—but despotic. Don't seem to be much nearer; "*Sin Yack*" evidently a saint of retiring disposition. . . . At last. Boy points him out triumphantly. Thank him, with apologies for taking him so much out of his way. Boy demands two francs. Hint, as delicately as possible, that I consider this estimate of the value of his time and society somewhat high. Boy peremptory. Give him fifty centimes. Boy abusive; follows me with uncomplimentary remarks. I can not go about Antwerp all day with a hostile boy harassing my rear like this! So undignified. However, shall find sanctuary with "*Sin Yack*." Every door closed. Boy at a distance—chuckling, I am afraid. Shall walk on—not *hurrying*, but briskly. Boy gone at last—thank goodness!—with Parthian-yelp of "*Rosbif*!"

In the *Cathedral*.—Being shown round by Sacristan, in company with two respectable young Britons. "You shee dot oltarbiece, gentlemen," says Sacristan, "paint by RUBENS, in seexteen day, for seexteen hondert florin." Whereupon both Britons make a kind of "cluck" with their tongues. "Dat vos von hondert florin efery day he vas paint," explains the Sacristan. Britons do this division sum in their heads, check it as correct, and evidently feel increased respect for RUBENS as capable for an artist—of driving a good bargain. "RUBENS baint him ven he vas seexteen," which younger Briton considers "very creditable to him, too!" They inspect the High Altar, with more clucks, and inform one another, with the air of Protestants who are above prejudice, that it's a marvellous piece o' work, though, mind yer! Sacristan points out holes underneath choir-stalls. "De organ is blay over dere, and de mooschique he com out hier troo de 'oles, so all be beoples vas vonder vere de sechounds com from!" First Briton remarks to me that "That's a rum start, and no mistake." I agree that it is a rum start. I shall find myself clucking presently, I know! "Haf you soheen yed de bortsraits of GLADSTONE and Lort BAGONSFEELDT?" Sacristan asks us "... No?" then I show you." He leads us up to the final of one of the stalls, which is carved in the figure of a monk. "Is not dat de Ole Grandt Man himself?" he asks, triumphantly. Second Briton agrees "It's a wonderful likeness, reelly." His Companion admits "They've got old GLADSTONE there to a t"—but adds that "come to that, it might do for either of 'em." "Lort BAGONSFEELDT" is opposite, but, as Sacristan observes, would be more like "if dey only vas gif him a leedle gurl on de vorehead." Next we are taken to the Retro-Choir and shown the "mosh gurious and peautiful bainting in de ole Cathedrale. Sohtand yust hier, Gentlemens, now you see him. Beoples say, 'Oh, yais, ve know, yust a marble-garvings—a baw releff!' I dell you, nodings of de kindt. All so flat as a biece of vite baper—com close up. Vat you tink? Vonderful, hey?" Britons deeply impressed by this and

other wonders, and inform Sacristan that their own Cathedrals "ain't in it." "Look at the value of the things they've got 'ere, you know," they say to me, clucking, and then depart, after asking Sacristan the nearest way to the Zoo.

At *Table d'hôte*.—Fellow-countrymen to the fore; both my immediate neighbours English, but neither shows any inclination to converse. Rather glad of it; afternoon of Museums and Galleries instructive—but exhausting. Usual Chatty Clergyman at end of table, talking Guide-book intelligently; wife next him, ruminating in silence and dismally, contemplating artificial plant in a plated pot in front of her. It is a depressing object—but why look at it? Horror of two Sportsmen opposite on being offered snipe. "Snipe now—Great Scott!" they exclaim, "And ain't they high too?" One helps himself to some, with a sense that being on the Continent makes all the difference. But even his courage fails on being offered stewed apricots with it. Close by a couple of Americans; a dry middle-aged man, and a talkative young fellow who informs him he was at Harvard. Elder man listens to him with a grim and wooden forbearance. "Ez fur languages," the younger man is saying, "I'd undertake to learn any language inside of six months. F'r enstance,

I got up Trigonometry in two. You'll tell me that *isn't* a language, and that's so, but take *Latin* now, I'd learn Latin—to write and speak—in a year. Italian I'd learn in a fortnight—with constant study, you understand. Then there's German. Well, I can't read German—not in their German text, I can't, and I don't speak it with fluency, but I can ask my way in it, and order anything I want, and I reckon that's about as much as a man requires to know of any language. Will you take a glass of wine out of my bottle? I've another coming along." Elder man declines stiffly, on plea that he is almost a teetotaler. "Well, maybe you're wise," says the Harvard man, "but I've discovered a thing that'll put you all right in the morning when you've eaten or drunk more'n's good for you overnight. I'll tell you what that thing is. It's just persly—plain ordinary simple persly. You eat a bunch o' fresh persly first thing you get up, and it don't matter what you've taken, you'll feel just as bright!" Elder man, who has been cutting up his chicken into very small pieces, looks up and says solemnly, "You may consider yourself vurry fortunate in being able to correct the errors you allude to by a means which is at once so efficacious and so innocent." After which he subsides into his salad. Harvard man shut up.

In the *Pumoir*.—Two drearily undecided men trying to make up their minds where to go next. Shall they stay at Antwerp for a day or two, or go over to Brussels, or go back to Calais and stay there, or what? "Calais is on their way home, anyhow," says one, and the other, without attempting to deny this, thinks "there may be more to see at Brussels." "Not more than there is here," says his friend; "all these places much about the same." "Well," says the first, yawning, "shall we stay where we are?" "Just as you please," says the other. "No; but what would you rather do?" "... Me? oh, I'm entirely in your hands!" First man, who has had Green Chartreuse with his coffee and seems

snappish, annoyed at this, and says, "it's dam nonsense going on like that." "Oh," says the second, "then you leave it to me—is that it?" "Haven't I been saying so all along!" growls the other. Second Undecided Man silent for a time, evidently forcing himself to come to a decision of some sort. At last he looks up with relief. "Well," he says, very slowly, "what do you think about it?" Whereupon they begin all over again. This indecision is catching—leave them.

In the *Street*—about 11:30 p.m.—Back from Variety Theatre. Hotel doors closed. Have rung several times—no result at present. Curious impression that I shall be hauled up before a Dean or somebody for this to-morrow and fined or gated. Wish they'd let me in—chilly out here. Is there a night-porter? If not—awkward. Carillon again from Cathedral tower. Ghost has managed to recollect a whole tune at last, picking it out with one finger. Seem to have heard it before—what the Dickens is it? Recognise it as the "*Mandolinata in E*." Remember the Voxes Family dancing to it long ago in the Drury Lane Pantomime. Not exactly the tune one would expect to meet in a Cathedral... Unbolting behind doors. Nervous feeling. Half inclined to assure Porter penitently that this shall not occur again. Wish him good-night instead—pleasantly. Porter grunts—unpleasantly. Depressing to be grunted at the last thing at night. To bed, chastened.



"Rosbif!"

THE MOAN OF THE MUSIC-HALL MUSE.

[It is hinted that the vogue of the tremendously successful but tyrannously ubiquitous "Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay!" is beginning, at last, to wane.]

She museth upon "the Boom that waneth every day," and wondering what she shall "star" with next, breaketh forth into "amiliat strains":—

AIR—"What will you do, Love?"

WHAT shall I do now? My song was going

Like a tide flowing, all Booms beyond;
What shall I do, though, when critics hide it,

And cads deride it who're now so fond?
"Ta-ra-ra" chiding, "Boom-de-ay" de-riding!—

Nought is abiding—that's sadly true!
I'll pray for another Sensation Notion.

With deep emotion—that's what I'll do!

(Gazes mournfully at her unstrung harp, and, smitten by another reminiscence, sings plaintively):—

AIR—"The harp that once through Tara(r)'s Halls,"

The harp that once through Music Halls

Sheer maddening rapture shed,
Now hangs as mute on willow-walls

As though that Boom were dead.
So dims the pride of former days,
So fame's fine thrill is o'er,

And throngs who once yelled high with praise,
Now find the Boom a bore.

No more to toffs and totties bright

Thy tones, "Ta-ra-ra" swell.
The gloom that hailed my turn to-night
Sad tales of "staleness" tell.

The Chorus now will seldom wake,
The old mad cheers who gives?
And LOTTIE some new ground must break
To prove that still she lives.

What would you do, now, if home re-
turning,

With anger burning at the fickle crew,
You found the prospect of another Boom,
To dispel your gloom—ah! what would you do?

Why then by Ta-Ra, I'd bless the morrow
And banish sorrow, and raise my "screw."
I'd re-string this Harp hung no more on the willow,

And with tears my pillow no more bedew.

TO BE, OR NOT TO BE—DISCOVERED!

SCENE—A Borough. TIME—Within measurable distance of the General Election.
Enter BROWN and JONES.

Brown. Well, JONES, I am glad to hear that you purpose standing for Parliament. You are a first-class man, and the House will be all the better for having your assistance.

Jones. You are mistaken, my dear BROWN. I did intend to stand for Parliament, but since the Archbishop has published his letter, I have determined to retire from the contest.

Brown. What nonsense! Why I, as you know, have been in the House for years, and I assure you I have never met a more suitable man for the place. Why, my dear JONES, you are absolutely cut out for Parliament—absolutely cut out for it!

Jones (sadly). I wish I could think so. But alas, no, after the Archbishop's letter, I must, I will give it up.

Brown. Have you not made the question of the Criminal Code your own?

Jones. Yes, but I must admit (and I make the admission with shame) that years ago at school I was rightly accused of stealing apples.

Brown. And was the accusation believed—were you punished?

Jones (struggling with his emotion). Alas! it was, and I received (from the Bench) a severe reprimand. It brings the red blood into my cheeks—a severe reprimand!

Brown. Then you know all about the Libel Acts,—you are up in a slander?

Jones (bitterly). And should I not be? Do you not know that I was once fined ten shillings and costs for saying that a drunken cook was intoxicated!

Brown. Surely there was not much harm in that?

Jones. It was immoral to call the cook intoxicated, and the Archbishop says, "that persons previously condemned on grounds of immorality of all kinds are not proper legislators." Under the circumstances I have detailed, I should not be a proper legislator!

Brown. But look at me! Here am I living a free life, doing exactly what I please, and deserving the censure of the Bench five times a week! I will undertake to say that you are three times as good a fellow as I am; yet I am as certain of my seat as possible.

Jones (sadly). But there is a gulf between us—the gulf that divides not-entirely-conscious innocence and half-imaginary vice. You are safe, and I am not.

Brown. I don't see why! Why am I safe? Or rather let me mend the question—why do you think your chance of being elected so small?

Jones. Because, my dear BROWN, I have been found out!

[Scene closes in upon conventional virtue perfunctorily triumphant.]

A BLIZZARD FROM THE NORTH.

["The plea of the existence of such custom, or habit, or practice of copying as is set up can no more be supported when challenged than the highwayman's plea of the custom of Hounslow Heath."—Justice North's Judgment in the Copyright Action "Walter v. Steinkopf."]

So "Stand and deliver!" will not quite do
In the year eighteen hundred and ninety-two;
And if you are caught on the Queen's high-
way,

With a something for which you've omitted to
No use to try putting in—under your breath—
The plea of the custom of Hounslow Heath!

Thanks to the Times and to Justice NORTH!
The highway—of News—may be clearer
henceforth

Of robber daring and footpad sly.
To stop a coach, or to fake a cly,
Boldly to lift or astutely sneak,
Will expose a prig to the bobby's tweak,
And he shall not shelter himself beneath
The plea of the custom of Hounslow Heath.

Autolycus now must buy his wares,
And not with his neighbours go (gratis) shares.

"Thou shalt not steal—not even brains,"
Says Justice NORTH, and his rule remains.
Thanks to the Justice, thanks to the Times!

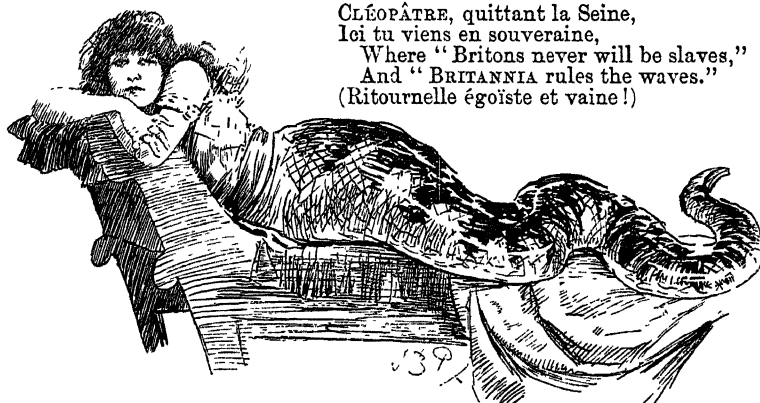
Plain new definitions of ancient crimes
Are needful now when robbers unsheath
The old plea of the custom of Hounslow Heath!

OUR SAL VOLATILE OR, A WRIGGLER SARPINT OF OLD NILE.

CLÉOPÂTRE, quittant la Seine,
Ici tu viens en souveraine,

Where "Britons never will be slaves,"
And "BRITANNIA rules the waves."

(Ritournelle égoïste et vaine!)





THE GRAND OLD GEORGIE PORGIE.

GEORGIE-PORGIE GRAND BUT SLY
KISSED THE GIRLS TO RAISE A CRY;

WHEN THE GIRLS CAME OUT TO PLAY
GEORGIE-PORGIE RAN AWAY!

DEFINITION OF "STUFF AND NONSENSE."—A Junior urging a ridiculous plea.

THE WINNER OF THE DERBY.—*Hugo* in future is to be remembered as "*Victor Hugo*."

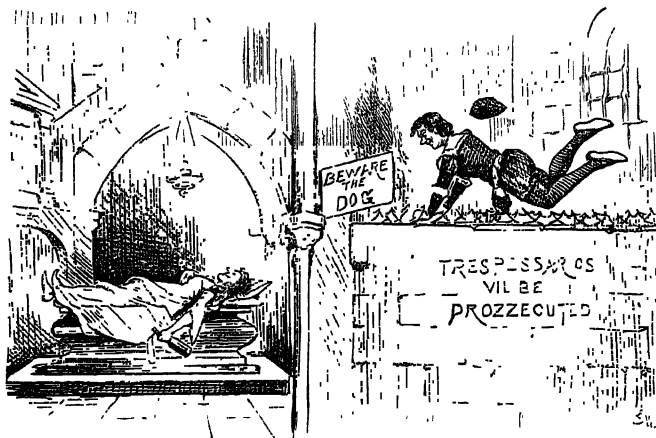
OPERA-GOER'S DIARY.

Monday.—GOUNOD'S *Roméo et Juliette. Les deux frères* ("Brothers of Corse"), JEAN and EDOUARD, excellent respectively as *Roméo* and *Friar Laurent*. EDWARD looked the reverend, kind-hearted, but eccentric herbalist to the life, singing splendidly. But Brother JOHN, in black wig, black moustache, and with pallid face, look so unhealthy a *Roméo* that his appearance must have first excited *Juliet's* pity, which we all know is akin to love. My



Hot Weather. The Friar proposes cider—"cupping" as a remedy. Dance of Joy in consequence.

advice to JOHNNIE DE RESZKÉ is to "lighten the part," and "do it on his head,"—which, being summed up, means flaxen-haired wig and light moustache. *Juliette Eames* charming. *Nurse Bauermeister* too young. *Tybalt Montariol*, when killed, must not lie "toes up" too close to Curtain. Friendly members of Capulet faction rescued his legs, otherwise these members must have suffered. M. DUFRICHE, as *Mercutio*, mistaken for EDOUARD DE RESZKÉ. Subsequent appearance of the real Simon Pure as The Friar only com-



Vaults on both sides.

plicated matters, but death of *Mercutio* settles it. The survivor is EDOUARD DE RESZKÉ. Mr. ALEC MARSH, late of English Comic Opera, appears as the *Duke of Verona*, and everyone admires his Grace.

Tuesday.—*Orfeo*. Everyone talking of to-morrow's Derby. Bets "taken and Orf" eo.

Wednesday.—*Derby Day Night*—celebrated by performance of *Philemon and Caveria*. Both favourites. But in honour of the winner *Hugo*, the Opera ought to have been the *Hugo-nots*.

Thursday.—*Lohengrin*. *Rentrée* of Madame NORDICA as *Elsa*, who couldn't be bettered by anybody Elser. *Lohengrin* is "The Johnnie of the Opera," i.e., JOHNNIE DE RESZKÉ. First-rate: no longer does he appear in dark hair as in *Roméo*; but as a Knight light, suitable to the time of year.

Friday.—*Il Vascello Fantasma*, which is the *Flying Dutchman*

with MAGGIE MACINTYRE Mac-in-tirely restored to us as the charming *Senta*—quite an Eighty-per-*Senta*—of attraction. Awful appearance of Phantom Ship! Evidently straight from Dead Sea. Racing conversation in all parts of house. "Ancient Mariners," or "Old Epsom Salts," talking about *Flying Dutchman's* year, 1849.

Saturday—Progress reported generally. MELBA very good. Miss EAMES being absent, we miss EAMES. House counted out by midnight. DRUROLANUS satisfied with Derby Week.

THE WELSHERS AT THE MANSHUN HOUSE.

WE've ad the Welshers ere, and did they injy theirselves? Didn't they jest! And wasn't they all jest perlite to us Waiters, as all true gents allus is, and didn't they amost shout theirselves hoarse when the LORD MARE got up to perpose the fust Toast! But not qwite, oh no, not by no means, or they woodn't have bin abel to sing what they calls their Nashnal Hanthem so bewtifully that they made the werry tears cum into my old eyes! One on'em kindly told me as they calls it, "Bim glad to find Ada," which means, "The Land of my Fathers"! and a werry nice name too, tho I don't quite see why they should leave out their pore Mothers, but it's the ushal way of the world, out of site out of mind! but they makes up for it by calling the Land of their Fathers, their Mother country, so it comes all rite in the end.

The same kind Gent told me he oped they would sing their favrit song, "Ah, hide her nose!" commonly called "Poor MARY ANN!" so I should think indeed.

I didn't see, in looking down the long list of Gests, no gent by the name of TAFFY, at which I was summut serprized.

I heard a gent interdoosed as the Edditer of "the General Gimrig," which I takes to be a Raddicle Paper. I didn't at all no afore what a wunderfooll harrystokratic place little Wales is. Why we had about a duzen Nobbelmen inclewding a reel Dook, and as if that wasn't rayther a staggerer, we had no less than four reel Bishups with Harchdeecuns to match, about thirty Members of Parlemtent, and quite a brood of Welch Mares.

I suddenly thort as I had had a werry fair sampel of Welch enthusiasm and Welch loyalty when I herd them jine in singin our Nashnal Anthem; but lor, it] was nothin to their recephun of the LORD MARE when he guv 'em the Toast of the hevening, "Wales!" Why they sprung to their feet, Bishups, and Harchdeecuns, and Dook, and Nobbelmen, and M.P.'s and all, and shouted and cheerd and emtied their glasses, and then gave three such cheers as made the hold All ring again! Which I wished as the Prinse of WALES was there to heer 'em.

BROWN and me had our nice quiet larf together at the ushal bit of fun. When sum werry ellerkent gent was a makin a speach as was rayther too long for them as wanted to heer the lovely Welch mewsic, they began for to hammer on the table with our bewtiful silver spoons and reel cut glasses, meaning to say, "That's about enuff," but the pore dewlwded Horrator thort it meant, "Keep it up, my boy; it's splendid!" So he kep it up till two of our best glasses was broke, and then he kindly sat down looking the werry pictur of happiness. It reminded me of a similar little delushun as we practises early in the year. "Waiter," says sum hungry Gent, "bring me sum more Whitebait," and I takes him sum more Sprats, and he is quite content! As our Grate Poet says, "Where ignorance makes you 'appy, remane as you are"! Upon the whole, I ventures to think as the Welch Nashnal Bankwet, given by Lord Mare EVANS, was about the most successfull as I have ewer assisted at during my menny years of such pleasant xperiences. I finishes by saying, I should werry much like to see a reel Irish Lord Mare try his hand in the same Nashnal way.

ROBERT.

A TIP-TOP TIPSTER.

[In some spirited verses that appeared in the *Sportsman*, on the morning of Derby Day, Mr. JOHN TREW-HAY, alone amongst the prophets, selected *Sir Hugo* as the winner.]

YE Gods, what a Prophet! We thought 'twas his fun,
For the horse that he picked stood at fifty to one,
And we all felt inclined in our pride to say, "You go
To Bath and be blowed!" when he plumped for *Sir Hugo*.
But henceforth we shall know, though the bookies may laugh,
That this HAY means a harvest, and cannot mean chaff.
Though it lies on the turf, there's no sportsman can rue
That he trusted such HAY when he knew it was TREW!

"RESIGNATION OF AN ALDERMAN."—He had had two basins of Turtle. He asked for yet another. "All gone, Sir; Turtle off!" was the Waiter's answer. The Alderman said not a word; he smiled a sickly smile. There was no help for it, or "no helping of it," as he truthfully put it. He would do his best with the remainder of the menu. The resignation of the Alderman was indeed a sight to touch the heart even of ROBERT the City Waiter.

BRER FOX AND OLE MAN CROW.

(A Fable somewhat in the fashion of "Uncle Remus," but with applications nearer home.)

OLE Man Crow he wuz settin' on der rail,
 Brer Fox he up en he sez, sezee,
 "Dis yer's a sight dat yo' otter see!"
 En he show him der tip of his (Ulster) tail.
 "Eve'y gent otter have a lick at dis yer,
 So's ter know w'at's w'at; en yer needn't fear!"
 "Oho! Oho!"
 Sez Ole Man Crow.
 "But der Irish butter I've a notion dat I know!"

Brer Fox he boast, and Brer Fox he bounce,
 But Ole Man Crow heft his weight to an ounce.
 "W'at, tote me round der Orange-grove?"
 Sez Ole Man Crow, sezee;
 "Tooby sho dat's kyind, but I radder not rove
 Wer der oranges are flyin' kinder free;
 Wer One-eyed RILEY en Slipshot SAM
 Sorter lam one ernudder ker-blunk, ker-blam!
 Tree stan' high, but honey mighty sweet—
 Watch dem bees wid stingers on der feet!
 Make a bow ter de Buzzard, en den ter de Crow,
 Takes a limber-toe'd gemman for ter jump Jim Crow!"

Den Brer Fox snortle en Brer Fox frown.
 Sezee, "You're settin dar sorter keerless-like," sezee.



"But yer better come down,
 Der is foes a broozin' roun'
 W'at will give yer wus den butter in der North Countree.
 You'll get mixed wid der Tar-Baby ef inter der North yo' pitch,
 For der North ain't gwinter cave in, radder die in der las' ditch!"

Den Ole Man Crow up en sez, sezee,
 "You been runnin' roun' a long time, en a-sassin' atter me;
 But I speek you done come to de end er de row.
 You wun't frighten me not wuth a cent," sez Ole Man Crow.
 "I ain't gwine nowhere skasely; I'll be busy near dis rail.
 You wun't tempt me wid de butter—or der powder—on yo' tail.
 Good-bye, Brer Fox, take keer yo' cloze,
 For dis is de way de worril goes;
 Some goes up en some goes down.
 You'll get ter de bottom all safe en soun'!
 I'll watch yo' 'strategy' wid int'rest, now en den,
 En—well, I'll try ter look, des as frightened as I ken!"

THE House of Lords Committee of Privileges decided that Captain FORESTER's action in the Barnard Peerage case was a Vane attempt. "The chance," said the *Times*, "of such a prize as Raby Castle, with \$60,000 a-year, is likely to tempt a man to think his arguments and claims are better than they really are." Raby Castle on the brain would soon become a sort of Rabies.

HAMLET IN HALF AN HOUR.

(Prepared for the Halls in compliance with the suggestions of Mr. Plunket's Committee.)

SCENE—An open space outside Elsinore. View of the Palace and the Battlements. HAMLET discovered talking to the Ghost.

Ham. And is it really within thy power to show me illustrations to the story that has so much interested me?

Ghost. It is! Behold!

[He waves his bâton and a rock becomes transparent, displaying a tableau of the play-scene in "Hamlet."]

Ham. Ah, how well do I remember the occasion! It was after I had met thee, and thou hadst told me the sad story of thy decease by my Uncle. And then I contrived this device to catch the conscience of the King! Thou art sleeping calmly, and a cloaked figure is pouring poison—real poison—into thy ear! and look, the King is greatly disturbed! Ah, how it all comes back to me! (The rock resumes its normal condition.) And canst thou show me more?

Ghost. Ay, and I will! Behold!

[He waves his bâton, and another rock discovers a tableau representing the Burial of OPHELIA.]

Ham. (deeply interested). Why, these must be the maimed rites that were all that was given to my poor lost love—the lady I desired to visit a nunnery—to OPHELIA. And see there are the comic Grave-diggers. Show me more! Show me more!

[The vision fades away like its predecessor.]

Ghost. I would, did not the decision of statute law limit the time. And now I must away. But mind, my son—six principal characters, and no more! Thou wilt remember!

Ham. Ay, marry; and yes, I will! (The Ghost disappears.) And so I have to meet LAERTES at a fencing-bout. I will!

Trumpets. Enter King, Queen, LAERTES, OSRIC, and Court.

King. HAMLET, all hail! I wish thee joy! May'st thou be the victor at to-day's trial of skill!

Ghost (heard from below). Remember! Six principal characters. He and thou and I are three. Three! Six, and no more!

Hamlet (aside). Peace, perturbed spirit!

Laertes (approaching). My good Lord, I wish thee well, for I do love thee.

Ghost (from below). Four! Remember—Four! Six, and no more! and mind the time goes apace. Ten minutes of the thirty gone!

Hamlet (aside). Peace, perturbed spirit! (Aloud.) The foils!

Osric (approaching). My Lord, the weapons!

Ghost (as before). He maketh five! Beware! Six, and no more!

Ham. (aside). Rest, perturbed spirit! (Aloud.) I will take this one!

[HAMLET and LAERTES take the foils and salute.]

King. Now will I drink to HAMLET after the first bout. OSRIC, be ready to give him a cup when he is tired! Mind me well. (Aside.) The cup of which HAMLET shall drink contains poison. Ha! ha! ha! A time will come! I triumph!

[HAMLET and LAERTES fence and drop their foils.]

Osric.—Let me return them, good Sirs!

[He gives the weapons in such a fashion that they are exchanged.]

King. Now will I drink to HAMLET. Give him the other cup.

Ham. Nay, your pardon, Sir. I am fat and scant of breath, but I will crush a cup with thee, later!

Queen. Give me the cup. I will drink to thee, HAMLET! [Drinks.]

Ghost (as before). I hear the well-remembered voice of thy mother, boy! That makes six. The limit's reached!

Ham. (aside). Rest, perturbed spirit! (Aloud.) And now, good

LAERTES, I am at thy service. [They fight. HAMLET is wounded.]

Osric. A hit, a hit, a palpable hit!

Ham. (annoyed). I am hurt, and by thee!

[Fights fiercely and wounds LAERTES.]

Queen. Oh! I am poisoned!

[Dies.]

Ham. What, treachery! Ah, thou brute!

[Rushes up and kills King with his foil.]

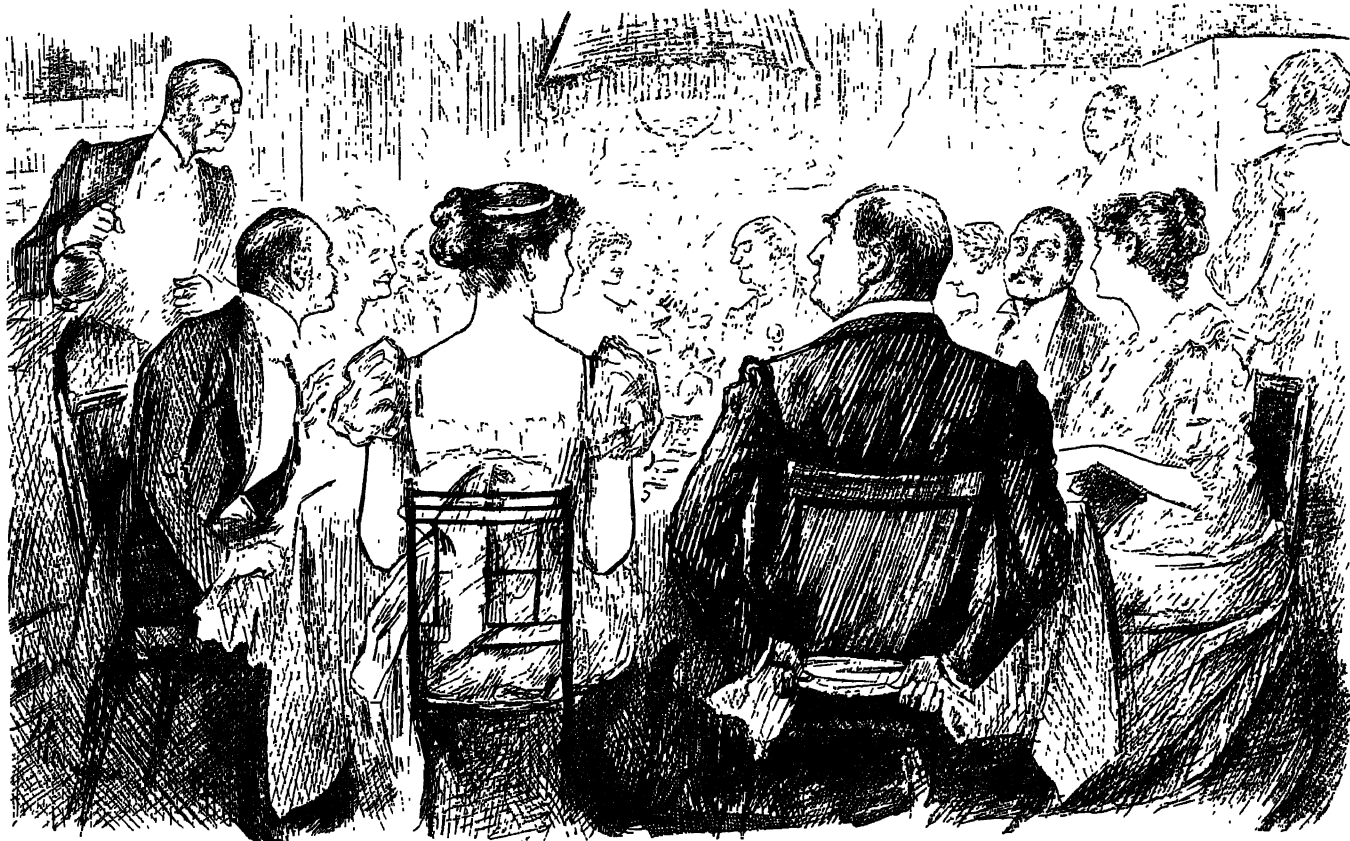
Laertes. I am dying! Forgive me, HAMLET. It was the doing of the King. [Dies.]

Ghost (as before). Twenty and nine minutes have expired! The time is all but up!

Ham. (aside, with difficulty). Rest, perturbed spirit! Farewell, farewell, a long farewell to all my—

Ghost (as before). Ring down! The time is up!

(Quick Curtain.)



A GENTLE EGOTIST.

The Brilliant Jones (who likes an appreciative audience—to his Hostess). "OH, THERE!—IT'S NO USE—I GIVE IT UP! CONVERSATION'S IMPOSSIBLE, WHEN PEOPLE WILL TALK!"

"INNINGS DECLARED CLOSED."

SCENE—Grounds of the St. Stephen's C.C. SALISBURY (Captain) and BALFOUR (Champion Bat) at Wickets. The latter has just despatched the ball to the boundary for "another four," eliciting "applause all round the ring," as the (Cricket) saying is.

Captain. Well hit, my dear ARTHUR!

Champion Bat (modestly). Ah! bit of a fluke.

Captain. Come, come! Cricket swagger may merit rebuke, But take your fair kudos: don't run yourself down.

Wicket-Keeper (aside). Bah! that's his old trick. At the ball he will frown,

And fumble the bat as though funk, or don't care,
Filled his soul; but when slogging 's the game he's all there.
Mere posing, not playing the game,—yet he scores!
I wonder how WILL likes the ring's frantic roars
At their flashy young favourite?

Bowler (aside). Humph! he lays on!

I did hope, with that ball, that his wicket was gone.

'Twas a curly one, one of my regular old sort.

Good batting and bowling, that's true Cricket sport,
As CLARKE, Grand Old Trundler, declared was the case
When he bowled and PILCH batted.

Champion Bat (aside). Just twig HARCOURT's face!
Thought he'd had me ere now. Can't you hear his "How's that?"—

If I gave him a chance?

Captain. He's a fine slogging bat,
But behind the sticks—humph! Well, let's see, lad, your score

Wants but eight of the "century." Ninety-two more
Towards your "average," ARTHUR! The Cricketer's Bard
Will be rhyming your doings!

Champion Bat. An awful "reward"!

But shall we play on?

Captain (thoughtfully). Well, now, what do you think?
From fighting it out to the end I don't shrink,

But time's running short; we stand well for a win:
They say that their eager desire's to go in.
Perhaps if they got their desire they'd be posed.
Suppose we declare that our innings is closed?

[Left considering it.]

"PROBABLE STARTERS."

THE Gentleman who sits on a pin with its business-end uppermost.

The Follower "not Allowed," on Missus making a quite unexpected appearance in the Kitchen.

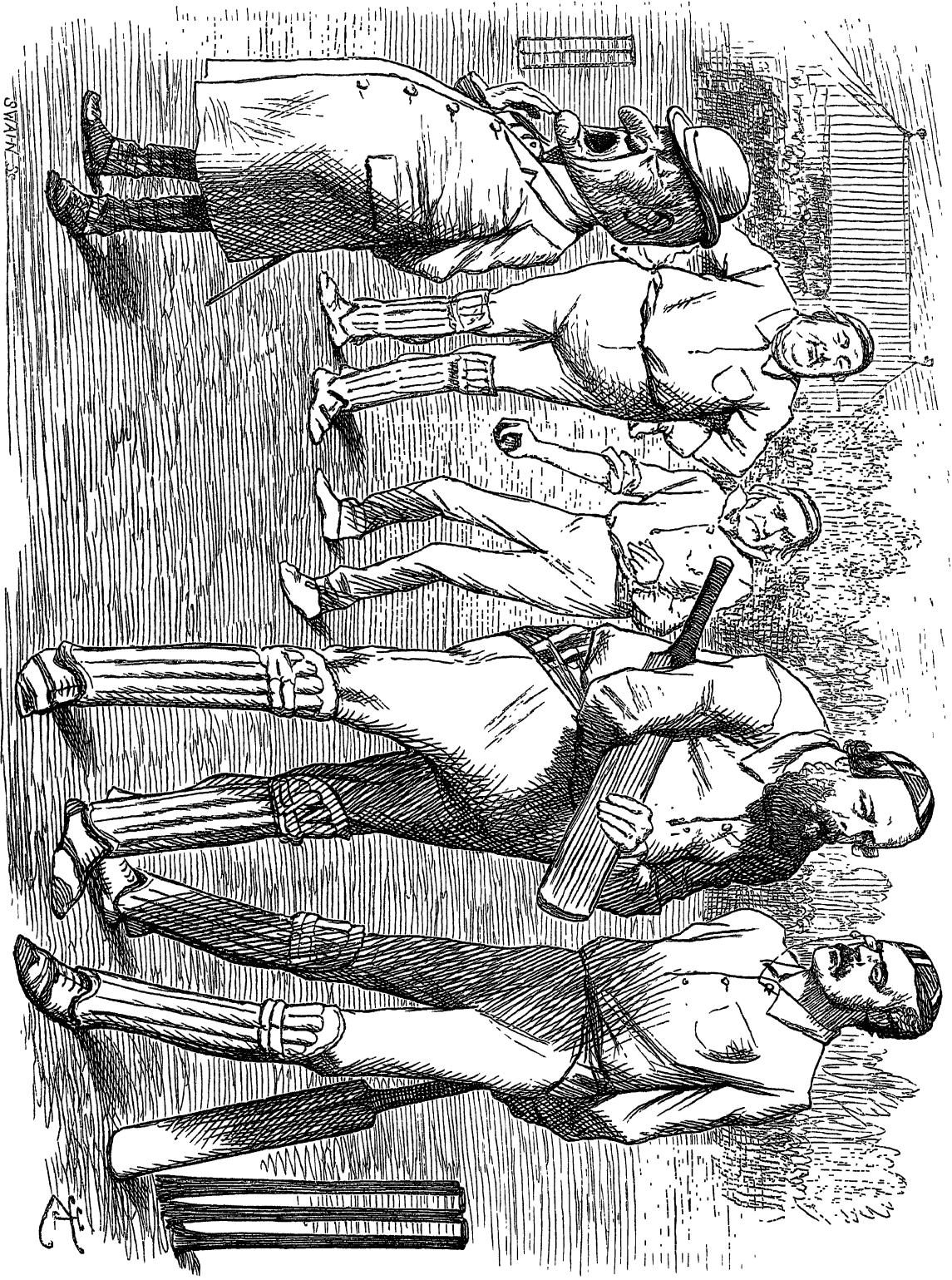
Clerk, who having written to say that he is unable to attend to business as he is laid up with symptoms of influenza, comes face to face with the Senior Partner on the river at Bolton Lock.

LOTHARIO on his knees to his dearest friend's Wife. Enter Husband.

"TEXTUEL."—Mr. TOOLE was horrified at overhearing portions of a conversation between two Gentlemen who were evidently provincial Managers, one of whom was saying, "Yes, I agree with you. We have settled to re-open our pits at a reduction of ten per cent." "I beg pardon, Gentlemen," anxiously put in the Comedian, who had just returned from the race-course, having been tooled down to Epsom and back on a drag; "but I am going on tour, and if the price of admission to the pit is to be so largely reduced—" Then they explained to him that they were Wenham Coal-owners. Mr. J. L. TOOLE was immensely relieved, and immediately invited his two acquaintances to partake of refreshment on board the Houseboat now moored off King William Street, Charing Cross.

"TE DUCE," &c.—Old Pupils who were at "Balston's," are requested by Lord DUCIE to hurry up with their subscriptions to Memorial in Eton College Chapel. A Ducie'd good idea.

CLEAR CASE OF SUPERSTITION.—Mr. GLADSTONE trusting to "SHIPTON's" Prophecies.



“INNINGS CLOSED.”

RIGHT HON. ARTHUR B. “DON’T YOU THINK IT’S TIME TO DECLARE THIS INNINGS CLOSED?”

THE CONFESSIONS OF A DUFFER.

No. XI.—THE DUFFER IN LOVE.

MRS. McDUFFER never greatly admired the lady with whom this confession is concerned. She denies that CECILIA BRAND was pretty, and when I do not answer (for where is the use of argument in such a case?), she remarks that I am too short-sighted to know whether a woman is pretty or not. This appears to myself to be an injudicious assertion, and the flank of my opponent might be turned if it were worth while. But it is not worth while. A Duffer I may be, but not such a duffer as to reason with a woman. If you score a point (and how many times one sees an opening in the fair one's harness), a woman is angry, or cries, or both, and there is no reprieve to that *ultima ratio*.

I maintain, then, that CECILIA was pretty, and very pretty; pleasant, and very pleasant. No doubt she keeps those qualities yet. I do not believe in the syllogism by which a man persuades himself that he was a fool, that he had a lucky escape, that a girl becomes quite another person, and usually very stout and stupid, because she has preferred someone else to himself. No, if we met to-morrow—But Fortune forbid that we should meet to-morrow, or any other day! I have no relics of CECILIA. I had some,—an old glove, a lash of a riding-switch, and other trifles. I kept them in the secret drawer of a bureau, and in my absence that bureau was traded away for a new æsthetic article, relics and all, of course. Perhaps some minor poet bought the piece of furniture, and found the things, and wrote a poem on them. That is what makes me uncomfortable. If CECILIA sees the poem in one of the Magazines, and remembers the incidents which the souvenirs recall, she will certainly not be pleased with me, whether she fancies that I wrote the poem, or that I forgot all about the treasures, and traded their receptacle away. Life is really very complicated.

I met CECILIA at a house in the country. We sat next each other at dinner. I found her charming. We had the same taste in novels,—she knew Miss AUSTEN almost off by heart, and, like me, she was very fond of field sports. I flattered myself that she did not find my company uncongenial. In the evening there was a little dance: I don't dance, or at least, it was some time since I had danced, not, in fact since they used to make me take dancing lessons at school. How I hated it! However, this time I thought it seemed very easy and pleasant, though the floor was extremely polished and slippery, dangerously so. CECILIA, of course, was my partner. You know how they describe waltzing in novels, the ecstasy of it, the wild impassioned delight. Consult GUY LIVINGSTONE and OUIDA. Well, it was not at all like that.

I do not exactly remember what occurred. We started, there was a buzz, I think there was a collision. I became extremely dizzy. . . . When I recovered my senses, it was not to find the dark grey eyes of CECILIA bending over me with an expression of anxiety. No, she was not there. I went to bed: I know there was a great contusion on my elbow.

Next morning, it was winter, everyone was going to skate. Now I could not skate. At school, when there was a skating holiday, I always passed it beside the fire, which I had all to myself, roasting apples, and reading *Ivanhoe*. These were among my happiest hours. However, I did not tell CECILIA that I could not skate. I pretended (it seemed safe) to be desperately fond of hunting, and to despise skating. Besides I had work, literary work, I told CECILIA, an article on Miss AUSTEN. This pleased her, but nobody accepted the article. In fact, I was bent on secretly learning to skate. I sent to town for a pair of "Acmes," for I knew I never could manage all the straps and buckles of the ordinary modern skate. I knew of a pond where nobody came, and thither, under cover of night, I

smuggled a bed-room chair. They say that pushing a chair in front of you is a good way to learn. My terror was extreme; it would be awkward to be caught, at a friend's house, stealing a bed-room chair. That I ventured this risk shows how fond of CECILIA I was. I reached the pond safely, and hid the chair in a dry ditch. Next day, when presumed to be engaged on literary labours, I sneaked back, sat down on my chair, and tried to put on the skates. It always seemed so easy when one saw an expert do it, like Mercury donning his winged shoon, and sailing over the ice. But my hands grew blue as I struggled with the key and the nuts, till I became certain that my boots were in fault.

There was no help for it, I hid my chair in its ditch, and returned, to take the village cobbler into my confidence. He, good man, rose to the situation, and pointed out what I had surmised to be the case, viz., that the heels of my boots were too long to allow the chisel-edged flange to be adjusted by the lever, and admit at the same time of the other end of the heel being gripped by the cramps,—but he promised to whittle away part of the heel, and send the skates home without delay: and he was as good as his word.

This time I took the precaution of fitting them on in my room. I walked about in them, and was happy. Next day I got to work again: gingerly I brought my chair into action, but I was wholly unprepared for the extreme slipperiness of the ice, even though forewarned to some extent by the painful experiences of Mr. Winkle. I had read that the skater "is very highly favoured when contending with the great enemy of motion, viz., friction," a proposition which I found to be perfectly true. My legs developed separatist tendencies, and started on independent orbits. Often I found myself sitting down in a position affected by acrobats, but unusual in Society. As for the chair, it would rear and plunge like a horse, or escape across the ice, where I had to crawl to it on my knees. It was while thus engaged that I heard a sound of female voices, and, lo! there were CECILIA and two other girls, who had heard of this pond in the wood, and come to try it. I presented a singular spectacle, kneeling before a bed-room chair in the middle of a lonely pond. They laughed, a lover should never be ridiculous, but how could I help it! I thought it best to be frank, indeed, what excuse could I make, what explanation could I offer? In the evening I told CECILIA that I had undergone all this for her sake; that,

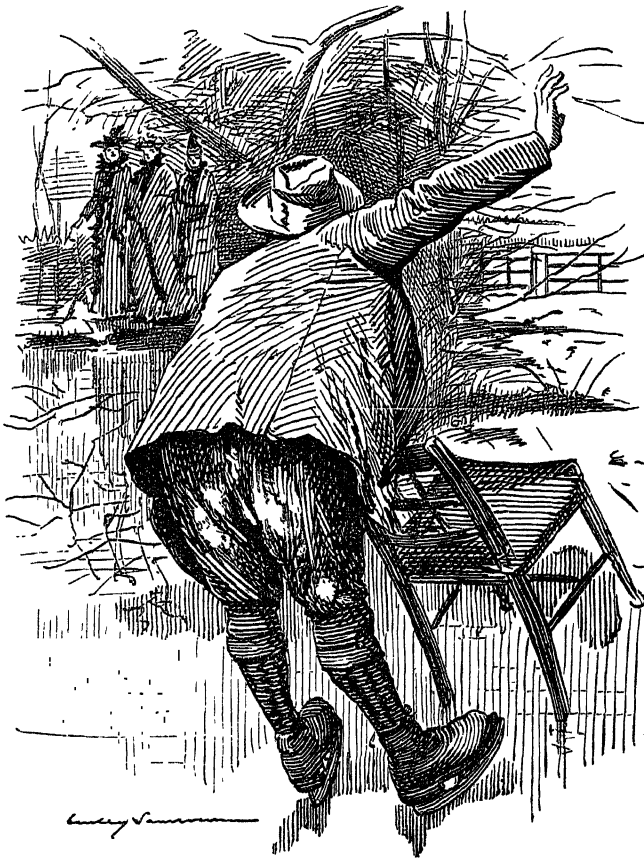
"It was while thus engaged that I heard a sound of female voices."

expert in other pastimes (except dancing), I had hoped to make myself more worthy of "figuring" in her society. But, as a matter of fact, I never got so far as figures.

Next day there was a thaw, and soon I had an opportunity of riding with CECILIA. It was "The Last Ride Together," as in Mr. BROWNING. I don't like to speak about it. When we got off the road on to the turf my horse began to kick and plunge. I have read that it is not right, but I did what I always do, I held on by the pommel. Would you not hold on by the carpet, in an earthquake. It felt like a young and lively earthquake. We came home soon, CECILIA leading my horse. People staying in the house met us.

I did not propose to CECILIA. I thought, like Sir Andrew Aguecheek, "It is four to one she'll none of me." Nay, the odds were probably even longer. Ah, CECILIA, if these lines meet thine eyes, thou wilt know that one heart still is true. In another life, less begirt by material difficulties, we may meet amongst the asphodel, where there is no opportunity for the display of mere mechanical accomplishments. Till then, *au revoir*!

APPROPRIATE.—At Nancy, the Maire pledged the Czech gymnasts, in a goblet of Pommery. Their chief, returning thanks in French, with a strong Bohemian accent, remarked that he took this as a great compliment to his own nationality, the champagne being "*très Czech*."





TROP DE ZÈLE.

(An Aristocratic Tip.)

The New Companion (fresh from Girtham College). "YES, LADY JANE, I SAW HER, WITH HER HABITUAL HYPOCRISY HOLDING OUT HER HAND TO HIM AS HE WAS HARANGUING AT HIS HOTEL—"

Lady Jane. "GOOD GRACIOUS, CHILD, DON'T STICK IN YOUR H'S SO CAREFULLY AS ALL THAT! PEOPLE WILL THINK YOUR FATHER AND MOTHER DROPPED 'EM, AND THAT YOU'RE TRYIN' TO PICK 'EM UP!"

[And People wouldn't be very far wrong.]

LADY GAY'S SELECTIONS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Of my two selections to supply the last Horse in the Derby—one—*La Flèche*, so far forgot what was due to my prophetic utterances as to finish *second*—and indeed, very nearly *win*! However, as such reprehensible conduct was mainly owing to the absurd wish of her jockey, BARRETT, to be first, my readers will see that no blame attaches to *me*—as the mare would doubtless not have hurried so much had she been left to her own devices—(the sex notoriously dislikes hurry)—it being a well-known fact that she would make a race with a donkey!—though why donkey races should be spoken of with such contempt, I don't know, for I once rode one with LORD ARTHUR on Hampstead Heath—(it was during our engagement, when people will do foolish things; we had been "slumming," and he was disguised in "pearlies," whilst I was gowned "à la ARRIETT")—and I assure you our Donkeys went very fast. However—this is a digression—as the man said when he walked over the cliff, so let us "noch einmal zu unser schafen," as the German proverb runs. Although disappointed in the behaviour of *La Flèche*, my second string *Llanthony* maintained my reputation for correct tips, by running *last*, as I said he would!—It is true that some papers report him as having finished seventh and *El Diablo* last; but as he did not *win*, he might just as well have been last as seventh—and as I am sure my friend LORD ELTHAM will not mind the placings being reversed—I therefore place *Llanthony* last—and those of my readers who took my advice and backed him, will have every reason to congratulate themselves when they draw their money!

With regard to the winner, *Sir Hugo*, whose success was a general surprise to all except myself—(surprise is bad form)—I can only follow the example of all other writers on turf matters in declaring that, "he always had my good word, and was in fact my winter favourite,

as anyone can see who will take the trouble to glance through my earlier advices!"—these will be difficult to find, as they were only conveyed in private letters which will not be published until my biography is written later on!—(very much, I hope). Still, had I pursued the ordinary course of trying to tip the *Winner*, *Sir Hugo* would undoubtedly have been my sole selection—a fact which should not fail to weigh with my followers—and I have followers in plenty, as LORD ARTHUR knows!

Having done the whole of Epsom week, I shall be glad of a rest to get ready for Ascot—(four new gowns to try on)—and besides there are some smart parties to attend next week, so Doncaster will not be blessed with my sweet presence. However, I have a friend there on the Press *who can be trusted*. So, in concluding this letter with my selection for the last horse in the Manchester Cup, I am able to recommend it *very strongly*, as my friend will do the placing; and as I am not there, no collusion can be suspected!

I must just mention that among the shows provided on Epsom Downs for the entertainment of the multitude, was one which I should like to see done away with, namely, the so-called "glove contests"—which to my mind are not calculated to advance "England's greatness" nor are they pleasing to look on at. The "abolition of Slavin(g)" is undoubtedly a fine thing, but is hardly perhaps an unmixed blessing when it makes heroes of Dusky Warriors!

I hear from my friend Major CLEMENT that we are going to have a most successful Ascot in spite of the regrettable absence of Royalty; indeed he could have let all the Boxes twice over—and as I shall be staying there all the week with my friends the Baron and Baroness LUTHER VON MONTAG, I hope to collect some valuable information for my betting readers.

Yours devotedly, LADY GAY.

THE TIP.

To ride the first horse in the Manchester Cup
Is a thing for which jockeys might quarrel!
But if modest young WOODBURN should have the "leg up,"
He's content to be *last* on "*Balmoral*."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 30.—House met to-day, with pretty assumption of things being just as usual. SPEAKER in Chair; Mace on Table; paper loaded with questions; House even moderately full. Mr. G. not present, but SQUIRE OF MALWOOD makes up for that, and all other deficiencies. Quite radiant in white waistcoat and summer pants; wish he would crown the effect by wearing white hat; draws the line at that. "People are apt to forget," he says, "that my father was a dignitary of the Church. It is well sometimes to hint at the circumstance, and it would be impossible to do it from under the brim of a white hat." The item scarcely needed to complete joviality of Squire's appearance and bearing; looks like the best man at a wedding-party. "That's just what I am, TOBY," he said; "Mr. G. is going to the country to wed [the majority at the polls, and I'm the best man."

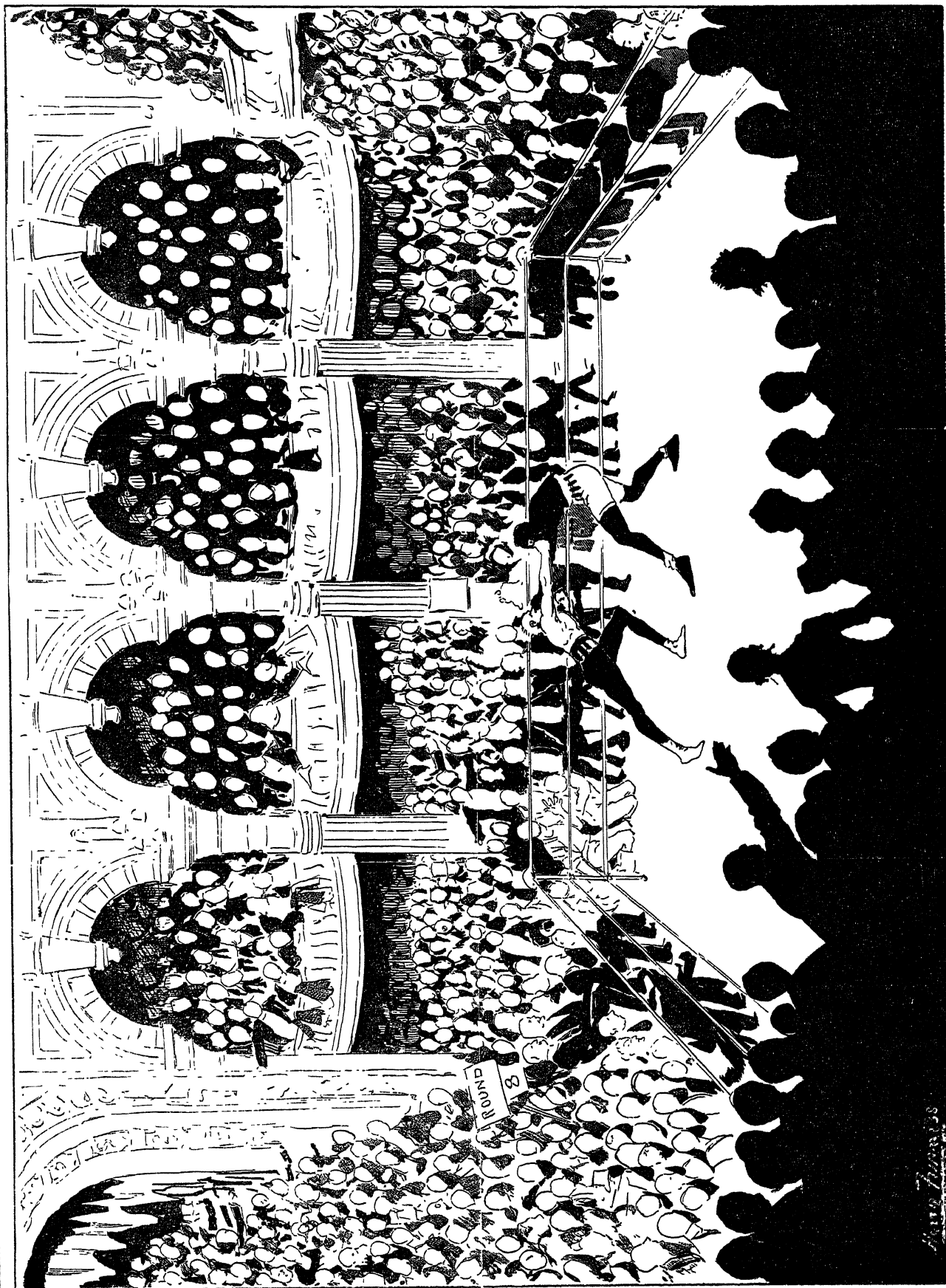
Meanwhile, farce of there being nothing particular in the wind admirably kept up. Odd to see how even mention of that blessed word Dissolution is avoided. Even when, last Thursday, Mr. G. and Prince ARTHUR practically settled the matter, the word not uttered. Mr. G. hinted at possibility of ARTHUR's sometime, in some convenient circumstances, making a statement as to the business of the Session; the Prince, adopting the phraseology, said he would do so. Since then the same precaution been observed.

"It's not a new idea," Prince ARTHUR said just now, when I commented on the peculiarity. "When a man is sick unto death, people don't mention in his presence the particular form of disease that is carrying him off. Neither do we openly talk of Dissolution in a Parliament whose days are numbered."

SEXTON finally got off his speech on Irish Education Bill, though under peculiarly distressing circumstances. Might have delivered it before Easter, when Bill was reached one evening at eleven o'clock. SEXTON thought the hour inconvenient and the audience inadequate for the oration; insisted upon postponing it. Must be delivered



Truculent Tim.



THE GREAT CONTEST. BLACK AND WHITE AT THE NATIONAL SPORTING CLUB, MONDAY, MAY 30, 1892.

At the earnest request of the President, Mr. Punch will not disclose the personality of the spectators.

to-night or never; so worked it off, speaking for an hour in almost empty and sadly inattentive House. TIM HEALY, not to lose an opportunity that might be final, joined in debate. Audience being chiefly composed of JACKSON, TIM took opportunity of genially observing, *à propos* of the Bill, that if he had to spend his time on a desert island with either a Chief Secretary or an Irish peasant, he would prefer the peasant. "I'm glad of that," said JACKSON; "it would be lonely for the one that was left. Within a week the population would certainly be reduced by one-half. Whether the survivor would be TIM or the other one, would depend upon circumstances." *Business done.*—Irish Education Bill read Second Time.

Tuesday.—ELCHO's speech to-day, in supporting WILFRID LAWSON'S Motion against Adjournment over Derby Day, most excellent fooling. A dangerous thing to play practical jokes with House; only a person of ELCHO's supreme coolness would have faced the fearful odds. A desperate man having done so, might, by swerving however slightly to left or right, have made mistake, and been angrily dropped on by watchful House. GRICE-HUTCHINSON had some experience of this in his truncated speech. Commenced at length to be funny in usual ante-Derby Day fashion; beginning to draw picture of his leading WILFRID LAWSON by hand over Epsom Downs. Members opposite snorted disapproval; GRICE-HUTCHINSON abruptly shut up; like the unfinished window in Aladdin's Tower, his carefully-prepared joke unfinished must remain. With this awful warning, ELCHO rose unperturbed and unabashed. Was a success from first moment; SPEAKER artlessly contributed to it; GEDGE had something to say; been popping up whenever opening occurred; here again competing with ELCHO; which should be preferred?

"Does the noble Lord," said SPEAKER, with bland sarcasm, "rise to second the Amendment?"

Now the Amendment was WILFRID LAWSON'S, and met with direct negative proposal to adjourn over Derby Day. Last time question to the fore ELCHO had moved the Adjournment. To suppose he was now going to back up WILFRID LAWSON in opposing it was an exquisite jape, worthy of the Chair. But ELCHO capped it. "Yes, Sir," he gravely answered.

This was a flash of humour everyone could see. The crowded House, wearied with what had gone before, positively jumped at it. But it was a kind of joke that had to be lived up to. Could ELCHO do it? Would he spoil it by going too far, or would he shrink affrighted from the position audaciously assumed? He did just the right thing, in tone, manner, and matter, affording the House the merriest moments ever enjoyed on a death-bed. It seemed so good that it was idle to expect anything better to follow. But something there was. It was the Division, in which ELCHO, walking up to the Table by side of WILFRID LAWSON, acted as co-teller whilst the figures were announced that abolished the Derby Day holiday in the House of Commons. ELCHO had had his jest, and the Opposition had his estate.

Business done.—Motion for Derby Day negatived by 158 Votes against 144.

Wednesday.—Spent quite cheerful Derby Day in Commons.



"6 to 4." (t. and o.)

mons has taken to me kindly; but toward what may be the close of a Parliamentary career, the tribute of this honest Verger is, I will admit, soothing."

House met shortly after twelve; when I say House, I mean the SPEAKER and me. "Dearly beloved TOBY," said the SPEAKER, "it seems we're to have the place to ourselves."

But presently HOWELL arrived, and GEDGE, terribly afraid that he should miss prayers. "I suppose my opportunities will not be extended. Stockport doesn't seem to care to have me in the new Parliament, and I'm not aware of any competition for my hand among other constituencies. So I mean to make the most of what time is left. I fancy they'll at least miss me at St. Margaret's. Proudest moment in my life, TOBY, when the other Sunday, I overheard one of the Vergers saying to another, 'Man and boy I've been in this 'ere church for forty year, but I never heard a Amen carry so far as Muster GEDGE pitches his.' It's something to be appreciated, TOBY. Can't say that House of Commons has taken to me kindly; but toward what may be the close of a Parliamentary career, the tribute of this honest Verger is, I will admit, soothing."

(12'25.)—GEDGE moves Count; bells ring; SQUIRE OF MALWOOD strolls in with the pleased expression of a man who might be at the Derby, but isn't; HORACE DAVY and some others; all told only 13. "If you'll excuse me, Gentlemen," said the SPEAKER, "I'll retire; look in again little later."

(1 P.M.)—SPEAKER back in Chair; ATTORNEY-GENERAL moves Count; bells ring as before; SQUIRE OF MALWOOD again comes in; no deception; wasn't lurking about with intent to show up in House, then rush off to catch half-past twelve train for Epsom. Heads counted; only 19 present; must have forty or no House. "Look here, Gentlemen," said the SPEAKER, "this won't do. The Chair is not to be trifled with. I shall again retire, and won't come back till four o'clock, or till I am assured there are forty Members present."

SPEAKER gathered up skirts and strode forth. Three hours before House can be Counted Out. What's to be done in the time? ELLIOT LEES determines to make a book; 6 to 4 no House (t. and o.); HENRY FOWLER wouldn't bet; but ROBY put something on, and ALBERT ROLLIT staked a fiver.

(4 P.M.)—SPEAKER back again; House much fuller now; ELLIOT LEES looking anxious; made a nice book if he can only pull it off. But arrival of half a dozen Members would upset everything. ROBY and ALBERT ROLLIT rushing about corridors trying to bring men in; LEES KNOWLES moves Count; more ringing of bells; ROLLIT and ROBY, on picket-duty to last moment, nearly locked out; SPEAKER counts; finds only 35. "The House will now adjourn," says the SPEAKER. "Don't see why we should have met at all," says ROBY, snappishly. "I do," says ELLIOT LEES, making his little collection. "I've had a pleasant and profitable afternoon."

Business done.—House not made.

Friday.—House met at two o'clock; might have sat till seven; but at five minutes to five gently broke up. Won't be back till Thursday. "Not much of a holiday," said Viscount GRIMSTONE, formerly of the Herts Militia; "better make the most of it;" and he set off at the rate of five miles an hour.

Business done.—Adjourned for the Whitsun Recess.



"Formerly of the Herts Militia."

THE VIGOROUS VICAR.—Dr. MILLS of Coventry, to which place his bitterest enemies cannot relegate him as he is already there, acts up to his name, as a Member of the Church Militant, with pluck and



perseverance, whether right or wrong it is not for *amicus curiae* to say. But, it may be asked, is this action for the rates, on the part of the Vicar, a Vicar's first-Rate Act or not? Some parishioners suspend payment; we suspend judgment.

VERY NATURAL ERROR.—A gentleman who up till now has been a quiet sort of man, with nothing suggestive of the "P. R." about him, sent to excuse himself from appearing at our old friend Mrs. RAM's dinner-party, because as he wrote to her nephew, who read the letter aloud, "I am off to see Woodhall Spa." "What!" she exclaimed, "Prize-fighting beginning again! And isn't Mr. WOODHALL, or WOODALL, a Member of Parliament? He ought to know better. Where are the police?"

"IT WILL WASH!"—"Abolition of the House of Peers!" No, stop—spell it with an "a," and make it "Pears,"—now a Company Limited. Going along in first-rate style. The Pears' Soap Christmas Book, illustrated, is to be a new edition of "*His Soaps Fables*." Next form of advertisement,—"Very good morning! Just bought Pears' Soap Shares."

FRENCH PLAYS IN LONDON.—The old saying applies, "They do these things better in France." London prefers to go to Paris for its French plays; but when two rivals, a BERNHARDT and a COQUELIN, come over to London, Londoners give the lady a chance of making her charming voice heard, but the clever French actor has, literally, to "shut up."

ROYAL DECISION.—When the QUEEN goes from Balmoral to Mar Lodge, Her Majesty takes a Deesided course.

THE COURIER OF THE HAGUE.

(By the "Vacuus Viator.")

He is an elderly amiable little Dutchman in a soft felt hat; his name is BOSCH, and he is taking me about. *Why* I engaged him I don't quite know—unless from a general sense of helplessness in Holland, and a craving for any kind of companionship. Now I have got him, I feel rather more helpless than ever—a sort of composite of *Sandford* and *Merton*, with a didactic, but frequently incomprehensible *Dutch Barlow*. My *Sandford* half would like to exhibit an intelligent curiosity, but is generally suppressed by *Merton*, who has a morbid horror of useful information. Not that BOSCH is remarkably erudite, but nevertheless he contrives to reduce me to a state of imbecility, which I catch myself noting with a pained surprise. There is a statue in the Plein, and the *Sandford* element in me finds a satisfaction in recognising it aloud as WILLIAM the Silent. It is—but, as my *Merton* part thinks, a fellow *would* be a fool if he didn't recognise

WILLIAM after a few hours in Holland—his images, in one form or another, are tolerably numerous. Still, BOSCH is gratified. "Yass, dot is ole VOLLIAM," he says, approvingly, as to a precocious infant just beginning to take notice. "Lokeer," he says, "you see dot Apoteek?" He indicates a chemist's shop opposite, with nothing remarkable about it externally, except a Turk's head with his tongue out over the door. "Yes, I, speaking for *Sandford* and *Merton*, see it—has it some historical interest—did VOLLIAM get medicine there, or what?" "Woll, dis mornin dare vas two sairvans dere, and de von cot two blaces out of de odder's haid, and afterwards he go opstairs and vas hang himself mit a pedbost." BOSCH evidently rather proud of this as illustrating the liveliness of The Hague. "Was he mad?" "Yass, he vas mard, mit a vife and seeks childrens." "No, but was he out of his senses?" "I tink it vas oud of Omsterdam he vas com," says BOSCH. "But how did it happen?" "Wol-sare, de broprietor vas die, and leaf de successor de pusiness, and he dells him in von mons he will go, because he nod egsamin to be a Chimigal—so he do it, and dey dake him to de hospital, and I tink *he* vas die too by now!" adds BOSCH, cheerfully. Very sad affair evidently—but a little complicated. *Sandford* would like to get to the bottom of it, but *Merton* convinced there is no bottom. So, between us, subject allowed to drop. *Sandford* (now in the ascendant again) notices, as the clever boy, inscription on house-front, "Hier woonden GROEN VAN PRINSTERER, 1838-76." "I suppose that means VAN PRINSTERER lived here, BOSCH?" "Yass, dot vas it." "And who was he?" "He vas—wol, he vos a Member of de Barliaments." "Was he celebrated?" "Celebrated? oh, yass!" "What did he do?" (I think *Merton* gets this in.) "Do?" says BOSCH, quite indignantly, "he nefer do *nodings*!" BOSCH takes me into the Fishmarket, when he directs my attention to a couple of very sooty live storks, who are pecking about at the refuse. "Dose birts are shtorks; hier dey vas oblige to keep always two shtorks for de arms of de Haag. Ven de yong shtorks porn, de old vons vas kill." *Sandford* shocked—*Merton* sceptical. "Keel dem? Oh, yass, do anytings mit dem ven dey vas old," says BOSCH, and adds:—"Ve haf de breference mit de shtorks, eh?" What is he driving at? "Yass—ven *ve* vas old, *ve* vas nod kill." This reminds BOSCH—*Barlow*-like—of an anecdote. "Dere vas a vrent to me," he begins, "he com and say to me, 'BOSCH, I am god's shtout and my bark is so dick, I can go no more on my lacks—vat vas I do?' To him I say, 'Wol, I dell you vat I do mit you—I dake you at de booshair to be cot op; I tink you vas make vary goot shdeak-meat!'" Wonder whether this is a typical sample of BOSCH's *badinage*. "What did he say to that, BOSCH?" "Oh, he vas vair moch loff, a-course!" says BOSCH, with the natural complacency of a successful humorist.

We go into the Old Prison, and see some horrible implements of torture, which seem to exhilarate BOSCH. "Lokeer!" he says, "Dis vas a pinition" (BOSCH for "punishment") "mit a can. Dey lie de man down and vasten his foots, and efery dime he vas shdrook mit de can, he jump op and hit his vorehaid. . . . Hier dey lie down de beoples on de back, and pull dis shdring queeck, and all dese tings go roundt, and preak deir bones. Ven de pinition vas feenish you vas det." He shows where the Water-torture was practised. "Nottice'ow de vater vas vork a'ole in de tile," he chuckles. "I tink de tile vas vary hardt det, eh?" Then he points out a pole

with a spiked prong. "Tief-catcher—put 'em in de tief's nack—and ged'im!" Before a grim-looking cauldron he halts appreciatively. "You know vat dat vas for?" he says. "Dat vas for de blode-foot; put 'em in dere, yass, and light de vire onderneat." No idea what "*blode-foot*" may be, but from the relish in BOSCH's tone, evidently something very unpleasant, so don't press him for explanations. We go upstairs, and see some dark and very mouldy dungeons, which BOSCH is most anxious that I should enter. Make him go in *first*, for the surroundings seem to have excited his sense of the humorous to such a degree, that he might be unable to resist looking me in, and leaving me, if I gave him a chance.

Outside at last, thank goodness! The Groote Kerk, according to BOSCH, "is not vort de see," so we don't see it. *Sandford* has a sneaking impression that I ought to go in, but *Merton* glad to be let off. We go to see the pictures at the Mauritshuis instead. BOSCH exchanges greetings with the attendants in Dutch. "Got another of 'em in tow, you see—and collar-work, I can tell you!" would be a



"Some story of a scandalous but infinitely humorous nature."

I suspect, of his remarks. Must say that, in a Picture-gallery, BOSCH is a superfluous luxury. He *does* take my ignorance just a trifle too much for granted. He *might* give me credit for knowing the story of ADAM and EVE, at all events! "De Sairpan gif EVA de opple, an' EVA she gif him to ADAM," BOSCH carefully informs me, before a "*Paradise*," by RUBENS and BRUEGHEL. This rouses my *Merton* half to inquire what ADAM did with it. "Oh, he ead him too!" says BOSCH in perfect good faith. I do wish, too, he wouldn't lead me up to PAUL POTTER's "*Bull*," and ask me enthusiastically if it isn't "*real meat*." I shouldn't mind it so much if there were not several English people about, without couriers—but there *are*. My only revenge is (as *Merton*) to carefully pick out the unsigned canvases and ask BOSCH who painted them; whereupon, BOSCH endeavours furtively to make out the label on the frames, and then informs me in desperation, "it was '*School*,'—yass, *he* baint him!" BOSCH kindly explains the subject of every picture in detail. He tells me a DROOCHSLOOT represents a "*balsham pedder*." I suppose I look bewildered, for he adds—"oppen air tance mit a village." "Hier dey vas haf a tispure; dis man say de ham vas more value as de cheese—dere is de cheese, and dere is the ham." "Hier is an old man dot marry a yong vife, and two tevils com in, and de old man he ron away." "Hier he dress him in voman, and de vife is vrighten." "Hier is JAN STEEN himself as a medicine, and he veel de yong voman's polse and say dere is nodings de madder, and de modder ask him to trink a glass of vine." "Hier is de beach at Skavening—now dey puild houses on de dunes—bot de beach is schdill dere." Such are BOSCH's valuable and instructive comments, to which, as representing *Sandford* and *Merton*, I listen with depressed docility. All the same, can't help coming to the conclusion that Art is not BOSCH's strong point. Shall come here again—alone. We go on to the Municipal Museum, where he shows me what *he* considers the treasures of the collection—a glass goblet, engraved "mit dails of tobaggio pipes," and the pipes themselves; a painting of a rose "mit ade beople's faces in de leafs;" and a drawing of "two pirts mit only von foots."

Outside again. BOSCH shows me a house. "Lokeer. In dot house leef an oldt lady all mit herself and ade sairvans. She com from Friesland, yassir." Really, I think BOSCH is going to be interesting—at last. There is a sly twinkle in his eye, denoting some story of a scandalous but infinitely humorous nature. "Well, BOSCH, go on—what about the old lady?" I ask, eagerly, as *Merton*. "Wol, Sir," says BOSCH, "she nefer go noveres." . . . That's all! "A devilish interesting story, *Sumph*, indeed!" to quote *Mr. Wagg*.

But, as BOSCH frequently reminds me, "It vas pedder, you see, as a schendlemans like you go apout mit me; I dell you tings dot vas nod in de guide-books." Which I am not in a position to deny.

BY ONE OF THE UNEMPLOYED.—"It is a curious fact," wrote the Recording Angel, a very superior sort of person to "the Printer's Devil," on the *Daily Telegraph*, "that in Greater London last week the births registered were just one more than twice the number of deaths. Thus grows the population in this great Babylon." Very appropriate, in this instance, is the title of "Great Baby-lon." If you put it down an "e," my Lord, and spell it "berths," then these are by no means in proportion to the unemployed youth in search of them.

DISSOLUTION—(AS THE ENEMY OF THE LONDON SEASON).



THERE was a sound of revelry by day,
And England's Capital had gathered then,
Her Beauty and her Masherdom, and gay
Spring's sun shone o'er smart women and
swell men;
A thousand shops shone showily; and when

MAY came to Mayfair, FLORA to Pall-Mall,
Shrewd eyes winked hope to eyes which
winked again,
And maids heard sounds as of the marriage-
bell.
But hush! hark! a harsh sound strikes like
a sudden knell!

Did ye not hear it? Is it howling wind?
The tram-car rattling o'er the stony street?
The groans of M.P.'s wearily confined
To the dull House when night and morning
meet,
Dragged to Divisions drear with dawdling feet?

No, hark! that heavy sound breaks
in once more,
The street, the hall its echoes now
repeat,
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than
before!

Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the
Elections' opening roar!

'Tis in our midst—that figure
draped and dim,
Whose mocking music makes us
all afraid.

"Death as the Foe!" Can it
indeed be *Him*?
Duller, more dirge-like tune was
never played

On strings more spirit-chilling.
Feet are stayed

Though in mid-waltz, and laugh-
ter, though at height,
Hushes, and maidens modishly
arrayed

For matrimonial conquest, shrink
with fright;
And Fashion palsied sits, and
Shoptom takes to flight.

Ah! then and there are hurrying
to and fro

And gathering tears, and pout-
ings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which some
short hours ago

Glowed with the deep delights of
Dance and Dress;

And there are sudden partings,
such as press

The hope from Spoons of promise,
meaning sighs

Which ne'er may be repeated;
who can guess

If ever more shall meet those
mutual eyes,

When Dissolution snaps the
Season's tenderest ties?

And there is scuttling in hot
haste: the steed,

The Coaching Meet, the Opera's
latest star,

The Row, the River, the Vitellian
feed,—

All the munitions of the Social
War,

Seem fruitless now, when peal on
peal afar

And near, the beat of the great Party Drum
Rouses M.P.'s to platform joust and jar,
While tongue-tied dullards scarcely dare be
dumb,

When the Whips whisper "Go!" Wire-
pullers clamour "Come!"

"Too bad! Too bad! The Influenza chilled,
Court-mourning marred, the Season's earliest
prime,

And now, just as with hope young breasts are
filled,

When young leaves still are verdant on the
lime,

When diners-out are having a good time,
When Epsom's o'er and Ascot is at hand;
To cut all short, is scarcely less than crime.
Confusion on that wrangling party-band

Whose Dissolution deals the doldrums round
the land!

Ah! wild and high those Phantom-fiddlings
rise!—

All jocund June with palsyng terror thrills;
Fashion sits frozen dead with staring eyes.

How that dread dirge the ambient Summer fills
Savage and shrill! Smart frocks, soft snowy
frills,

Long trains which dancing Beauty deftly
steers.

Through waltzes wild or devious quadrilles,—



THE DARWINIAN THEORY—VARIATION FROM ENVIRONMENT.

"KNOCKED 'EM IN THE OLD KENT ROAD!"

"ATTRACTED ALL EYES AT CHURCH PARADE."

All vanish; bosoms white, beset with fears;
Beat flight as that fell strain falls harsh
on Beauty's ears.

And June yet waves above them her green
leaves,
Dewy with Springtide's night-drops as they
pass,
Grieving,—if aught that's modish ever
grieves,—

Over the unreturning chance. Alas!
Their hopes are all cut down ere falls the grass.
That with corn-harvest might have seen full
blow.

See how foiled Shoptom flies, a huddled mass
Of disappointment, hurrying from the foe,
Who all their Season's prospects shatters,
and lays low.

Last month beheld them full of lusty life,
Beauty, and Wealth, and Pleasure, proudly
gay;

This music brings the signal-sound of strife,
This month the marshalling to arms. Away!
Party's magnificently sham array
The muster of Mode's mob will soon have
rent.

Play on, O Phantom, ominously play!
Death as the Foe! They fly before thee, blent,
Maid, Matron, Masher, Mime, in general
discontent!

ADVICE GRATIS.

DEBT.—"SIMPLE SIMON" writes: "A man
owes me money which he cannot pay. He
lives in furnished lodgings, and has given me
a Bill of Sale on the furniture. Is this suffi-
cient security? He also offers to insure his
life for £200 if I will advance him £100,
which will be the cost of the first premium,
which he says is always heavy. I am disposed
to close with this offer. Am I prudent?"—
Prudent is hardly the word to describe you.
We should not in your position make the
advance mentioned. A retreat would be
much better tactics. We fancy, from your
description, that your friend would do well
as a Company Promoter.

STOCK-DEALING TRANSACTIONS.—"Will
you advise me under the following circum-
stances?" asks "CHEERFUL SOUL," on a
post-card. "I placed £50 with an Outside
Broker as a speculation for the rise in Cash-
ville and Toothpeka First Preference. Yester-
day I received a note to say I had lost my
money, as 'cover had run off.' On repairing
to the Broker's Office, I was surprised to find
it apparently deserted. What is my remedy?"
—We should imagine that the Broker had
"run off" too. Your remedy is—not to specu-
late again. "Flutters" lead to the Gutters.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED OTHERWISE.

Married Vicar. "WELL, MY BISHOP WAS VERY PARTICULAR WITH ME. AMONG OTHER THINGS, HE ASKED ME, BEFORE PRESENTING ME, WHETHER MY WIFE WAS A LADY!"
His Curate (reflectively). "I CAN QUITE UNDERSTAND THAT!"

THE WAY THEY HAVE IN THE ARMY.

(A Conversation—Purely Imaginary.)

SCENE—*Pall Mall.* Present, SECRETARY OF STATE and Military Adviser.

Mil. A. I want to know your ideas about the Autumn Manœuvres. Are we to have any this year?

Sec. of S. (with a melancholy smile). That depends upon circumstances not entirely under my control.

Mil. A. Oh, yes; I know. But Governments may come and Governments may go, but the State flows on for ever. Whatever you commence they will have to carry out.

Sec. of S. Can we have these Manœuvres without expense?

Mil. A. Well, scarcely. For instance, there is the ammunition.

Sec. of S. Oh, we can get over that! Every soldier, when he is supposed to fire, can say, "Bang!" or words to that effect. We might add the direction to the new Provisional Drill-Book.

Mil. A. (drily). Yes, you might; and it would prove about as useful as the other regulations in that remarkable volume! Well, suppose the difficulty of ammunition surmounted, what next?

Sec. of S. Well, I suppose we shall have to spend some money on the farmers for rights of way and the rest of it?

Mil. A. I suppose so, if you want the troops to move over an unfamiliar country.

Sec. of S. But I am not sure I do. Why shouldn't they learn how to defend Aldershot? Then it would cost nothing. What next?

Mil. A. Well, there will be the Commissariat expenses.

Sec. of S. Suppose food costs the same in most places. Besides, isn't TOMMY ATKINS supposed to purchase his own victuals?

Mil. A. Yes, theoretically I suppose he is; but practically he—
Sec. of S. Oh, bother practice! Of course he must, somehow; he must pay for the Commissariat out of his own pocket.

Mil. A. Well, then there is the question of transport. Of course, many regiments have their own waggons and carts, but for a special occasion I think it would be advisable if—

Sec. of S. (interrupting). What nonsense! Why, of course we will make them all walk. It will do them a world of good!

Mil. A. Well, as we want to bring some from Scotland, it will distinctly be a long walk—a very long walk indeed!

Sec. of S. (heartily). So much the better—so much the better!

Mil. A. (sarcastically). I fancy you will have to pay a large bill in shoe-leather!

Sec. of S. (aghast). So we shall! Oh, bother the Manœuvres just now! The fact is, I have to think of other things!

[Scene closes in upon Secretary thinking of other things.]

STUDIES IN THE NEW POETRY.

No. II.

MR. PUNCH's first example of the New Poetry was, it may be remembered, in the rhymed, irregular style. It is not a difficult style. The lines may be long or short; some may groan under an accumulation of words, while others consist of merely two or three—a most unfair distribution. The style of the following specimen (also by Mr. H-N-L-Y) is, however, even easier to manage. There are no rhymes and very few restrictions. The lines are very short, and a few words, therefore, go a very long way, which is always a consideration, even if you don't happen to be paid by the column. This style is very fierce and bloodthirsty and terrible. Timid people are, therefore, advised, for the sake of their nerves, not to read any farther.

THE SONG OF THE POKER.



The Poker,
Clanging.

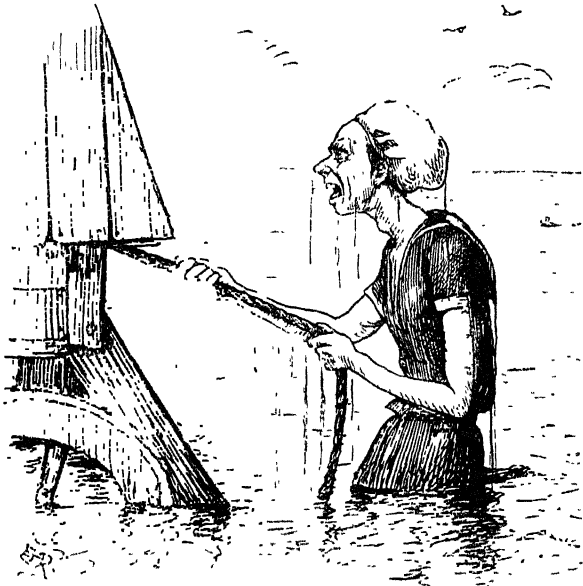
I am the Poker the straight and
the strong,
Prone in the fire-grate,
Black at the nether end,
Knobby and nebulous.

Fashioned for fight
In the Pit Acherontic:
Many have grappled me,
Poised me and thrust me
Into the glowing,
The flashing and furious
Heart of the fire.
Raked with me, prized with me,
Till on a sudden
Besparked and encircled
With Welsh or with Wallsend,
Shattering, battering
They drew me away.
Others in rivalry,
Thinking to better

The previous performance,
Seized me again;
Pushed with a leverage
Hard on the haft of me,
Till with the shocks
Sank the red fire,

Shivered and sank
Subdued into blackness.
That is my Toil;
I am the Poker.

Oh, and the burglar's head
Often hath felt me,
Hard, undesirable
Cracker of craniums.
I have drunk of the blood,
The red blood, the life-blood
Of the wife of the drunkard.
Hoh! then, the glory,
The joyous, ineffable
Cup of fulfilment,
When the policeman,
Tall with a bull's-eye,
Took me and shook me,
Produced me in evidence,
There in the dim
Unappeasable grisliness
Of the Police-Court.
Women to shrink at me,
Men to be cursed with me,
Bloodstained, contemptuous,
Laid on the table.
I am the Minister,
Azrael's Minister.
I am the Poker.



VENUS (ANNO DOMINI 1892) RISES FROM THE SEA!!

OPERATIC NOTES.

Wednesday.—Great German Night. Third Part of the Festival Play for Four Nights by RICHARD WAGNER, with (thank goodness just to lighten it) an English translation by the Messrs. CORDER.

"Sursum Corder!" A light and airy work as everyone knows is *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, or *The Nibelung's Ring*, requiring all the power of lungs to get the true ring out of the work. Hard work for singers, more so for orchestra, and most so for audience. As for the "Ring," there are a lot of animals in the Opera, but no horse, so the Circus entertainment is not complete until *Brünnhilde* shall appear in the next part of the tetralogy, with her highly-trained steed. Odd! Throughout two long (and, ahem! somewhat weary, eh?) Acts, not a female singer visible on stage (though one sings "like a bird" off it,—that is, quite appropriately, "at the wings"), and not until the Third Act, does *Erda* the witch "rise from below," and



Scenes in the Ring. Sir Alvary Siegfried, with Nothung on, as Master of "the Ring," gives a Special Entertainment.

we all saw her and 'Erd'er. Then, later on, appears *Brünnhilde*, asleep, "in a complete suit of gleaming plate-armour, with helmet on her head and long shield over her body," a style of free-and-easy costume which, as everyone knows, is highly conducive to sleeping in perfect comfort. No wonder *Siegfried* mistakes her for a man-in-armour out of the Lord Mayor's Show, and exclaims,

"Ha, a Warrior, sure!
I scan with wonder his form!"

(I was scanning with wonder the verses,—but *passons*!)—he continues:—

"His haughty head
Is pressed by the helm!"

This at first sight looks nautical; and therefore his next question is, "Can I speak to the man at the wheel?" He decides that, as the sleeping warrior "heaveth his breast," and "is heavily breathing," it will be a humane act to give him a little air.—[which is done in the orchestra whatever air there is].—and then *Siegfried* asks himself if it won't be as well, or "better, to open his byrnie?" Those among the audience who have been carefully reading the translation up to this point, here look up and closely watch *Siegfried's* proceedings, being evidently uncertain as to what "his byrnie" may be. Some clever person in Stalls observes that up to now, he has always thought that "byrnie" was the affectionate diminutive for a mountain 'byrne' in Scotland." Which clever person had evidently much to learn. However the effect of the operation for "byrnie" (which ought to have been performed by Dr. BYRNE YEO, ever ready to rescue a fellow-creature in distress) is to show that the supposed Knight is a Lady. Whereupon *Siegfried* with "surprise and astonishment starts back" exclaiming:—

"This is no man! Burning enchantment"—he meant "Byrnie-ing"—"charges my heart;"—(what charge does a heart make in these circumstances?)—"fiery awe falls on my eyesight;" (bad symptoms these!)—"My senses stagger and sway,"—So he swaggers and stays.

It is some time before he can pull himself together, and then the "Bewitched Maiden" awakes and addresses him bewitchingly. This causes him to be taken with a fit of "exalted rapture," while the lady, on her part, cannot help being "deeply stirred."

After a mad wooing, she laughs in a "wild transport of passion," calls him a "high-minded boy," likewise "a blossoming hero," also "a babe of prowess;" all which epithets, styles and titles, are in quite the vein of *Falstaff* addressing *Prince Hal*. Then, in return, *Siegfried* can hit on no better compliment than to style her "a Sun" and "a Star."

Having thus exhausted their joint-stock of complimentary endearments, they throw themselves into each other's arms. On which situation the Curtain discreetly falls.

All very fine and large, of course. Orchestra splendid. *Siegfried* and *Brünnhilde* recalled four times. Everybody, including Mr. MAHLER the Conductor, and Sir AUGUSTUS WAGNERENSIS, called before Curtain. Madame ROSA SUCHER had her evening all to herself, to go wherever she liked, as she had only to drop in at the Opera at 11 P.M., don her armour in which to appear before the public at midnight, sing a few solos, join in a duet, and be off the stage again by 12'30 A.M. punctually.

The English translation will repay perusal. There are in it some really choice morsels. This subject must be considered at the earliest opportunity.

The Singing Dragon is delightful throughout, and his death as tragic as anything in *Pyramis* and *Thisbe* as played by *Bottom the Weaver & Co., Limited*.

Saturday.—Production of the Illustrious ISIDORE DE LARA'S *Light of Asia*. So the operatic day, that is Saturde-ay, finishes with generally-expressed opinion that this Opera is a

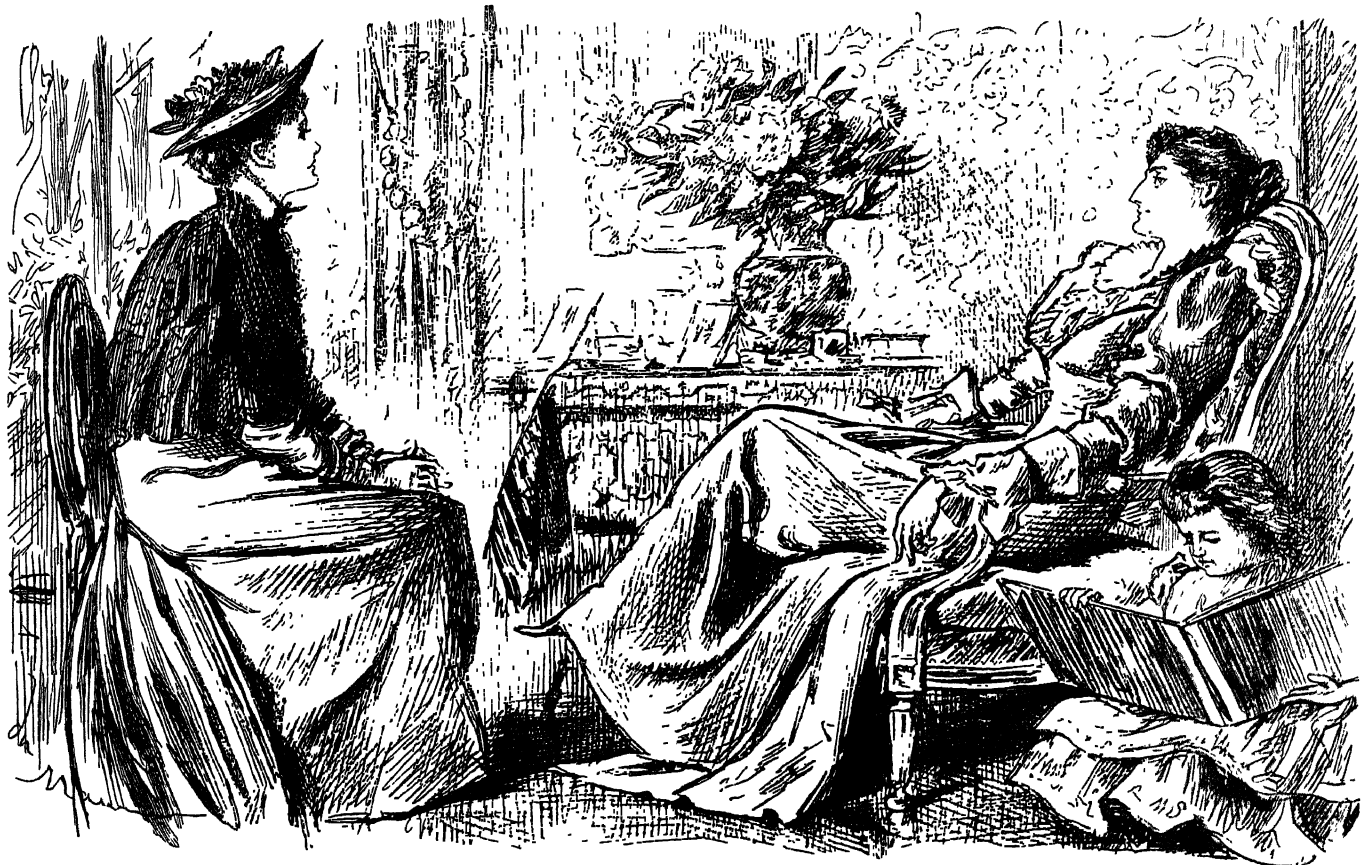
"DE-LA-RA-Boom-de-ay!"

Everything scenically and stage-managerially that could be done to make *The Light of Asia* brilliant, Sir DRURIOLANUS has done; but, after a first hearing, it strikes me that, regarded as a work for the stage, it is a mere *Night-light of Asia*, which, like *Macbeth's* "brief candle," will go "out," and "then be heard no more." If, however, it be relegated to the concert-hall, as a Cantata, *The Light of Asia* may appear lighter than it does on the boards of Covent Garden, where, intended to be a dramatic Opera, it only recalls to me the title of one of RUDYARD KIPLING's stories, viz., *The Light that Failed*.

A SUTTON THOUGHT.—Mr. CHAMBERLAIN can now allude to Lord ROSEBURY as "a Sutton person of his acquaintance."



Sir Druriolanus Wagneren is offering the Tea-tray-logy to his Patrons.



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Unfashionable Mother. "WHAT A SWEET CHILD! HOW OLD IS SHE!"

Fashionable Mother. "WELL, REALLY, IF YOU ARE GOING TO ASK THAT SORT OF QUESTION, I'D BETTER SEND FOR THE NURSE!"

AN OLD SONG REVIVED.

(As sung by the Champion Ulster "Comique," Colonel S-and-rs-n, to the old tune of "De Grooves of de Pool," written by "honest Dick Mullikin.")

WHILLALOO! If they droive us to foighting,
'Tis ourselves who will lead 'em a dance,
Till, loike the Cork bhoys, they're deloighting,
Back again to their homes to *advance*!
No longer in beating such rebels
We'll take than in baiting a bull.
How they'll squake, in effeminate trebles,
When Ulster's battalions are full!
Ri fol didder rol didder rol!

We trate 'em as loving relations?
We trust to the "Union of Hearts"?
We heed the Grand Old One's orations?
We play the Minority's parts?
We bow to the yoke of TIM HEALY?
We stoop to the Papisthry rule?
Faix! them who imagine it really
Must fancy that "Orange" spells "fool."
Ri fol didder rol didder rol!

We consint to a sham House o' Commons
Established on ould College Green?
They fancy we're Radical rum 'uns!
Allaygiance we owe to our QUEEN!
But we're fly to their thraitorous dodges;
Our loyalty's edge would they dull?
Fwit! We'll pour like a flood from our
Lodges,
And crack every "National" skull!
Ri fol didder rol didder rol!

We're all friends of Law and of Order,
But would they wrench us from the Crown?

We'll soon be a-singing "Boyne Water,"
And marching to "Croppies, lie down!"
'Tis we have the Men and the Money,
We don't want to foight, we're quite
cool.
But, by Jingo, our foes will look funny,
When Ulster turns out 'gin Home Rule!
Ri fol didder rol didder rol!

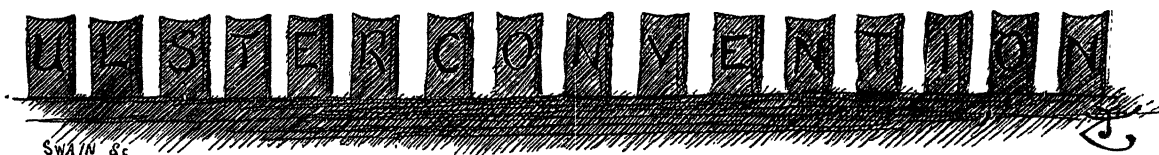
To-day in our myriads we muster.
Friendly warning is all that we mean.
About SOLLY's "incitement" Rads fluster;
We're thrue to the Crown and the QUEEN;
But Ulster no "pathriot" shall sever,
And Ulster no "Papish" shall school.
Whillaloo! Here's the Union for ever,
And into the Boyne wid Home Rule!
Ri fol didder rol didder rol!

Och! Here's to Dutch WILLIAM the Pious!
And here's to VICTORIA the Good!
If they think we won't foight, let 'em try us!
They mock at an Orangeman's mood,
But once set the Green 'gainst the Yellow,
(Wid no one our coat-tails to pull,)
And I pity the pathriots who bellow
(Like bhoys in a bog) for Home Rule!
Ri fol didder rol didder rol!

Come, all loyal props of the nation,
Come fill up a bumper all round!
Drink success to our great federation;
With Brummy JOE's blessing 'tis crowned.
He says we are heroes, right stingo,
He vows W. G.'s an old fool.
No, we don't want to fight, but, by Jingo
Whin we do—it's all up wid Home Rule!
Ri fol didder rol didder rol!
[Left "bominating."]

A BACHELOR'S GROWL.

Oh, the beautiful women, the women of
ancient days,
The ripe and the red, who are done and
dead,
With never a word of praise;
The rich, round SALLIES and SUSANS, the
POLLIES and JOANS and PRUES,
Who guarded their fame, and saw no
shame
In walking in low-heeled shoes.
They never shrieked on a platform; they
never desired a vote;
They sat in a row and liked things slow,
While they knitted or patched a coat.
They lived with nothing of Latin, and a jolly
sight less of Greek,
And made up their books, and changed
their cooks
On an average once a week.
They never ventured in hansoms, nor climbed
to the topmost 'bus,
Nor talked with a twang in the latest slang;
They left these fashions to us.
But, ah, she was sweet and pleasant, though
possibly not well-read,
The excellent wife who cheered your life,
And vanished at ten to bed.
And it's oh the pity, the pity that time should
ever annul
The wearers of skirts who mended shirts,
And never thought nurseries dull.
For everything's topsy-turvy now, the men
are bedded at ten,
While the women sit up, and smoke and sup
In the Club of the Chickless Hen.



AN OLD SONG REVIVED.

COLONEL SANDERS-N (*the Irish "Lion Comique"*) sings—

} "WE DON'T WANT TO FIGHT,
BUT, BY JINGO, IF WE DO,—"

THE USEFUL CRICKETER.

(A Candid Veteran's Confession.)



I AM rather a "pootlesome" bat—
I seldom, indeed, make a run;
But I'm rather the gainer by that,
For it's bad to work hard in the sun.

As a "field" I am not worth a jot,
And no one expects me to be;
My run is an adipose trot,
My "chances" I never can see.

I am never invited to bowl, [slight,
And though, p'raps, this seems like a
In the depths of my innermost soul
I've a notion the Captain is right.

In short, I may freely admit
I am not what you'd call a great
catch;
But yet my initials are writ
In the book against every
match!

For although—ay, and there is
the rub—
I am forty and running to fat,
I have made it all right with the
Club,
By presenting an Average Bat!

PRIVATE REFLECTIONS OF THE PUBLIC ORATOR AT CAMBRIDGE.

(As recorded by Mr. Punch's Patent Phonograph.)

DEADLY business, this Latin joking. One speech is bad enough, but fifteen are absolutely crushing. Still it must be done. Shade of CICERO, befriend me! Here goes:—

"What on earth can I say about the DUKE OF EDINBURGH? Mustn't offend these blessed Royalties. Am told they never take kindly to jokes. Let me see, he served on the *Euryalus* (query? ought I to bring in *Nisus*). Travelled a great deal—*multorum vidit et urbes*. Mem. Work this up. By the way, ALFRED's his name. Bring in ALFRED and the cakes. ALFRED thrashed DANES. PRINCE OF WALES married a Dane. To be worked up. Sailor-Prince: mem. *O navis referent, etc.* See also VIRGIL's description of storm. Prince plays fiddle. Might say that VIRGIL was poet *quem vicina Cremonæ Mantua genuit*. Did this, years ago, for old JOACHIM, but can use it again. Never mind the *væ nimium misere vicina Cremonæ*. Prince won't know about that. What's the best Latin for Admiral? Daughter betrothed to Crown PRINCE OF ROUMANIA. Can get in Roman legionaries. Ripping!!

NORTHBROOK's fairly easy. Oxford man. Mustn't mention he only got Second Class. Never mind, India will pull me through. Conquests of ALEXANDER, and all that sort of thing. Must look up RUDYARD KIPPLING for latest tips. Dusky brothers (Query, *sub-fusci fratres*?) good Academical joke this; sure to fetch the VICE-CHANCELLOR. Pity the CHANCELLOR's so poor in Latin.

CRANBROOK next. Bother all these brooks! He's a Viscount (*Vice-Comes DE CRANBROOK*). Lord President of Council; looks after education. That'll do it. Who's this fool that has sent a post-card asking me to say something about *Educatio libera*? *Num est tuus servus canis ut hanc rem faciat*?

HENRY JAMES. Dear me! No University education. Must refer to CICERO as a barrister. *Solicitor Generalis* doesn't sound right somehow. Refused to be Lord Chancellor. Mem. Get good joking Latin for Woolsack. Factory and Workshops Act must see me through.

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN. Hard nut to crack. Can't say I like him myself. *Birminghamie decus; civium consensu ter*—What the dickens is Mayor in Latin? Did anybody make screws in ancient Rome? Mem. Work up orchids and eyeglass. *Una cum Cancellario nostro seni grandi restitit*. Absolutely no literary distinction. Still, he's got a son who was a Cambridge man. Must get in a sly dig at OSCAR BROWNING and East Worcestershire. Something about old-age pensions. Bah, I hate the job!

JOHN MORLEY. Humph! Delicate ground. Home Rule's got to be skimmed over. Only consistent Home-Ruler of the lot (*sibi constat*). Books by the dozen (*lucidus ordo, etc.*). French Revolution (*res novæ*). Ardent reformer (*res renovanda radicitus*). Ought to drag in *impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis acer*. Better not, on second thoughts.

That's enough for one morning. Polish off the rest to-morrow. Mem. WEBSTER won two miles against Oxford (*duo milia passuum*; *Oxonienibus triumphatus*, and a few japes about Isthmian games. Must fetch them). Remember to give ROBY one or two for himself over his Latin grammar. Mostly wrong. He'd better stick to making reels of cotton. SEELEY and the others can wait.

MR. HARDUP lately came into a large fortune, and changed his name to SKATTERKASH. He has started a coach, and drives four duns. "The duns used always to be after me," says he; "now I've got 'em before me. It's a pleasant reminder of unpleasant times."

KENSINGTON GARDENS.

(In the Summer Evenings, after Eight.)

As they are, *always*.—Closed. Within, a solitary policeman, moping. Without, the jaded citizens, gasping on a dusty road, and gazing through the iron railings at the cool groves within. A mile away, or nearer, some military bands (paid—by whom?—no matter—ultimately by tax-payers, who don't get much for their money), bored to death for lack of work, and any number of charitable institutions spending half their funds in advertising for more.

As they might be, *sometimes*.—Open. At the gate energetic policemen taking the shillings of eager citizens who crowd in to sit and smoke in the cool groves, lighted by inexpensive Chinese lanterns, and to listen to the music of the military bands, now alert, cheerful and occupied. Scattered through the cool groves a few energetic, but unobtrusive, policemen, seeing that everyone behaves as quietly as at the Fisheries or the Healtheries. And (the next morning) any number of charitable institutions receiving the shillings thus virtuously and profitably spent.

SYLLOGISMS OF THE STUMP.

(Selected—and condensed—from recent Platform "Arguments.")

THERE is no principle, no precedent, no reason why, if the majority desire anything, a Legislative sanction should not be given to their decision.

The majority in Ireland desire Home Rule.

Therefore, it would be an outrage to the minority to give Legislative sanction to that desire.

The influence of Women in politics must be elevating and refining.

That influence can be most effectively and legitimately exercised by and through possession of the Electoral Franchise.

Therefore it would unsex and degrade women to give them the Parliamentary vote.

It is useless to receive a deputation (say, upon Night Hours' Day legislation) unless you "mean business" in that matter.

I do not mean business in that matter—at present.

Therefore I shall be delighted to receive the deputation.

Liberal Legislation is bad for the country.

The present Government has successfully accomplished more Liberal Legislation than any of its predecessors.

Therefore the country should vote for the present Government.

The Gladstone Government of 1880 made many serious mistakes.

I was a leading Member of that Government.

Therefore you cannot go wrong in following me now.

Mr. C. made a slashing attack on Lord

R., and addressed to him certain awkward questions and posing arguments to which he is bound to attempt an answer.

Lord R. made a dashing rejoinder to Mr. C., and devoted the whole of his speech to answering Mr. C.'s questions and arguments.

Therefore Lord R. showed bad taste and temper, and wasted his own time and the public's.

I have altered my opinion of many men since 1885.

Many men have altered their opinion of me since that same date.

Therefore they are either fickle fools or idolatrous items.

I followed my Leader until 1881.

Some follow him still.

Therefore either they don't know what they do, or don't mean what they say.

If any logical-minded reader should object that these so-called syllogisms are not really syllogisms at all, we should agree with him. But then they are not only the brief and formal expression of long-winded so-called arguments, which are not really arguments at all, but which, veiled in floods of verbiage, are duly presented to the public, from platform and Press, as though they really were so. Moral:—The clear analysis of stump-oratory generally takes the form of a *reductio ad absurdum*.



Going to the Country with a Cry.

MUTUAL ADVERTISEMENT BY THE COURT JESTER.—At the Shaftesbury Theatre is announced *A Play in Little*. At the Court they might announce a *LITTLE* in a Play. [N.B.—For explanation see Cast under Clock.] Just now, very little in any play.



A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.

Mistress (to applicant for situation, who has been dismissed from her last place). "So you've just left? Didn't your situation suit you?"

Martha. "Oh yes, 'M. Situation suited me very well. It was me, Mum, as didn't suit the situation!"

FROM A LAHORE PAPER.—"Punch," the writer ought to have said "Mr. Punch,"—"possesses a battery of guns, and maintains a standing army of 1,200 men." Quite correct. Wonderful how they get the news out there. The guns fire a hundred jokes per minute; all killing ones. The standing army do the thing well, and will stand anything (well-iced) to all friends within reasonable limits, under command of Mr. Punch, President.

VERY NATURAL.—MRS. BROWN POTTER, tired of playing a Hero, is now coming out as a Heroine before the Chaff'sbury Theatre is shut up.

ROD and RIVER is the title of a useful book about fly-fishing (it only needs "fly-leaves" for notes to make it perfect), written by a Major bearing the appropriate name of FISHER. One note he might append for the benefit of intending Etonians, that those who, not having "passed" their swimming examination, venture to go on the "river," are in danger of the "rod."

MRS. RAM was told that Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN is a giant in intellect. She said, "I don't know much about intellect, but he must be a very big giant to carry an orchard in his buttonhole."

ODONT.!

(An Ode to the Modern Flora.)

On, Flora, fair Goddess of Flowers, skies brighten, the gardens are glowing,
And lo! 'tis the season of Flower Shows,
whenever things seem "All-a-blowing!"
And what the dickens you've been up to
with the dictionary, I'm dashed if
there's any possibility of knowing.

Talk about "Volapück." Why, it isn't a circumstance compared with the floral goddess's crack-jaw.

I've been trying to read the account of a Flower Show to my wife. Now, at patter-songs I've a slick tongue and slack jaw.

I can do "John Wellington Wells" pretty patly; but to read through a horticultural article

Would give an alligator instantaneous tetanus; and of *meaning* the words seem to have no particle.

I should like to be introduced, in its Bornean home, to the glorious plant called *Coco Dyana*.

But fancy a footman having to announce Madame SPATHOGLOTTIS KIMBALLIANA!

Odont. Uro-Skinneri sounds like something medical and epidermic, but then we're informed that its sepals and petals

Are "reticulated in tender brown and broad rosy-mauve," which immediately sends one "off the metals."

The Masdevallias may be a respectable family, though I should not care to marry into it.

But "the hybrid M. Mundyana representing M. Veitchii x M. Ignea" (though "a wonderfully glowing orange" by all accounts), sounds so exceedingly mixed and mongrel that I'd certainly eschew it.

"A noble Catt: Gigas" sounds rather aristocratic; "Catt: Jacomb," I suppose, is a sort of a relative;

But Od. Citrosimum, sounds awfully odd, and is not *my* notion of a reassuring appellative.

And what are you to make of Odont. crisp. Sanderæ, which, whomsoever "Sanderæ" may be, I don't want to "crisp" him;

"A sport of nature unequalled" they call him, and no doubt his *name* is, for I can neither clearly articulate, stutter or lisp him.

I've not a doubt that, whoever he is, he is probably liked and considered by some a gem.

Cyp. Chamberlainianum has a political sound, and has a strong savour of a floral Brummagem.

And then comes "Odont. vex. Bleui splendissimum," which sounds like an appeal for "Two Lovely Blue Eyes."

But if it means something entirely different, I shall hear it without the smallest surprise.

In fact, looking further, I find, it's "an artificial hybrid from Odont. vexillarium x Odont. Roezlii." That's a staggerer.

But Dend. phalanopsis Schroderæ Dellense is a still bigger horticultural swaggerer.

O. Coradenei! likewise O. Crispum! I only wish that your Godmother, Flora,

Would insist upon shorter and more intelligible names for her modern offspring.

By bright Aurora,

I can't go on worshipping at your floral shrine if the ritual is polyglot gibberish, and what's more, I won't, Ma'am.

In the word (queerly spelt) of which you seem very fond, I earnestly say, Flower Goddess, Odont. Ma'am!!!



THE RACE FOR THE COUNTRY. WAITING FOR THE SIGNAL.

(By Our Americanised Artist.)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Thursday, June 9.—The great strength of the Liberal Party lies in its illimitable resources of Leadership. When in ordinary times Mr. G. is away, there is either the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD or JOHN MORLEY to take his place. Now, in these last days of dying Parliament, the Squire follows Mr. G.'s leadership even to extent of stopping away from House. JOHN MORLEY been here for short while to-night, but as soon as he saw House comfortably in Committee he, too, departed. Seemed as if Opposition, thus deserted, would stagger blindly on till it fell in some ditch. At critical moment BOBBY SPENCER quietly appeared on scene; naturally and irresistibly dropped into seat of Mr. G. on otherwise almost empty front Bench. No sounding of drums or braying of trumpets. BOBBY quietly walks up, brushing past ATHERLY JONES standing at the Bar, and takes his proper place.



"Standing at Bar."

Effect upon House instant and soothing. Prince ARTHUR looks up relieved. No one more interested in presence of strong hand on the rein of Opposition than is the Leader of the House. Business immediately settles down to even and rapid pace. It is generally understood that BOBBY is desirous that the Government shall have every assistance given them in disposing of the remaining business. ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS shows himself a little restive. Here is a great opportunity fleeting past; vote after vote put from Chair agreed to almost as rapidly as it can be recited. After half-a-dozen have been galloped through, ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS moves uneasily in his seat. Anxiously watches the youthful figure seated on front Bench. Bang goes another Million. ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS can sit it no longer; jumps up and wants to know something. BOBBY, half-turning, regards him with grave eyes.



"Question! Question!"

Speaks no word, but ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS knows what is passing through his mind; his fluent speech falters; presently he sits down, shrivelled up, as it were, under the reproachful glance of the new Leader. Thus the hours pass, and the votes too, till by midnight all the money is voted for the Navy, and whole blocks of Civil Service Estimates have been passed.

Business done.—Supply voted with both hands.

Friday.—Army Estimates on in Committee of Supply. Gather from general conversation that things are awful. FRASER, V.C., says they are going to the dogs. WALTER BARTELOT "going," as he sometimes asks permission to do, "one step farther," says they've gone. STANHOPE evidently expecting an assault on his Department, brought in with him a stout stick. When JULIUS AN-NIBAL PICTON got up just now, and gave a brief résumé of the operations in which his great ancestor defeated FLAMINIUS and SERVILIUS at the Lake of Thrasymenus; pretty to see how STANHOPE almost involuntarily made a pass at him with the stick.



Poltalloch.

of the operations in which his great ancestor defeated FLAMINIUS and SERVILIUS at the Lake of Thrasymenus; pretty to see how STANHOPE almost involuntarily made a pass at him with the stick.

"Question! Question!" cried STUART WORTLEY, from behind the SPEAKER'S chair.

"This is the question," retorted J. A. P., "or it is at least leading me up to it. I am about, Mr. COURTNEY, to show how, supposing the War Office at Carthage had been managed on the same principles as those which govern the conduct of the Right Hon. Gentleman, my illustrious ancestor, instead of routing the enemy, would have fled from the face of FLAMINIUS, scuttled off before SERVILIUS, and would never have lived to vanquish VARRON at Cannae."

"You rather had STANHOPE there," said POLTALLOCH meeting J. A. P. in the Lobby afterwards, and shouting down at him a few words of hearty encouragement.

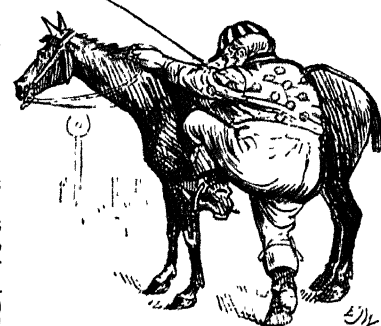
Business done.—Another gallop through the Votes.

LADY GAY'S SELECTIONS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

Phantom Lodge, Ascot.

HERE I am once more at Ascot—beloved of Women and Milliners! Ascot, I mean, not myself, as I'm thankful to say women don't like me—Milliners don't count as women, of course, being so very liberal-minded; and that's the advantage of being "somebody," and having a figure—you can get all your gowns on the condition of telling every-one (in strict confidence) who "built" them! I had a most fatiguing day yesterday, as, after arriving, I had to show the Baroness all my Ascot "confections," and I made the poor dear quite jealous, which, of course, vexed me, as she is quite my dearest friend! I was much gratified to see my protest against these "glove contests" so admirably and cleverly "seconded" (I'm afraid that's a fighting expression) by one of your wonderful Artists in Black-and-White (black and blue it might have well been on this occasion)—though, by the way, he must have been present himself, or he wouldn't have seen how ashamed of his own face every man was! We shall have the dear wretches wearing veils next, I suppose!



On every hand I hear great complaints of the "moderate lot" our English Three-year-olds have turned out; and the Vicomte DE FOSSE-TERRE (a descendant of the historical QUEEN OF NAVARRE) quite upset our dinner-party last night by claiming immense superiority for the French horses of the same age—why should this be?—I don't consider the French ahead of us in politeness, so why should they be so in breeding? However, the fact remains, that no English Horse will run in the French Derby this year!

Lord STONEHENGE tells me we may expect the "Dissolution" very shortly, and I'm sure the poor Members must be glad of it, for this weather makes one long to dissolve—though I must say it seems to me an absurd time to choose, as it will stop the Season and upset everybody's arrangements! These things will be better managed when we get a "House of Peersesses" at the head of affairs—and that is only a question of time, I feel sure!

But now to glance at the Ascot Programme—it is such a lengthy and important one, that a mere glance will be quite sufficient for me, whereas a man would study the thing for a week and then know nothing about it! I will just mention a few horses that my readers will do well to "keep their eye on," that is if they can—for really at Ascot one does not pay much attention to the races—and in conclusion I will give my "one-horse selection" for the last in the Gold Cup. The expression "one-horsed," is, I believe, generally used contemptuously, but it must serve till I find time to think out another, which is impossible at present, as the luncheon-gong has just sounded, and I have visions of a lobster-salad and iced Hook-Cup! And now to prophesy? On the "Queen's Birthday" a "Sprightly" "Buc-caneer," gave an "Order" to attack "Harfleur," captured the town, and at the end of the "Comedy" paid the "Bill!"

Yours devotedly,

LADY GAY.

GOLD CUP TIP.

The bloom on the leaf of a first-rate cigar
Is expressed by the trade as "Flor Fina,"
But the sight, to a racing-man, finer by far
Is the bloom of the mare "Caterina!"

Good News!!—"Apprehended Great Cyclone!" So ran the heading of a paragraph in the *Daily Telegraph* last Friday. We trust this turbulent person once apprehended, will be sentenced and imprisoned.

"VERSAILLES" IN LEICESTER SQUARE.

(Or, the New Ballet at the Empire, as it appears through Mr. Punch's Pince-nez.)

TABLEAU I.—The Park at Versailles. "Gardeners," according to the "Argument" supplied with programmes, "are seen busily preparing for the arrival of King Louis the Fourteenth and his Court." If tickling the gravel gently with brooms, and depositing one petal a-piece in large baskets is "busily preparing," they are. The Gardeners, feeling that they have done a very fair afternoon's work, dance a *farandole* in *sabots*, after which Ladies and Cavaliers arrive and prepare to dance too; the Cavaliers select their partners by chasing them on tiptoe, the Ladies run backwards, and coyly slap their favourites' faces with bouquets. Here, according to Argument, "refreshments are served by Pages." Don't see any; these particular Pages seem to have been cut. Dance follows: the *Vicomte Raoul de Bragelonne* arrives, but stands apart, taking no part in the dance, and looking melancholy. Fancy he is wishing he had learnt dancing in his boyhood, or else waiting for the refreshments to be served. On referring to Argument, however, discover that "his mind is occupied by thoughts of Louise de Lavallière, who was betrothed to him in her childhood." Stupid not to see this for oneself. So obvious. Enter Louise. Think Raoul informs her in pantomime that one of the bows on her dress has "come undone;" she rewards him for this act of politeness by taking the bow off and pinning it on his breast. Raoul not satisfied, pleads for another, to put on his hat. Louise refuses, can't ruin her new frock like that for him. Find I'm wrong again. Argument says, "he implores her to fulfil the wish of his own and their parents' hearts by naming the nuptial day. Louise is confused, and bids him wait." He retires brokenhearted, in search of the refreshments, and the Cavaliers, with whom a very little dancing on gravel and a warm afternoon goes a long way, retire with him. The ladies, left alone, "now freely express their opinions on the merits of their late companions," which seems natural enough. Louise dissents; doesn't see anything particularly rude in their conduct, "Cavaliers are like that—will rush off for refreshments alone after every dance and leave their partners." At least, that's how I understood her. Missed the point again. Argument informs me she has been answering, "abruptly that the Sun (meaning the King) absorbs her whole soul, and that she has no thoughts to bestow on mere planets." She said all that in a shake of the head and two shrugs, so "abruptly" is quite the right word. Other ladies annoyed with her, and show it by walking past and wagging their fingers in her face, which appears to depress Louise considerably. Then they go out, after the Cavaliers, or the refreshments. Meanwhile Louise the Fourteenth has entered at the back and overheard all. He knows what the shake and shrugs meant, and smiles and nods knowingly to himself. "Oh, I am an irresistible Monarch, I am!" he seems to be saying. "I'll follow this up." So he struts down with a fixed smile on his face, like the impudent young dog he is, and puts his chest passionately at her. Louise startled. "Don't go away," says Louise in pantomime. "I say, there's an arbour in that shrubbery,—let's go and sit in it—do!" Louise undecided; tries to excuse herself. "Earwiggy? not a bit of it!" Louise assures her (he wouldn't be so confident about it if he had seen his Gardeners at work); "come along!" Louise still timid; suggests spiders. Louise vows that no spider shall harm her while he lives to protect her, and draws her gently towards the shrubbery; he does this several times, but on each occasion her dread of insects returns, and she recoils shrinking. The King puts his arms round her to give her courage, and at this instant, Raoul de Bragelonne returns, sees the back of someone embracing the maiden who was betrothed to him in childhood, draws his sword—and recognises his Sovereign. "Whew!" his expression says plainly enough. "Now I have put my foot in it nicely!" He takes off his hat and apologises profusely; but Louise is indignant. What's the use of being a *Roi Soleil* if you can't ask a lady of your Court to sit in an arbour without being interrupted like this? He swells visibly, and intimates that he will pay Raoul out for this in various highly unpleasant ways. Louise kneels to him for pardon. Louis subsides gradually, but still shows the whites of his eyes; finally he tells Raoul to be off. Raoul is submissive—only wants to know where he's to go to. Louise points to Heaven, evidently regal politeness

forbids him to indicate any other place. Raoul goes off perplexed, and no wonder. Then, as the Argument explains, "a trumpet-call is heard," and Louise "bewildered," perhaps because it is the signal to go and dress for dinner, escapes to the palace; and Louise, feeling that the arbour is only a question of time, follows. Then Musketeers come off duty and get up an assault-at-arms, until their careful captain, afraid that they will hurt themselves with those nasty swords, orders them to stop, and the First Tableau is over.

TABLEAU II.—Rich hangings have fallen close to the footlights, to represent an "Ante-room in the Palace." Attendants bring on two dressing-tables. Enter the two principal danseuses, who are about to dress for the Grand Ballet, when Lulli, the Composer, and Prévot, the *Maître de danse du Roi*, come in and very inconsiderately propose a rehearsal, which of course must be an undress rehearsal—then and there. This not unnaturally puts both the ladies out of temper; they object to the ballet-skirts supplied by the Management as skimpy, and one of them throws up her part, which almost reduces Lulli to tears. The other undertakes it at a moment's notice, whereupon the first lady tries to scratch her eyes out, and then has a fit of hysterics. Both ladies have hysterics. A bell rings and, suddenly remembering that a Royal Ante-room is rather a public place to dress in, they catch up the ballet-skirts and flee. Attendants remove the dressing-tables. Tableau over. Plot where it was.

TABLEAU III.—Grand Reception Room in the Palace. Enter the Queen, sulky, because Louise has taken all the Pages, and only left her a couple of Chamberlains. Enter Louis, more impudent than ever. They take their places on a *dais*; the hangings at head of a flight of steps behind are withdrawn, and the first "Grand Ballet Divertissement" begins. Louise frankly bored, knowing there's another to come after that. Ballet charming, but he doesn't deign to glance at it, gives all his attention to a stuffed lamb on the top of the steps. Bevy after bevy of maidens disclosed behind hangings, each more bewitching and gorgeously attired than the last—but they don't interest Louis,—or else the presence of the Queen restrains him. Instructive to note the partiality of the *Corps de Ballet*. When Signorina DE SORRIS dances, they are so overcome that they lean backwards with outstretched arms in a sort of semi-swoon of delight. But the other lady may prance and whirl and run about on the points of her toes till she requires support, and they merely retire up and ignore her altogether. There is a dancing Signor in pearl grey, who supports first one Signorina and then the other with the strictest impartiality, and finally dances with both together, to show that he makes no distinctions and has no serious intentions. All this time Louise has been getting more and more restless; now and then he makes some remark, evidently disparaging, to the Queen, who receives it coldly. But at last he can't stand it any longer. "Call this dancing! I'll show 'em how to dance!" his look says. "Where's LOUISE?" And he gets up, pulls himself



"He swells visibly."

together, and invites her to come and dance a minuet. Queen disgusted with him, but pretends not to notice. Louise goes through minuet with extreme satisfaction to himself. Enter Page with an immense cushion, on which is "a bracelet of great value" (Argument again). Queen excited—thinks it's for her; but Louise stops the dance, takes the bracelet, and gives it to Louise. "A present from Paris. There, that's for being a good girl—take it, and say no more about it." She does, and they finish the minuet. Louise, on turning round to the *dais*, discovers that the Queen has gone away, which he seems to think most unreasonable of her—just when he was dancing his very best! There is more ballet, after which the King discovers that Louise is missing too. Her Page comes on and hands him a letter, which he opens triumphantly. "A rendez-vous, eh? Never knew jewellery fail yet! How I am carrying on, to be sure!" says his face. But, as he reads, his eyes begin to roll, and he has another attack of swelling. Then the curtains at the back are withdrawn again, and on the top of the steps, where the stuffed lambs were, he sees Louise de Lavallière in a nun's robe, entering a Convent. Louise can't believe it; he thinks it must be part of the performance, though not on the original programme. As he goes nearer to see, the curtains close, open again—and there is nothing. And the baffled monarch realises the melancholy truth—Louise has gone into a nunnery, without even returning the "bracelet of great value"! Whereupon the Act-drop mercifully falls, and veils his discomfiture. And that's all!



SO NICE OF HER!

Captain Muffet. "MAY I VENTURE TO HOPE THAT YOU WILL GIVE ME A WALTZ OR QUADRILLE?"

Lady Sparker. "OH, I'M SO SORRY, I'M ENGAGED FOR EVERY DANCE! I'M ENGAGED ALSO FOR SUPPER TWICE; BUT I PROMISE YOU FAITHFULLY YOU SHALL HAVE MY THIRD GLASS OF LEMONADE!"

LADY GAY'S SELECTIONS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—Several people who do not know me as the writer of the "Selections," have told me that they took the tip about "*Balmoral*" for the Manchester Cup, but backed it to *win* instead of to be *lost*—thereby winning money!—now—of course the last thing a tipster wishes, is that his prophecy should turn out successful, therefore I am delighted at the result, as also was Sir MINTING BLOUNDELL, who won a good stake, and is the only person who knows the secret of my incognito. He congratulated me most heartily on my success, which he said was the more wonderful as he knew the owner did not much fancy the horse!—but, as I told him—if owners of race-horses knew as much as some of the public—(to say nothing of the prophets)—they would never lose the money they do, and would probably give up racing! The selection was entirely my own "fancy." I need scarcely say, I never *ask* an owner anything, and if he volunteers the information that he thinks his horse "has a good chance," I find as a rule, it's just as well to "let the horse run loose," as they put it; though that is an expression I never quite understood, as I've never yet seen a horse "run loose" in a race, except on one or two occasions when the jockey has been thrown at the start—which now I come to think of it, may be the origin of the expression!

So Ascot is once more a departed glory! We all shivered on Tuesday, got roasted on Wednesday, were comfortable on Thursday, and resigned on Friday—and on the whole the toilette show was successful; though I fancy some of the best gowns were held over for Goodwood—one of mine was at all events—but my goodness!—if only our great grandmothers could have seen some of our modern petticoats!!—more elaborate than any *dress* they ever saw!—but then, as Lord HARPER REDCLIFFE said, our great grandmothers never got off and on coaches with an admiring crowd looking on, as *we* have to do now-a-days; and you have to be pretty smart not to get hung up on the wheels—though as Lady HARRIETT ENTOUCAS said, "my dear Lady GAY—what is the use of wearing all this loveliness unless one—" but perhaps it will annoy her if I tell what she *did* say!

The Royal Hunt Cup was a beautiful race, although the winner was not supposed to be the best of "Jewitt's lot;" but I am told he is

one of those who "will not do his best at home," being beaten in the trial—and after all, how *very* human that is—for how many men one knows who are perfect *bears* in their home circle!

Of the horses I advised my readers to "Keep an eye on," only one, *Buccaneer*, put in an appearance, and won the Gold Cup; so that my warning as to the difficulty of doing this, was fully borne out by the result. My Gold Cup selection did not run, and had I known that *Ermak* would have been his sole opponent, I should have made him my tip; but I do not pretend to be *Ermakulate*! (That's *awful*—please forgive me, dear Mr. Punch!) From the way *St. Angelo* won the Palace Stakes, I can't help thinking he would have won the Derby but for the French horse *Rueil*, who tried to *eat him* during the race—(how shameful to let the poor thing get so hungry)—and this of course interfered with his chance—as you really cannot attend to two things at a time with a satisfactory result, unless they be sleeping and snoring!

I presume that this sort of thing is meant when one reads in the sporting papers that such-and-such a horse was "nibbled at!"—but I really think that those who saw *St. Angelo* on Thursday, saw the winner of the Leger! There is no race of any special importance next week, either at Windsor or Sandown, but I will give my weekly tip for the probable last in the Windsor June Handicap, and meanwhile I may as well say that I shall grace with my presence the Newmarket July Meeting, and, emulating the example of other tipsters who send "Paddock Wires," I shall be happy to supply anyone with my two-horse-a-day "*Songs from the Birdcage*," at five guineas a-week—(a reduction to *owners*)—at which price my selections *must* be cheap.

Yours devotedly,

LADY GAY.

WINDSOR JUNE HANDICAP.

If "SHAKESPEARE" spells "ruin," as Managers say,
Tragedians all should be needy!

But a fortune was made by the best of his day,
And an Actor of "notes" was "*Macready*."

WHY is the Dissolution of Parliament like the human tongue?—
Because it is in everybody's mouth.

"CUTS!" OR, WE NEVER SPEAK AS WE PASS BY.



Otto, the Wedding-Guest, singeth :—

And, just as though we now were foes,
We never speak as we pass by!

The boy, the ingrate, the young cock,
Who thinks he's eagle when he crows;
Old Aquila is *he* to mock?

I'll cut his comb ere matters close.
And yet, and yet he keeps it up,
And Germany demands not *why*!
He bangs away like a big Krupp—
We never speak as we pass by.

My HERBERT, *you* should hold my place,
But you must share your sire's cold
snub.

We never speak as we pass by!

Alas! it was not always so.
But now I cannot catch his eye,
And, when I come, he's prompt to go.
"Il me reverra." So I said
When I resigned, his love to try.
But see how WILHELM turns his head!
We never speak as we pass by!

Not indispensable! Absurd!
I built the Empire, made the Crown.
Of Emperor WILHELM who had heard
But for *my* prowess and renown?
And Emperor WILHELM cocks his nose,
Regards me with averted eye;

Did I promote the lion's race
To be kicked out by its least cub?
This wedding-favour's gay and smart.
I to Vienna's bridal fly;
But something rankles in my heart;—
We never speak as we pass by!

Will FRANCIS-JOSEPH see his way
To—help *Coriolanus* back?
I can't believe I've had my day;
It makes ambition's heart-strings crack.
But that imperious youngster shuts
The door of hope how'er I try.
Are we for ever to be "cuts,"
And never speak as we pass by?



ADVANTAGES OF MARSUPIALISM.

"I'M SO TIRED, MUMMY. I WISH YOU WERE A KANGAROO!"
 "WHY, DARLING?"
 "TO CARRY ME HOME IN YOUR POCKET!"

AN EARL'S COURT IDYL.

SCENE—A knick-knack stall outside the Wild West Arena. Behind the counter is a pretty and pert maiden of seventeen or so. A tall and stately Indian Warrior, wrapped in a blue blanket, lounges up, and leans against the corner, silent and inscrutable.

The Maiden (with easy familiarity). 'Ullo, CHOC'LIT, what do you want? (The Chieftain smiles at her with infinite subtlety, and fingers a small fancy article shaped like a bottle, in seeming confusion.) Like to see what's inside of it? Look 'ere then. (She removes the cork, touches a spring, and a paper fan expands out of the neck of the bottle; CHOCOLATE is grimly pleased, and possibly impressed, by this phenomenon, which he repeats several times for his own satisfaction.) Ah, that fetches you, don't it, CHOC'LIT? (The Warrior nods, and says something unintelligible in his own tongue.) Why don't yer talk sense, 'stead o' that rubbish?

[CHOCOLATE watches her slyly out of the corners of his eyes; presently he puts the bottled-fan inside his blanket, and slouches off in a fit of pretended abstraction.

The Maiden (imperiously). 'Ere, come back, will yer? Walkin' off with my things like that! Fetch it 'ere—d'jear what I tell yer? (CHOCOLATE lounges over the counter of an adjoining Bovril stall, and affects a bland unconsciousness of being addressed. After awhile he peeps round and pats his blanket knowingly, and, finding she takes no further notice of him, lounges back to his corner again.) Oh, 'ere you are again! Now jest you put that bottle back. (The Warrior giggles, with much appreciation of his own playfulness.) Look sharp now. I know you've got it!

Chocolate (with another giggle). Me no got.

[He intimates that the person at the Bovril stall has it.

The Maiden. You needn't think to get over Me that way! It's inside o' that old blanket o' yours. Out with it now, or I'll make

yer! (CHOCOLATE produces it chuckling, after which he loses all further interest in it, his notice having been attracted by a small painted metal monkey holding a miniature cup and saucer.) Want to buy one o' them monkeys? (She sets its head nodding at the Indian, who is gravely interested in this product of European civilisation.) All right, pay for it then—they're ninepence each.

[The Warrior plays with it thoughtfully, apparently in the faint hope that she may be induced to make him a present of it, but, finding that her heart shows no sign of softening to such an extent, the desire of acquiring the monkey becomes so irresistible that, after much diving into his robes, he fishes up three coppers, which he tenders as a reasonable ransom.

The Maiden (encouragingly). That's all right, so far as it goes; you've on'y got to give me another sixpence—twice as much as that, you know. Come on! (CHOCOLATE meditates whether as an economical Indian Chieftain, he can afford this outlay, and finally shakes his head sadly, and withdraws the coppers.) Oh, very well, then; please yourself, I'm sure! (CHOCOLATE'S small black eyes regard her admiringly, as he tries one last persuasive smile, probably to express the degree to which the possession of a nodding monkey would brighten his existence.) It ain't a bit o' good, CHOC'LIT, I can't lower my price for you; and what's more, I'm not going to!

[CHOCOLATE examines the monkey once more undecidedly, then puts it gently down with a wistful reluctance, and drifts off.

The Maiden (calling after him). You like to do your shoppin' cheap, don't you, CHOC'LIT? Everythink for nothen' is what you want, ain't it? I know yer!

[The Warrior stalks on impassively, ignoring these gibes; whether he is reflecting on the beauty and heartlessness of the Pale-face Maiden, or resolving to save up for the monkey if it takes him a lifetime, or thinking of something else totally different, or of nothing whatever, is a dark secret which he keeps to himself.

THE PLAYFUL SALLY.

O SARAH B. ! O Mr. ABBEY! What un-ABBEY thought induced you to select so dreary a play as *Pauline Blanchard* wherewith to weary the British Public? And what a finish! *Pauline*, all for the sake of her disappointed lover, kills her husband with a sickle!—a sickle-ly sight—and then reaps the Maire, was effective, Mme. GILBERTE everybody, and in her M. FLEURY from a loft had taken her in the herreward. M. PERON, tive. Ancient Ange-FLEURY, "fetched" turn was fetched by where stage-business previous Act, in order



"How Abbey could I be with either!"

to receive her share of the plaudits. We hear that SARAH has accepted a One-Act piece called *Salammbô*, by OSCAR WILDE. Naturally we all see SARAH in the first part of *Sal*. Perhaps the "ambo" means SARAH and OSCAR. Being an Eastern subject, SARAH sees the chance in it of a Sara-scenic success. On Saturday last, with her wonderful *La Tosca* in the afternoon, and her *Dame aux Camélias* (the "O'Camélias" sounds like an Irish title) at night, SARAH regularly "knocked them" in the Shaftesbury Avenue. No one interested in dramatic art should miss seeing SARAH, at all events, in *La Dame aux Camélias*.

PARTICULAR AND GENERAL RELATIONSHIP.—Mr. GEORGE CURZON, as the *Saturday Review* remarks in its notice of *Curzon's Persia*, "is not the first of his family who has written a good book of Eastern travel." The author, then, is not a first, but a second, or third CURZON, and this particular work of authorship creates a new kinship, as his travels are, now, related to the public.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Wednesday.—The Irish Question, heard for the first time operatically, put by The O'WAGNER in his music-story of "*Tristan and Isolde*." The story is decidedly a *triste 'un* and is old no doubt of it.



Isolde, seated on a sham rock, awaiting the coming of her lover. Alas! all ends unhappily!

have received. No matter—Fraulein RALPH played with spirit, which is a dangerous thing to do as a rule. House crammed: not packed.

Thursday.—Long live the *Don*! *Vive MOZART*! *Don Giovanni*'s taste as to ladies changed as he grew older. The two musical Duchesses who accompany *Don Ottavio* when he is singing are usually, fine and large; but *Zerlina*, the *Don*'s latest fancy, is *petite*. Why does Signor CARACCILO make *Masetto* an idiotic old bumpkin? EDOUARD DE RESZKÉ is admirable as the cowardly *Leporello*, and MAUREL fine as the Im-maurel *Don*. With what an air he salutes *Zerlina*! The air is MOZART's "*La ci darem*," and therefore perfect. ZÉLIE DE LUSSAN delightful as that arrant flirt *Zerlina*. The Statue was rather in the dark. The Stalls couldn't



"How's YOUR POOR FEET?"

The Pedicure Motif. Shepherd, with pipe, suffering from "Corno Inglese," showing *Triste 'Un*, the Cornish Knight, where he may seek relief from his Bunions' Pilgrim's Progress.

see him "noddin', nid nid noddin'." Let Sir DRURIOLANUS look to this, and say to the Limelighter, quoting GOËTHE, "More light! More light!"

Friday.—*Carmen*. Commend me at once to Madame DESCHAMPS-JEHIN as *Carmen*. Her name is too long, and there's a little too much of her, figure-ratively speaking. A trifle over-size for quite an ideal *Carmen*, but then Madame D.-JEHIN is so good that we cannot have too much of her. Acting excellent. Madame EMMA EAMES EMMA-nently first-rate as *Michaela*. We all know JEAN DE RESZKÉ's *Don José*, which up to now is hard to beat; so for LASSALLE as *Escamillo*,—the great song encored, of course. Signor CARACCILO

as *Dancairo* (of a mixed race, Irish Dan and Egyptian Cairo—a regular Bohemian), and RINALDINI as *Remendado*, capital, not overdone. Mile. BAUERMEISTER as *Frasquita*, and AGNES JANSON as *Mercedes*, looked winning, especially when playing cards.

Saturday.—*Cavalleria Rusticana*. Most appropriate when everybody is talking of the elections and "going to the country."

GIRLS OF THE PERIOD.

LETTER I. (From Miss Mary Logic to Miss Rosa Blackbord.)

MY DEAR ROSA,

Coached Cottage.

I FANCY I told you that my Uncle JACK was coming home from sea. I had not seen him for six years—in fact he left England when I was a child of four or so. As you know, I am now ten. I naturally was rather curious to meet him. Well he is here, and I am fairly puzzled. He is rather a nice fellow—partly educated. He is distinctly shaky with his Classics, and has evidently forgotten half his Mathematics. However we got on pretty well. He seemed to be interested in my lecture upon Astronomy, and said "I seemed to be a hand at Chemistry." Well so I am. As you know, when I was a mere child I was always fond of experiments of an analytical character. He asked me if I had a doll, and I suppose he referred to the old lay-figure that I was wont to sketch before I took to studying from the nude. And now you will ask, why I am writing to you, when both you and I are so busy—when we are both preparing for matriculation? When we have so little spare time at our disposal?

I will tell you. The fact is, he accuses me of ignorance in the biographical section of my studies. He gave me the history of a gentleman who used a blue dye for his moustache and murdered his wives with impunity. Then he related the adventures of a lady who slept for a hundred years from the wound of a spinning needle. I had to confess (although a constant reader of the *Lancet*) I had never heard of the case before. Then he recounted the adventures of a traveller who seems to have had a life of considerable interest. This person obtained quite a number of diamonds, with the assistance of a huge bird called a Roc. Then he had much to say about a dwarf who defeated (in really gallant style) several men of abnormally large stature. He laughed when I had to confess that I had never heard of these people before. He gave me their names. The wife-slaughterer was called *Bluebeard*; the lady who slumbered for a hundred years, *The Sleeping Beauty* (I suppose she preferred to keep her anonymity); the traveller's name was *Sindbad*, and the dwarf was *Jack the Giant-Killer*. Have you heard of any of these people?

Your affectionate Cousin,

MARY.

LETTER II.

(Reply to Same, from Miss Rosa Blackbord.)

MY DEAR MARY,

Algebra Lodge.

As you are many weeks my junior (to be precise, exactly two months), I hasten to answer your letter. I have searched all my Biographical Dictionaries, but cannot find the people of whom you are in search. As for myself, I have never heard of *Bluebeard*, know nothing of *The Sleeping Beauty*, and am sceptical of the existence of *Sindbad* and *Jack the Giant-Killer*. Like Mrs. PRIG, who doubted the existence of Mrs. HARRIS, "I don't believe there were no such persons." By the way, you ought to read DICKENS. He is distinctly funny, and I can quite understand his amusing our grandmothers. I generally turn to his works after a long day with HOMER or EURIPIDES.

Your affectionate Cousin,

ROSA.

"NE PLUS ULSTER."—Decidedly, Ulster can't go beyond "its last," or rather, its latest, most utter utterances. So far, "words, words, words;" but from words to blows there is a long interval, especially when their supply of breath having been considerably exhausted, there is not much to be feared from their "blows." However, so far, the men with Ulster views have been patted on the back by the *Times*, and "approbation from Sir HUBERT STANLEY is praise indeed." Yet, had the meeting been of Nationalists! "But," as Mr. KIPLING's phrase goes, "that is another story." For, from the *Times* leader-writer's point of view, "that in the Orangeman's but a choleric word which in the Nationalist is rank blasphemy." However, the steam is let off through the spout, and by the time the Nationalist's dream of Home Rule is realised, all efforts to the contrary on the part of gallant little Ulster will probably be "*Uister vires*."

ADVICE GRATIS.—DEAFNESS. (To "EXPERIMENTALIST.")—Yours seems a peculiar form of this painful complaint. We cannot understand why you should feel "as if wind were always coming from your left ear." Try blowing into the ear with the bellows three times a day. It may drive the wind back. For the "fulness, throbbing, &c.," we should advise ramming a good-sized darning-needle as far as it will go into the orifice. After that—or even before—it might be best to consult a competent medical man.



EARLY MISGIVINGS.

Newly-Married M.P. "BY JOVE, TEN O'CLOCK! I MUST GO DOWN TO THE HOUSE, IF ONLY TO FIND SOMEONE TO PAIR WITH."

His Wife. "OH, DARLING, I THOUGHT YOU AND I HAD PAIRED FOR LIFE!"

"WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK;"

OR, MANŒUVRING FOR A HOLD.

YE who have read in HOMER's mighty song
How sage ULYSSES, AJAX towering strong,
Met at the funeral games on Trojan sands,
With knotted limbs and grip of sinewy hands,
To wrestle for the prize, attend, draw near,
And a new tale of coming tussle hear!

When great ACHILLES called them to the lists,
Those men of massive thews and ponderous
fists,
"Scarce did the chief the vigorous strife
When tower-like AJAX and ULYSSES rose.

Amid the ring each nervous rival stands
Embracing rigid with implicit hands." [now
Now Greek meets Greek again, but wrestling
Is not as on old Ilium's shore, I trow; [sheep,
Not now the olive crown, the long-wool'd
Is prize; 'tis Power they strive to win and keep.
By diverse dodges and by novel "chips,"
Subtler "approaches," and more artful "grips,"
The rival champions strive to lock and fell.
Gallia's devices, found to answer well
In wary onset and in finish slow,
Old Attic swiftness, seen in hold and throw.
Supplement or supplant. When AJAX stood
Before ULYSSES, neither seemed in mood
For long manœuvring. To the clutch they
came

With sinews of snap-steel and souls of flame.
"Close lock'd above, their heads and arm
are mix'd;
Below their planted feet at distance fix'd:
Like two strong rafters, which the builder
forms
Proof to the wintry winds and howling
Their tops connected, but at wider space
Fix'd on the centre stands their solid base."
So in old days. Now wrestlers shift like
snakes,
And dodge à la DUBOIS, for mightier stakes
Than olive, parsley, or the champion's belt
Can furnish forth.

Long time hath it been felt
That two superior champions, age-long foes,
At last must come to a conclusive close.
"Defiled with honourable dust they roll,
Still breathing strife, and unsubdued of soul;
Again they rage, again to combat rise,"—
For one must win; these cannot share the
prize.

Great GLADSTONIDES—place allow to age!—
A chief of seasoned strength and generous
rage,

Fell, at their last encounter, to the skill
Of him the swart of look, the stern of will,
Broad-shouldered SALISBURY. Such defeat
Valiant and vigorous veteran well might fret.
He erst invincible, the Full of Days, [praise,
The Grand Old One, full-fed with power and
ACHILLES-NESTOR, to no younger foe,
Because of one chance slip and casual throw,
The Champion's Belt is ready to resign;
Nor may his foe the final fall decline.
So "Greek meets Greek" in wrestling rig
once more.

Not AJAX or ULYSSES sly of yore,
Nor modern STEADMAN, JAMESON, or WRIGHT,
Was e'er more eager for the sinewy fight.
Much time is spent in "getting into grips."
Mark how each wrestler crouches, feints, and
slips!

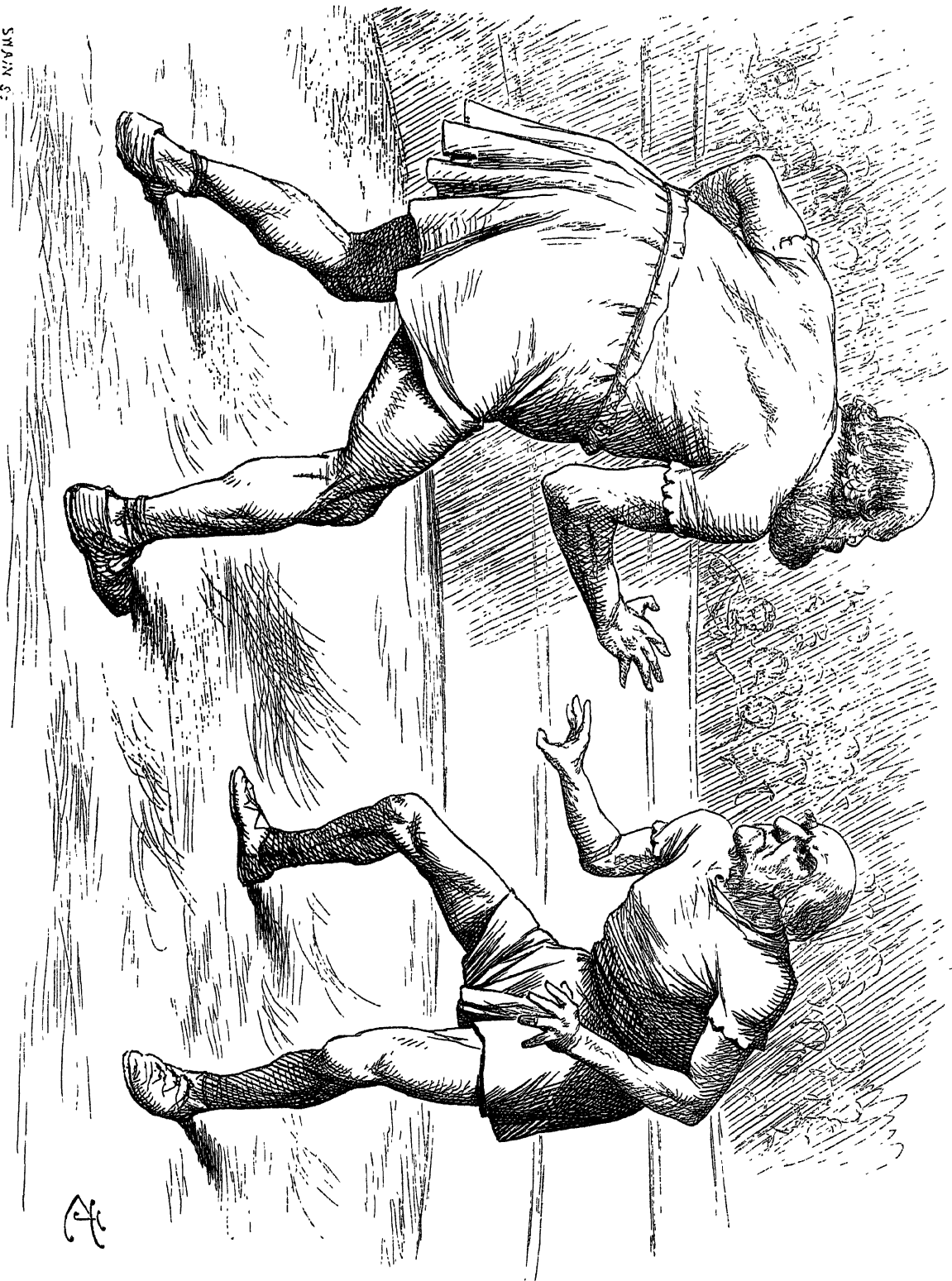
Mark how they circle round and round the
Like wary "pug," like tiger on the spring,
Cautious as one, though as the other bold,
Eye, foot, and hand manœuvring for a hold!
And when indeed they close in mutual clutch,
And put the champion honours to the touch,
Strain every muscle, try each latest "chip,"
Which man shall first relax his sinewy grip.
Be hiped, back-heeled, cross-buttocked, or
bored down,—

That's just the question that now stirs the
The funeral games of a dead Parliament
Bring every hero eager from his tent:
Say, will ULYSSES, for his art renown'd,
O'erturn the strength of AJAX on the ground?
Or will the strength of AJAX overthrow
The watchful caution of his artful foe?
Will SALISBURY fairly hold his own,
Or be by white-lock'd GLADSTONIDES thrown?
All ask, all wonder much, but who may say?
"Another story" that, and for another day!

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM's attention was directed
to a letter in the *Standard*, of June 14, headed:
—"Nancy and the Cambridge Delegates."
She supposes that "this is another Spinning
House case like that of DAISY HOPKINS and
the Cambridge Undergraduates." Mrs. M.
is indignant. "Delegate, indeed! most in-
delegate I call it."

INHARMONIOUS COLOURS.—"It is under-
stood," observes the *Observer*, "that Mrs.
BROWNE-POTTER and Mr. BELLEW part com-
pany." Evidently BROWNE and B(EL)LEW don't
go well together. Even the Potter's Art
cannot effect a successful blend.

A "DEGREE BETTER."—Why should not a
bankrupt who has successfully passed his ex-
amination be granted a degree, and add "C.B."
("Certificated Bankrupt") to his name?



“WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.”



WILD WEST KENSINGTON.

OUR LITTLE FRIEND, TREMLow, WHOSE DAILY WALK TO THE CITY LEADS PAST THE HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION, IS NOT A BELIEVER IN THE IMPORTATION OF THE RED VARIETY OF FOREIGN EXOTICS.

SLY OLD SOCRATES!

(A Fragment from the Very Newest "Republic.")

Thrasymachus-Shiptonides (after introducing a Deputation). What we demand is a legal reduction of the hours of labour, and what we want of you, SOCRATES, is your invaluable aid in getting it.

Socrates (smiling). Most heartily do I wish you may get it—in both cases. But how say you; is the principle of permanence in a state or community, or class, best effected by harmony, or as it were, unity of action in all its members?

All (after looking at each other, and rubbing their chins). How not, SOCRATES?

Socrates (rubbing his hands). Entirely so! And your class then are unanimous in favour of a legal reduction of the hours of labour?

Thrasymachus-Shiptonides (bothered). Well—ahem!—hardly so, perhaps. But (valiantly), at least three-quarters of a million who met in the Park gathering at sixteen platforms, were substantially agreed.

Socrates. Humph! Over forty-six thousand to each platform. That's a far greater number than even I ever addressed. How did you count them, or ascertain their views?

Thrasymachus-Shiptonides (flustered). Well, I've had twenty years' experience of mob-mustering, and I think I ought to know.

Polemarchus-Steadmanides. But will you, SOCRATES, give us your opinions of the opinion of these three-quarters of a million.

Socrates (laughing). By Hercules! that were a task more tremendous than all his Labours.

Cephalus-Pearsonides (aside). By Vulcan, this is his wonted irony. He never inclines to answer a question forthrightly, but to use irony, or evasion, or what the Hibernians call "shenanigan," rather than answer, if anyone asks him anything.

Thrasymachus-Shiptonides (aside, hastily). Yes, yes! But you must not tell him that, here and now!

Socrates (blandly). Friends, as you suggest that the proceedings should be of a conversational or dialectical nature, a plan which falleth in with my views also, I will, if you please, catechise you categorically, so as to get further into the interior of the question, and of your—ahem!—minds.

Of this catechising, the reporter gives the following condensed summary.

Do you suggest that I should turn my back on myself? No, that would be rude. Or give myself away? Nay, that were—unthrifty. Can two solid things occupy the same space at the same time? By Zeus, no! Home-Rule—a very solid thing—fully occupies my mind—for the present. When a Gladstone-bag is full, can you put more into it? By Mercury, no! But could you not reconsider the packing! Not if the contents consist of one article only. You would like me to pack it with your Eight Hours' Bill? Prodigious! Your strong personality, would push forward even a worse thing. How near are you to unanimity? As near as considerable difference of opinion will allow us to come. Is an unascertained minority to coerce an unwilling majority? Our Council has not discussed that? Do you know the relative proportions of majority and majority in organised and unorganised trades; how their respective opinions are to be ascertained, and, if ascertained, how legally enforced; if, and how, two millions and a half are to commit eleven millions to certain binding laws, and involve them in legal consequences? No! Yes! Hardly! Not quite! More or less! Well, we're not quite sure, &c., &c.

Socrates (smiling). Now, tell me, THRASYMACHUS, is this the "harmony, or, as it were, unity of action," on which only, as we agreed, we could found "the principle of permanency in a state or community?"

Thrasymachus-Shiptonides (hurriedly). Well,



what you say, SOCRATES, is very nice, and clear, and logical, and conclusive, in an argumentative sense, and your attitude is very noble and high—and—mighty—I mean highminded and all that. And we're very grateful—but deeply disappointed that you couldn't say something quite different—in view of the General Election, you know! (Meaningly.)

Socrates (mildly, but firmly).

It is not my political duty to say pleasant things all round, but to ascertain—and tell—the Truth.

All (deferentially). Well, we are all tremendously thankful! (aside) for small mercies! Logic scores in argument, but votes tell at the poll. And if we do not run at least a hundred Labour Candidates to enlighten you as to our "unanimity," call us—items! [Exeunt.]

Matinées of *Peril* are advertised at the Haymarket. Most *Matinées* deserve this description.

THE ARCHDEACON ANSWERED.

[At the Annual Meeting of the Curates' Augmentation Fund, Archdeacon KAYE, of Lincoln, urged the desirability of imposing some limitation to the number ordained to the Ministry of the Church of England, as three-fifths of the Clergy were in poverty.]

"Oh, sad indeed it is to think,"

Quoth good Archdeacon KAYE,

"That though our Clergy are so 'High,'
So low should be their pay!

"They fly to money-lenders' lures,
To speculative chances;
Advancement they appear to lack,
And so they get advances.

"This 'Discipline of Clergy' Bill
On us is rather rough;
Surely the bills our tradesmen bring
Are discipline enough!

"A fresh supply of Rectories
Must really soon be found;
All would be square, if once
there were
Sufficient to go round.

"To get the Clergy out of their
Pecuniary holes,
The sole and only cure I see
Would be—a Cure of Souls!

"'One man, one Vicarage!'—
the cry

To stir a thoughtless nation;
But just at present let us try
Restricted Ordination!"



HONORIS CAUSA.

[The University of Dublin has decided to confer the Degree of D.C.L. on Mr. HENRY IRVING.]

J. L. T. (to Dr. Irving). "I SAY, HENRY,—SCUSE MY GLOVE,—I'VE BEEN A DON MYSELF, DON'TCHERKNOW. I CAN GIVE YOU A TIP OR TWO ABOUT PLAYING THE PART!"

"Free Trade in Curates!"
shout our girls,
Responsive from their pew;
"You say there are too many,
but
We know there are too few!"

"Think of the budding Candidates
For Orders, whom, no doubt,
This limiting of out-put would
Excessively put out!"

"If Curates now are destitute,
A brighter future beacons;
'Tis only fair that all should
share
The stipends of Archdeacons!"

A GIFTED BEING.—The Daily Telegraph of June 11, in giving us some news from Cambridge about the Mathematical Tripos, had this paragraph—

"The Senior Wrangler, Mr. PHILIP HERBERT COWELL, son of Mr. H. COWELL, Privy Council Bar, was born in 1870, and was previously educated at Rev. E. St. JOHN PARRY'S School, Stoke, Slough."

Now didn't such a start in life as being educated "previously" to being "born," give Mr. COWELL a somewhat unfair advantage over the other competitors? Very few come into the world with such a chance. "Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them," says SHAKESPEARE. But to come into the world, like MINERVA, armed College-cap - à - pie, is, as Dominie Sampson would have said, "Pro-di-gious!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



"Francis George."

House of Commons, Monday, June 13.—House filled up in marvellous style to-night. Through all last week Benches nearly empty; the few Members present sunk in depths of depression. To-night, scene changed; Benches crowded; buzz of conversation testified to ill-repressed excitement. Mr. G., amongst others, back in his place. "And looking uncommonly fit too," says FRANCIS GEORGE, Viscount BARING: "not at all sure he won't, after all, outlive Our JOE. At any rate, he's in fine condition for the little mill that's coming off."

What everyone gathered to hear was Prince ARTHUR'S views as to date of Dissolution. He has, up to now, successfully maintained attitude of absolute ignorance that Dissolution is even pending. Up to to-night the blessed word on everyone's tongue has not passed his lips. When, a fortnight ago, Mr. G. diplomatically approached topic, the Prince, with charmingly puzzled look, talked of something else. Nearest approach he can bring himself to make to topic, is to refer to arrangements of public business. This afternoon, when he stood at Table, a ringing cheer went up from serried hosts of Ministeria-

lists; answered by closed-up ranks of Opposition. "Ha! ha!" said STUART, scenting the battle from afar, "that is the first challenge and reply in the great fight. Soon as BALFOUR'S finished I shall take the Shoreditch 'bus, and look up my Constituents at Hoxton."

Prince ARTHUR, with eyebrows slightly raised, stood waiting for opportunity to speak; evidently marvelling at this unwonted and unaccountable outburst of clamour. When it ceased, he observed, quite incidentally, that perhaps it would be convenient for him to make a statement "as to prospects of concluding business before termination of the Session." The Session, note. Not the life of Parliament, nor anything to do with so disturbing a thing as Dissolution. Kept this up through long business statement; only at conclusion accidentally stumbled on the word, and then regarded the prospect as so uninteresting and immaterial, that he could not come nearer to its contemplation than an interval of seven days. Not before the end of one week, and not after the middle of another, was as near as he thought it worth while to approach such trifling contingency.

Business done.—A great deal.

Tuesday.—Quite touching to observe SQUIRE of MALWOOD'S friendly interest in progress of public Bills. GORST, in arranging business of Sitting, anxious not to appear too grasping, put down only limited number of Bills on Orders. "Why not put down all you've got?" the Squire asks, with mildly benevolent glance bent on Treasury Bench. "Supposing list is run through, there is end of your opportunity; whereas, if you put 'em all down you're ready to benefit by any accident, and



Scenting the Battle from afar."



MR. GLADSTONE has addressed a letter to the Press:—"SIR,—The requests addressed to me by Liberal friends . . . for personal visits, speeches, and letters have at this juncture become so numerous that it is impossible to reply to them, . . . or to do more than to assure them that my time and thoughts are incessantly applied to the best mode I can devise to the promotion of our common cause."

may some night do wonderful stroke of business, working everything off."

Prince ARTHUR listens attentively, regarding with questioning look the Grand Grey Figure on other side of Table. "When I was at school," he says, "we were taught, in a foreign tongue, a maxim about fearing the Greeks when they brought presents. Not quite sure the right Hon. Gentleman is chiefly concerned for interests of Government and advance of public business. But I'll consider his suggestion."



"Big with indignation."

mean anything; Opposition mollified; vote agreed to.

Business done.—Supply closed.

Thursday.—Mr. G. hurried in just now, a little late. Been these two hours at Carlton Gardens wrestling with representatives of the British workman on Eight Hours' Question. A little out of breath with skipping upstairs and running along corridor to be in time. Otherwise, as fresh as if his afternoon had been spent lounging on lawn at Dollis Hill, where the other night the Archbishop of CANTERBURY went to dine with him. Wants to know about the date of Dissolution. It will be convenient, he says, "at least, for those who have youth and vigour sufficient again to submit themselves to the constituencies." Mr. G.'s face wrinkled into smile as he uttered this witticism. House spontaneously burst into cheer as hearty on the Conservative side as with Opposition.

Rattling on with business. SPEAKER out of breath with putting the question and declaring "the Ayes have it." Irish Education Bill not only passed Committee, but reported and read a Third Time. SEXTON sits content, having done good stroke of work in amending Bill. Managed affair with skill, address and indomitable perseverance. Resisted all temptation to make long speeches; pegged away at his Amendments, and carried the most important in teeth of the Ulstermen.

"All very well," said DUNBAR BARTON, "JACKSON giving way to those fellows, and Prince ARTHUR saying, as TOOLE does on the House-boat, 'Oh, it's nothing!' It may be nothing to him, but it's a good deal to us. MACARTNEY and I have done our duty. For myself I shall say no more. I was christened DUNBAR BARTON. Henceforth let me be known as DUM BARTON."

Business done.—More than ever.

Friday.—Met BROOKFIELD in corridor just now. Capital fellow BROOKFIELD, though not very well known in House, much less to fame outside. Was in the 13th Hussars; is now promoted to the Lieutenant-Colonelcy of 1st Cinque Ports Rifle Volunteers. Has sat for Rye these seven years, but never yet spoke. This the more remarkable since he is a trained student of art of public speaking; has, indeed, just written profound treatise on the business. FISHER UNWIN sent me copy from Paternoster Square. Sat up all night reading it. The speech of "our worthy Member," proposing "The Town and Trade of X," is thrilling. Another, put into the mouth of "the youngest bachelor present," responding for "the Ladies," makes your flesh creep. BROOKFIELD's idea novel and ingenious. Sets forth what he calls a conventional speech. This fills up Column A. In Column B. he comments on it, rather severely sometimes; in Column C. throws out suggestions which, duly followed, make speech perfect. All possible occasions are dealt with, whether responding for Bishop and Clergy, Army, Navy, Reserve Forces, House of Commons, or House of Lords. BROOKFIELD, moreover, goes behind the scenes; shows the wretched man who has to make speech preparing it. You see him making up his mind what

he has to say; jotting down a note; revising it after asking everyone he meets what he thinks of it. Then you write out your speech; learn it off; get up to address company; things swim before your eyes; tongue cleaves to roof of mouth; and you sit down.

Admirable book: useful on all occasions of daily life; invaluable on eve of General Election. Surprised to find BROOKFIELD looking miserably dejected. Tell him he ought to be quite otherwise. Explains that, fact is, means to catch SPEAKER'S eye. Parliament can't last many more days; hasn't made maiden speech yet; must do it now, or never; Rye getting anxious. Could I give him a few hints? With great pleasure; full of the subject. Begin at the beginning. Ideas; memoranda; methods: (a) The arrangement of speech, (b) the management of the voice, (c) attitude or gesture. On this last I am very particular. "Holding up one finger," I say, "is a favourite way of bespeaking special attention to some 'point' which you are trying to make; and waving the right hand, with outstretched arm, the forefinger leading, is an easy and not ungraceful method of illustrating the narrative portion of your speech. For the more vehement passages, a sudden flourish of the hand upwards, over your head, generally accompanies some aggressive, triumphant assertion, such as, 'I care not who he may be!' And a similar movement downwards, with both hands, would indicate some indignant complaint, such as, 'And never from that day to this, have they fulfilled their promise.'"



An Apt Pupil.

"Yes," said BROOKFIELD, looking a little more uneasy than before; "very clear, and to the point; but fancy—er—I've heard it before." "Of course you have," I said. "It's in your book; see page 123. Mind you let me know when your speech in the House is coming off. After reading *The Speaker's A B C*, I wouldn't miss it for anything." *Business done.*—Dissolution postponed.

HORACE IN LONDON.

TO A MINERAL WATER. (*AD FONTEM DANDISIUM.*)

O WELL of Malvern, immaculate fountain;
Worthy to blend with the Dew of the Mountain,
To-morrow, thy rill, gushing brightly,
SCHWEPPE shall aerate slightly;



SCHWEPPE (pronounced with an accent as spelt, Sir.)
SCHWEPPE, purveyor of soda and seltzer,
And potass (for gout in one's joint meant.)
Unto the QUEEN, "by appointment."

Thee not the furnace of Sirius raging
Touches; thy natural cool is assuaging,
Unmixed, to the temperate classes,
Mixed, for the thirst of wild asses.

Malvern, with me for thy rhapsodist, what 'll
Rival the sparkle of bard and of bottle—
The bottle in cups effervescent,
In couplets the bard, as at present.

"LIKE NIOBE" (*suggested advertisement for the Strand Theatre*).
Instead of boards up on which is inscribed, "House Full," "No Standing Room," and so forth, why not simply, "Niobe—all tiers" (full).

☞ NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Wednesday.—WAGNER. Vainly the Daughters of the River, representing the floating capital of the Banks of the Rhine, cry "Woe! Woe!" The orchestra, under the direction of Herr MAHLER, takes

no notice of them, but goes on Wagnerianly, inexorably. Thus swimmingly we reach Walhall—where the fire-god *Loge* has a *logement* with very heavy insurance. *Wotan* and *Loge* in search of the gold. Then we meet the *Nibelungs* and the *Nibelights*, all *livers* under a water-cure system; and then—it's like a musical nightmare—*Alberich* changes himself into a toad and is towed off as a prisoner. *Fafner* settles *Fasolt* by a drum-head Court Martial, so that *Fafner* gets the golden honey, and *Fasolt* gets the whacks—and—please, Sir, I don't know any more—but some of the music is running river-like and lovely, more is puzzling, and much of it must remind Sir DRURIOLANUS of the rum-tum-tiddy-iddy-um-bang-whack of a great Drury Pantomime. House full; Duke and Duchess of EDINBURGH, with Princess MARIE and Crown Prince of ROUMANIA, enjoying themselves Wagnerially and Rou-manically.

Ancient Brass-Work, in memory of Wagner the Great Worker in Brass.

Saturday.—*Le Prophète*. JOHN DE RESZKÉ not up to his usual form as the Sporting Prophet; but his little Brother EDWARD, and Messieurs MONTARIOI and CASTELMARY, first-rate as the three conspiring undertakers. Madame DESCHAMPS-JÉHIN, as *Fides*, very fine. "House," also, very fine, and large.

THE BONES OF JOSEPH.

DEAR Mr. Punch.—When writing to a Journal of light and leaders—or misleaders—last Friday, I kept "a little bit up my sleeve," so to speak, for the Brightest, Lightest, and Leadingest of all papers yecept the one, Sir, that bears your honoured name.



After quoting from Mr. CHAMBERLAIN at Holloway (not in Holloway) on June 17, 1885, as a gentle reminder to Mr. GOSCHEN—*their* "Mr. G."—I observed, "Perhaps, however, there are reasons why the 'Egyptian Skeleton' prefers to forget the speeches of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in 1885." It struck me that, having already an Egyptian Skeleton, we might have as its companion a Brummagem Skeleton, which everyone can see through, and this sketch I beg to submit to you, *pro bono publico*. Always, Mr. Punch, your most obedient "subject" (artistically),

W. V. H.-RC-RT.

THE FÊTE OF FLORA.

WERE it not that the salutation were infelicitous, we should have said, "Hail, all hail!" to the *Fête* at the Botanical Gardens, Regent's Park, last Wednesday. Besides, they have always an Aquarius of the name of WATERER on the premises, whose Rhodo-



First Prize—Love among the Roses.

dendrons are magnificent. So we didn't say "All hail!" and there was not a single drop, of rain, or in the attendance, to damage a charming show which has so often been spilt by the drop too much that has flooded many a *Fête* of Flora. Nothing could have been prettier. Flowers of speech are inadequate to describe the scene. "Simply lovely!" is the best epitome of praise.

LADY GAY'S SELECTIONS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH, *The Look-out, Sheepsdor, Kent.*

ASCOT has been too much for me! What with the excitement of racing all day, and bézique half the night—(another sign of the times; women no longer "play for love," but "love to play!")—to say nothing of the constant strain on one's nerves as to what the weather was going to do to one's gowns, I have had a severe attack of overwork, with complicating symptoms of my old enemy, idleness!—so that, on my return to town, my Doctor—(he's a dear man, and prescribes just what I suggest)—insisted that I should at once run down to the Seaside to recuperate. Hence my retirement to the little fishing village of Sheepsdor in Kent, "far from the gadding crowd;" a most delightfully rural and little-known resort, where we all go about in brown canvas-shoes—(russia-leather und-amt of!)—and wear out all our old things, utterly regardless of whether we look "*en suite*" or not. The only precaution I take is to carry in my pocket a thick veil, which I pop on if I see anybody with evidences of "style" about them coming my way; fortunately, this has only happened once, when I met a certain well-known "Merry Duchess" and her charming little daughter, who both failed to penetrate my disguise!

I am sorry that my selected horse for the Windsor June Handicap did not run—though the word of command was given, "*Macready!*"—he was not told to be "present!"—being presumably short of a gallop or two, and therefore lacking "fire!" This little series of jokes is proudly dedicated to the *Military*, and *Civilians* are "warned off!"—which is another turf expression. The much-needed rain has come at last, and the Heath should be in fine condition, which was more than its namesake at Ascot was, and all for want of a little attention—I am told that the far end was all in lumps, which caused the "*Lover*" to come down in his race—though that was hardly a surprise, as we know that "the course of true love never *did* run smooth!"

Now—dear Mr. Punch, if you want a few hours' fresh air, command the special train, which I am told, is kept in readiness for you at every London Terminus, to transport you—(not for your country's good, but *your own*)—to Sheepsdor, Kent, where you shall receive a hearty welcome—Lord ARTHUR is not with me, but my French maid will *chaperon* us—if necessary.

Yours devotedly,

LADY GAY.

STUD PRODUCE SELECTION.

To a Circus in Lancashire, once I went,

To see a performing dog dance!

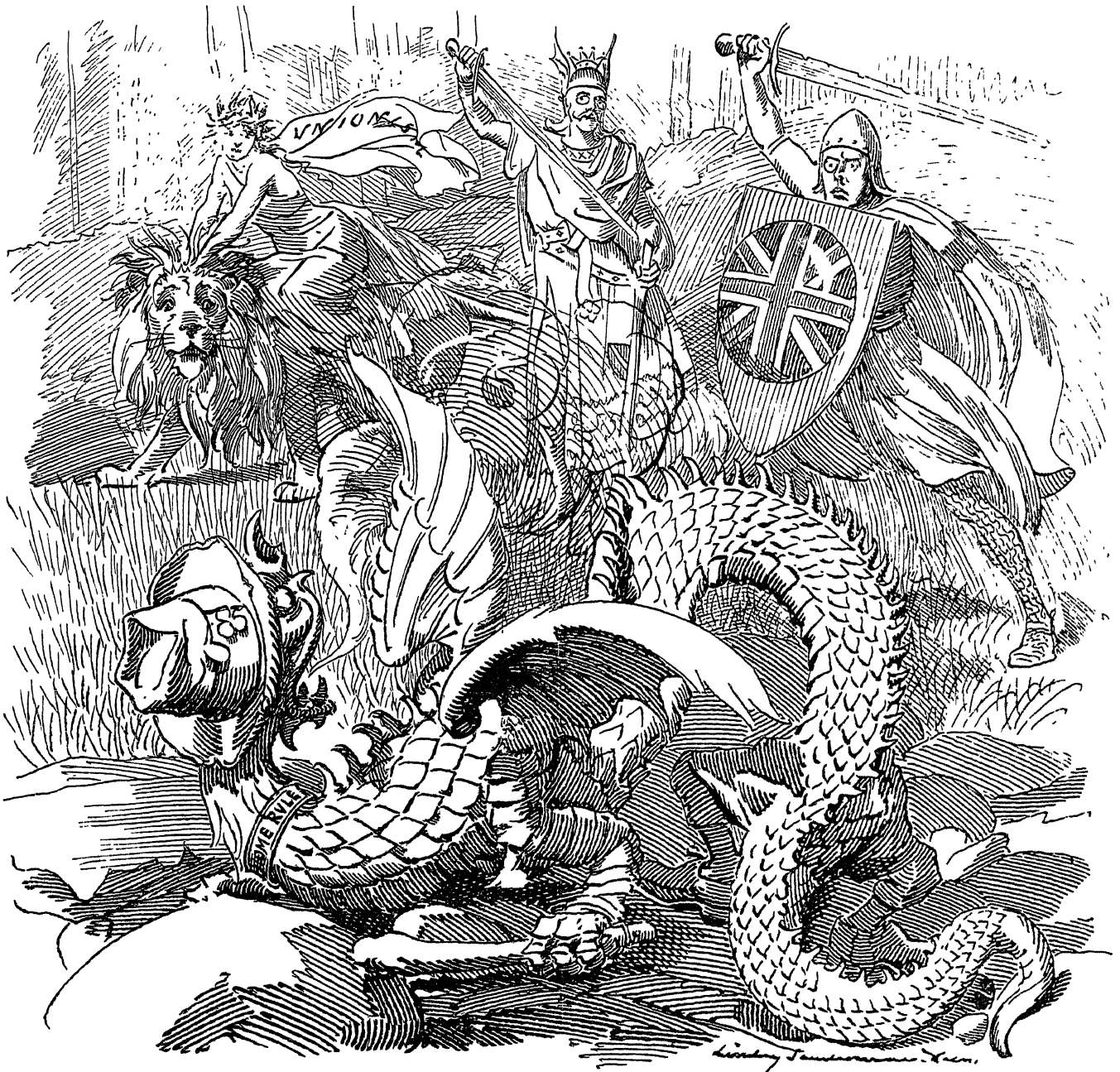
But, my money in vain I found I'd spent,

For I much prefer a "*Clog Dance*."

THE TWO SARAS OF THE SEASON.—SARA BEERNHARDT and SARA SATE.

UNA AND THE BRITISH LION.

A CARTOON FROM A BIRMINGHAM COLLECTION.



Whereto a Brummagem Bard hath set these Spenserian Stanzas.

[Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, in his Election Address, explains how he has co-operated with the Conservative Government in order to maintain the Union between Great Britain and Ireland.]

THE lion would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along as a strong gaird
Of her chaste person, and a faithful mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard;
And over her he kept both watch and ward,
With the assistance of two valiant knights,
Prince ARTHURE, and the Red Crosse
Paladin,
A pair of brotherlie and doughtie wightes,
Though erst had they indulged in mutual
flouts and spites.

For loe! a divelish dragon didde infest
That region, and fair UNA strove to slay.
Her to protect from that prodigious pest,

The Red Crosse Knight—who lived out
Midland way—

Didde, with Prince ARTHURE, travel day by
day,
And prodded up that lion as they strode,
With their speare pointes, as though in jovial
play,
To holde fair UNA, who her safety owed,
Unto the puissant beaste whereon she
proudlie rode.

Anon they heard a roaring hideous sound
That all the ayre with terror fill'd wyde,
And seemed uneath to shake the stedfast
ground;

Eftsoones that dreadful dragon they espyde,
Where stretcht he lay upon the sunny side
Of a great hill, himself like a great hill:
But, all so soone as he from far descryde

Those glistering knights banded in right
good will,
He rous'd himselfe full blyth, and hastned
them untill.

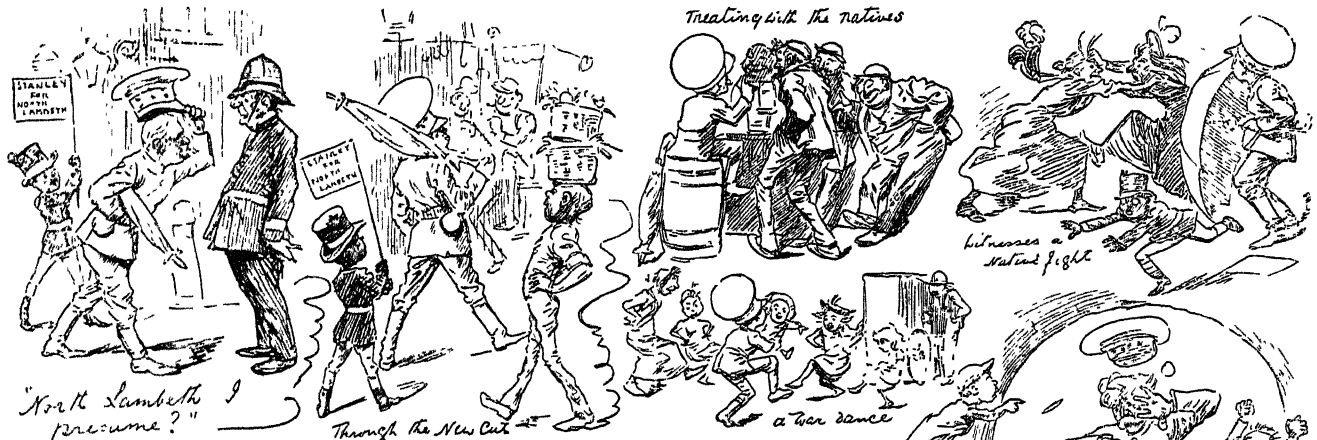
Then badd those knightes fair UNA yede
aloof,
Whiles they attacked that dragon side by
side,

And put the issue to stern battaille's proof;
"We'll give this Big Green Bogey beans!"
they cryde,

That Red Crosse Knight of Brummagem in
his pride,

And brave Prince ARTHURE of the shining
crest.
But if victoriously their blades they plied,
Or, baffled by the dragon, gave him beste,—
Why, that the barde will sing after the
battaille's teste!

"THROUGH DARKEST LAMBETH."



POLITICS.

(By a Confused Citizen.)

WHAT a state we'll soon be in!
 Such a clamour, such a din,
 Raised from Kew to Dulston,
 Cork to Cromer, Wight to Wick!
 Seeking votes through thin and thick,
 GLADSBURY and SALSTONE!
 Talk and chatter, speech and cry!
 Some assert, then some deny
 In a near or far shire;
 Call each other names and laugh,
 Jeer and chuckle, joke and chaff—
 DEVONCOURT and HARSHIRE!
 Still they come and still they go;
 Up and down, and high and low,
 Many more than those four.
 Speak in Council, speak in House,
 Think not yet of golf or grouse,
 BALBURY and ROSEFOUR
 Rush and canvass up and down,
 Village, hamlet, city, town,
 Stately street or poor lane;
 Start committees, advertise,
 Think of rousing party cries,
 CHAMBERLEY and MORLAIN!
 Such a fidget, such a fuss!
 There is no escape for us;
 We shall have it shortly.
 How I wish that both would go
 Off to Bath or Jericho,
 SALFOURLAIN, GLADCOURTLEY!

"CAVE KANEM!"—"If," Dr. KANE is reported to have said at the Ulster Appeal Meeting in St. James's Hall, last Wednesday, "If they (the Ulster Irishmen) had to choose between arbitrary oppression and an appeal for justice to the God of battles, he (Dr. KANE) had no more doubt than he had about his existence, that that appeal would be made, and that God would defend the right." With the saving clause adroitly introduced into the last sentence, everyone, except an Atheist, will agree; and, but for this, this speech reads as an incentive to Civil War, intended to stir up brother against brother to fight to the death. Such sentiments may, in the future, be remembered as marked with "the brand of KANE."

A DIFFICULTY.—Mr. Dick was unable to keep "King Charles the First's head" out of his literary work. So Our OSCAR, it is said, has been unable to keep the head of St. John the Baptist out of his play, *Salomé*, accepted by SARAH. Hence difficulty with licenser. The real truth, we believe, is

that the head, according to received tradition, should be brought in by *Salomé* "on a charger," and SARAH protests against this, as she is not an equestrian.

A NEW SONGSTRESS.—Mr. CUSINS, on Wednesday last, accompanying SCHUMANN, RUBINSTEIN, & Co., may fairly be described as "CUSINS German." A very successful Concert, musically notable among many notable things, for the *début* of Miss GWLADYS WOOD, who, being vociferously encored, gave a Tyrolean Volkslied, or "VOKEs' Family" dance and song, playing the accompaniment herself. "She ought to do well."—I quote SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, the Musician, who sang a *duo* with Mme. VALDA. The Concert commenced with a "Septette (By DESIRE)." This is a new Composer.

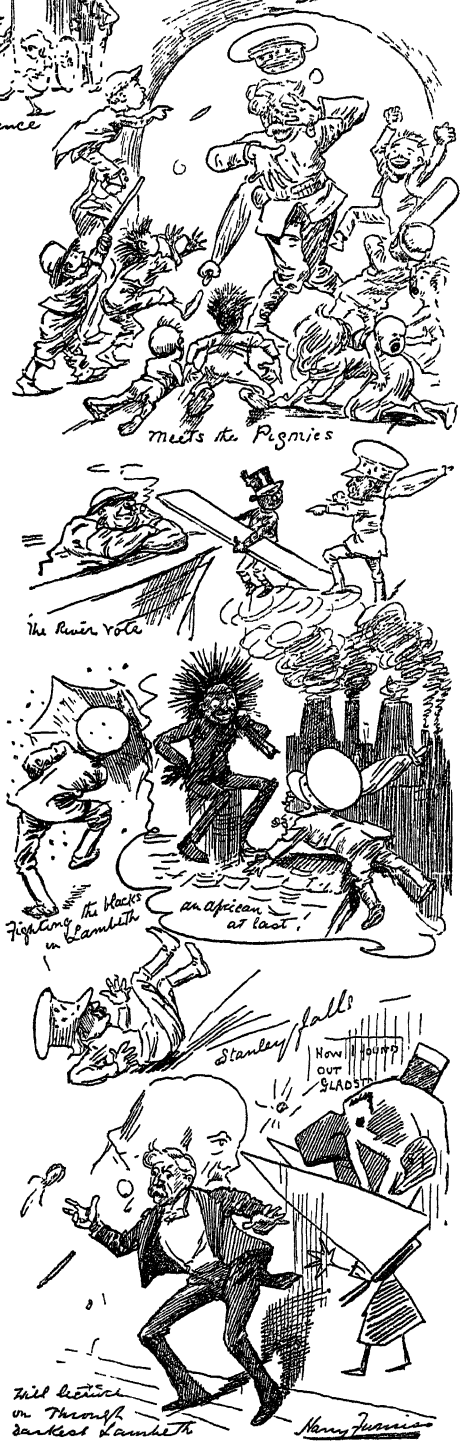
AN AFTERNOON WITH THOSE WHO "ENTERTAIN" MORE THAN ANYONE IN LONDON.—"Charity begins at home," or



The Beadle with the German Reeds' Staff.

rather it begins at the GERMAN REEDS, after CORNEY GRAYN has finished his amusing "Vocal Recital." Then it is that never-failing Charity begins, and goes as well as ever. ALFRED REED is immensely funny, especially when disguised as a Charity Girl. On no account miss the Grain of Chaff's capital French version of CHEVALIER's Coster song about "Arty 'Avo-kins." It's lovely! Excellent entertainment for everybody at St. George's Hall.

DOCTOR O'LETTERS.—July 6th.—Not "D.C.L." but "honorary degree of Doctor of Letters," is to be conferred by Dublin University on HENRY IRVING, for masterly management of vast correspondence. Let Oxford follow suit with a "Postmaster-ship of Merton." Dr. L. O'TOOLE says, "I'm satisfied with 'L.L.L. Three Stars,' and plenty of it."



THE HORSE-EDUCATOR.

(A Sketch at Sydenham.)

SCENE—An Arena at North End of Crystal Palace.—The Arena is thickly covered with sawdust, and occupied solely by a light American waggon. There is a small steam-engine at one side, with an escape-pipe and valve projecting into the Circus, and a bundle of parti-coloured stuff is fluttering overhead opposite. From loose-boxes, three or four horses are examining these ominous preparations with apprehensive eyes. Enter a Portly Gentleman in a tall hat and frock-coat, who bows to the audience, and is but faintly applauded, owing to a disappointed sense that the ideal Horse-trainer would not tame in a tall hat. However, he merely appears to introduce Professor NORTON B. SMITH, who, turning out to be a slender, tall man, in a slouch hat, black velvet coat, breeches, and riding boots, is received with enthusiasm.

The Professor (with a slight Transatlantic accent). The first animal On my list, Ladies and Gentlemen, is a vurry bad shyer, afraid of strange Objects, Fireworks, Music, Paper. Almost anything, in fact. Bring out Number One, boys. (To a tall Groom and a short one, who rush to the loose-boxes, the short Groom falling over a drum, to the general delight. The horse who is afraid of almost anything is brought in, and begins to plunge at once, as though defying any Professor to cure him.) Now, this animal is not Vicious, he's only Nervous.

[The Horse appears to resent this description of himself, and lashes out by way of contradiction.]

Paterfamilias, in audience (who has a spoilt horse at home). Just what I always say about Tartar—it's nerves, not vice.

His Eldest Daughter. Shall you send him here to be cured, Father?

Paterf. No, my dear; quite unnecessary. When I see how it's done, I shall be able to take Tartar in hand myself, I have no doubt.

The Prof. (instructively). It is natural For a Horse when frightened at anything in Front of him, To jump Backwards, and when frightened at anything Back of him, To jump Forwards. (Applause, in recognition of the accuracy and observation of this axiom.) Now I will show you my method Of correcting this Tendency by means Of my double Safety Rope and driving Rein, without Cruelty. Always Be Humane, Never causing any Pain if you Possibly can Help it. Fetch that Harness. (The short Groom trips again, but so elaborately as to be immediately recognised as the funny man of the performance, after which his awkwardness ceases to entertain. The Professor shouts, "Woa!" and, as the horse declines to accept this suggestion, emphasises it by pulling the double rope, which, being attached to the animal's forelegs, promptly brings him on his knees, much to his surprise and indignation.) Never use the word "Woa!" Only when you mean your horse To stop. Woa! (horse down again, intensely humiliated.) If you mean him just To go quiet, say "Steady!" and teach him The difference Of the words. Never afterwards Deceiving him. (Paterf. makes a note of this on Tartar's account.) Steady. . . Woa! (Same business repeated; horse evidently feeling that he is the victim of a practical joke, and depressed. Finally, Professor says "Woa!" without pulling, and horse thinks it better to take the hint.)

Paterf. Wonder where I could get that apparatus—just the thing for Tartar!

His Daughter. But you would have to lay down such a lot of sawdust first. And it might teach him to kneel down whenever you said "Woa!" you know, and that wouldn't do!

Paterf. Um! No. Never thought of that.

Prof. I will now introduce To his notice the Bass Drum. (The two Grooms dance about the horse, banging a drum and clashing cymbals, at which he shies consumedly. Gradually he appears to realise that his lines have fallen among linatics, and that his wisest policy is to humour them. He does so, even to the extent of suffering the big drum to be beaten on his head with patient disgust.)

The Daughter. You might try that with Tartar, Father. You could have the dinner-gong, you know.

Paterf. (dubiously). H'm, I'm not at all sure that it would have the same effect, my dear.

Prof. (who has vaulted on the horse's back). I will now make him

familiar With an umbrella. (Opens it suddenly; horse plunges.) Now, Sir, this is nothing but an umbrella—vurry good one too—it isn't going to hurt you; look at it!

[He waves it round the animal's head, and finally claps it over his eyes, the horse inspects it, and tacitly admits that he may have been prejudiced.]

Daughter. It would be quite easy to do that, Father. We could hide in the shrubbery with parasols, and jump out at him.

Paterf. Not while I'm—Well, we must see what your Mother says about that.

[Begins to wish he had come alone.]

Prof. (introducing another horse). This animal is a confirmed Kicker. We'll give him a little tinware, just to amuse him. (Some tin pans and bells are attached to the animal's tail, but, perceiving that kicks are expected from him, his natural contrariness makes him decline to make sport for Philistines in this manner.) Hang on more tinware, boys! Some persons here may feel Disappointed that he Doesn't kick. Remember—that is not My Fault. They can't be too vicious to please me. (The Horse sees his way to score, and after bearing various trials in a spirit of Christian resignation, leaves the Arena, consoled by the reflection that no one there got much fun out of him, at all events. A Sibber is brought in; the Professor illustrates his patent method of teaching him to stand while being groomed, by tying a rope to his tail, seizing the halter in one hand and the rope in the other, and obliging the horse to perform an involuntary waltz, after which he mounts him and continues his discourse.)

Now it occasionally happens To some riders that when they want To go down G. Street, their horse has a sort of idea he'd like to go up E. Street, and he generally does go up it too!

A Sister (to her Brother). ROBERT, that's just like the horse you rode that last time, isn't it?

[ROBERT doesn't answer, fervently hoping that his Sister's Pretty Friend has not overheard this comment.]

The Prof. Well, the way to overcome that is just to turn the animal round—so—several times till he gets dizzy and forgets where E. Street is, and then he says to himself, "I guess I'd better go wherever the gentleman wants!"

The Sister. ROBERT's horse turned round and round like that—didn't he, ROBERT?

[ROBERT turns rather red and grunts.]

Her Pretty Friend. And then did he go where your brother wanted him to?

The Sister. Oh yes, at last. (ROBERT breathes

more freely.) Only without ROBERT. [ROBERT wonders bitterly why on earth a fellow's Sisters should try to make him out a regular muff like this.]

[Two more horses are brought out, put in double harness in the light waggon, and driven round the Arena by the Professor. A steam whistle is let off over their heads, whereupon they rear and plunge, and back frantically, the Professor discoursing unperturbed from the waggon. After a few repetitions of this, the horses find the steam-whistle out as a brazen impostor, and become hardened sceptics from that moment. They despise the Comic Groom when he prances at them with a flag, and the performance of the Serious Man on the cymbals only inspires them with grave concern on his account. The bundle of coloured rags is let down suddenly on their heads, and causes them nothing but contemptuous amusement; crackers bang about their heels—and they pretend to be pleased; the Funny Groom (who is, by this time, almost unrecognisable with sawdust), gets on the near horse's back and bangs the drum on his head, but they are merely pained by his frivolity. Finally he throws an amful of old newspapers at them, and they exhibit every sign of boredom. After this, they are unharnessed and sent back to their boxes—a pair of equine Stoics who are past surprise at anything on this earth.]

The Prof. (concluding amidst loud applause). Ladies and Gentlemen, I have only To say that I don't carry any horses About with me, and that if anyone here has a vicious Or nervous animal, and likes to send him to me, I will undertake to handle him free of all charge.

Paterf. I shall have Tartar sent here—less trouble than trying the methods myself—and safer.

Prof. And after I have treated the animal as you have seen, the Proprietor will only have to repeat the process himself for a week or so, and I guarantee he will have a thoroughly broke horse.



"The short Groom falling over a drum."

The Daughter. There, you see, Father, some of the taming will have to be done at home!

Paterf. (who doesn't quite see himself dancing about Tartar with a drum, or brandishing an umbrella on his back). Well, TOPPIN will take the horse over, and he'll be here and see how it's done. I can't be bothered with it myself. I've too much to do!

The Daughter. I wish you would. I'm sure Tartar would rather you tamed him than TOPPIN!

[*Paterf.* while privately of opinion that this is not unlikely, sees no necessity to consider his horse's preferences in the matter.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 20.—Black Rod got up little joke to-night by way of relieving the weight of these mournful parting moments. As soon as House met, word went round that, in absence of Mr. G., and other Leaders of the Opposition, SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE intended to take Prince ARTHUR in hand, and insist on his making clean breast of date of Dissolution. A Royal Commission arranged in other House. Black Rod despatched to summon Commons to assist at ceremony. "The SAGE wants the House of Lords abolished, does he?" said Black Rod, to his friend the White Elephant. "Very well; but before it's done, I'll bet you 100 to 1, as JOHN MORLEY says, that I, as representative of the Lords, will make him shut up, and pretty sharp too. He little knows there's a Rod in pickle for him, and a Black 'un, too."

Everything worked out as it was planned. On Motion for Third Reading of Appropriation Bill, SAGE, in his most winning way, invited Prince ARTHUR to name the happy day. Black Rod, getting tip, hurried across Lobby; reached the door just as SAGE was in middle of a sentence. "Black Rod!" roared Doorkeeper, at top of his voice. SAGE paused, looked with troubled glance towards door, stood for a moment as if he would resist the incursion, and catching sight of sword by Black Rod's side, abruptly sat down amid general titter.

Still winding-up business. GEORGE CURZON explained Indian Budget to PLOWDEN, and Rev. SAM SMITH, who thought it very good. So it was, comprehensive, lucid, here and there brightened with felicitous touches of eloquence.

"Pity," said GRAND CROSS, when I mentioned to him the depressing circumstances attendant upon delivery of speech; "CURZON's a clever youth. When he's been with me a month or two, he'll brighten up considerably. Great advantage for a young man to have such guidance, coming into almost daily contact with a person like his present Chief. The fact is, TOBY, I am really responsible for the state of the House to-night. The country, England and India alike, are so satisfied with my rule over what I may, perhaps

without offence, call our dusky Empire, that people do not think it worth while to go down to House to hear the affair discoursed on by my Under-Secretary. Amongst the natives in India, I'm told, I'm regarded as a sort of Fetish. Travellers in remote regions bring home stories of finding, set up in humble cottages, little images, more or less resembling me. GORST told me they have a saying there, which he was good enough to translate. His knowledge of Hindustanee is extensive, peculiar, and acquired with remarkable rapidity. These are the lines:

If you'd never make a loss,
Put your money on GRAND CROSS.

A free translation, GORST says, but gives you the swing and the spirit of the distich. Rather hard on CURZON that my popularity should spoil his speech, but a good thing for the country."

Business done.—Budget brought in.

Tuesday.—Wonderfully good muster in Lords to-night. Every man upon his mettle. As the MARKISS says, with that epigrammatic style that makes him so delightful, "The first duty of a Peer is to appear." Those Radicals been protesting that talk about necessity for prolonging Session over week all a flam.

"Stopped on the threshold."

Simply meant to make it impossible for our delicate friend, the British Workman, to get to poll. Peers must show they mean business, by turning up with regularity and despatch.

Appeal to patriotic feelings nobly answered; nearly a hundred Lords in place to-night. CHEEMS福德, walking down with his

umbrella, just about to add a unit to the number; stopped on the threshold by strange sight; looking in from room beyond the Throne, sees DENMAN standing at Table, shaking his fist at Prime Minister. DENMAN is wearing what CHEEMS福德, who is short-sighted, at first took to be red Cap of Liberty. But it's nothing more dangerous than a red skull-cap, designed to resist draughts. Needn't be red, but it is. Business before House, Third Reading of Small Holdings Bill Occurs to DENMAN to move its rejection; talks for ten minutes; difficulty to catch his remarks; understood from fragmentary phrases to be extolling someone as a luminous Statesman; seeing measure before the House is Small Holdings Bill, noble Lords naturally conclude he's talking about CHAPLIN. MARKISS interposes; says, "Noble Lord not speaking to Bill before House."

It was at this moment CHEEMS福德 arrived. Saw DENMAN draw himself up to full height, shake his fist at the MARKISS, and this time at full pitch of quivering voice ery, "Ha! ha! you wish to *clôture* me again, do you? I'm very much obliged to you. I have a right to refer in a hereditary assembly to the best man that ever stood in it."

Then noble Lords knew it couldn't have been CHAPLIN. Not yet.

Business done.—Still winding it up.

Tuesday, June 28.—Parliament prorogued and dissolved. "All over at last," says ROSCOE, putting it in another and more original way. Few to part where (six years ago) many met. Still some, chiefly Metropolitan Members, remain to see the last of the old Parliament.

"Good - bye, TOBY," Prince ARTHUR says, after we've shaken hands with the SPEAKER. "Shall see you again in August. You're all right. One of those happy fellows who are returned unopposed. As for me, I have to fight for my seat, and my life."

"You'll come back too," I said; "but you'll be sitting on the other side of House. What'll you do when you're in Opposition?"

"I'll go to the Opera every Wednesday night," said Prince ARTHUR, with a gleam of joy lighting up his face.

Business done.—Parliament dissolved.

NEWS ABOUT BISMARCK FOR THE BRITISH PUBLIC.—Professor SCHWENINGER, the Bizzy B's private physician, writes privately to *Mr. Punch* the following news

like a top. This is no hum. He is up at 7 A.M., and wishes everyone 'the top of the mornin' to you,' puts on his top-boots and top-hat, and then goes out for a spin."

FROM A CORRESPONDENT ANENT THE TRUSTEES, MESSRS. COHEN AND LEVY, AND THE GIFT OF £350,000 FOR LIVERPOOL AND MANCHESTER.—Sir,—It has been asked, what will they do with it? Liverpool and Manchester are both millionnaires and millowners too. Why not send a little to me? Who's Cohen, I mean who's goin' to Leave-y me anything? No spare Cohen—or Coin—ever comes my way! Would that a Co-hen would lay for me a golden egg as valuable as the Kohenore! Sir, I am of Irish extraction, and the Irish are of Hebraic origin, so I have some claim. Why? Because Irishmen are Hebrews first and Irish afterwards. The first settlers on settling-day in Ireland were Hebrews to a man, and isn't it clear that "Liffey" was originally "Levy?"

Yours impecuniously,

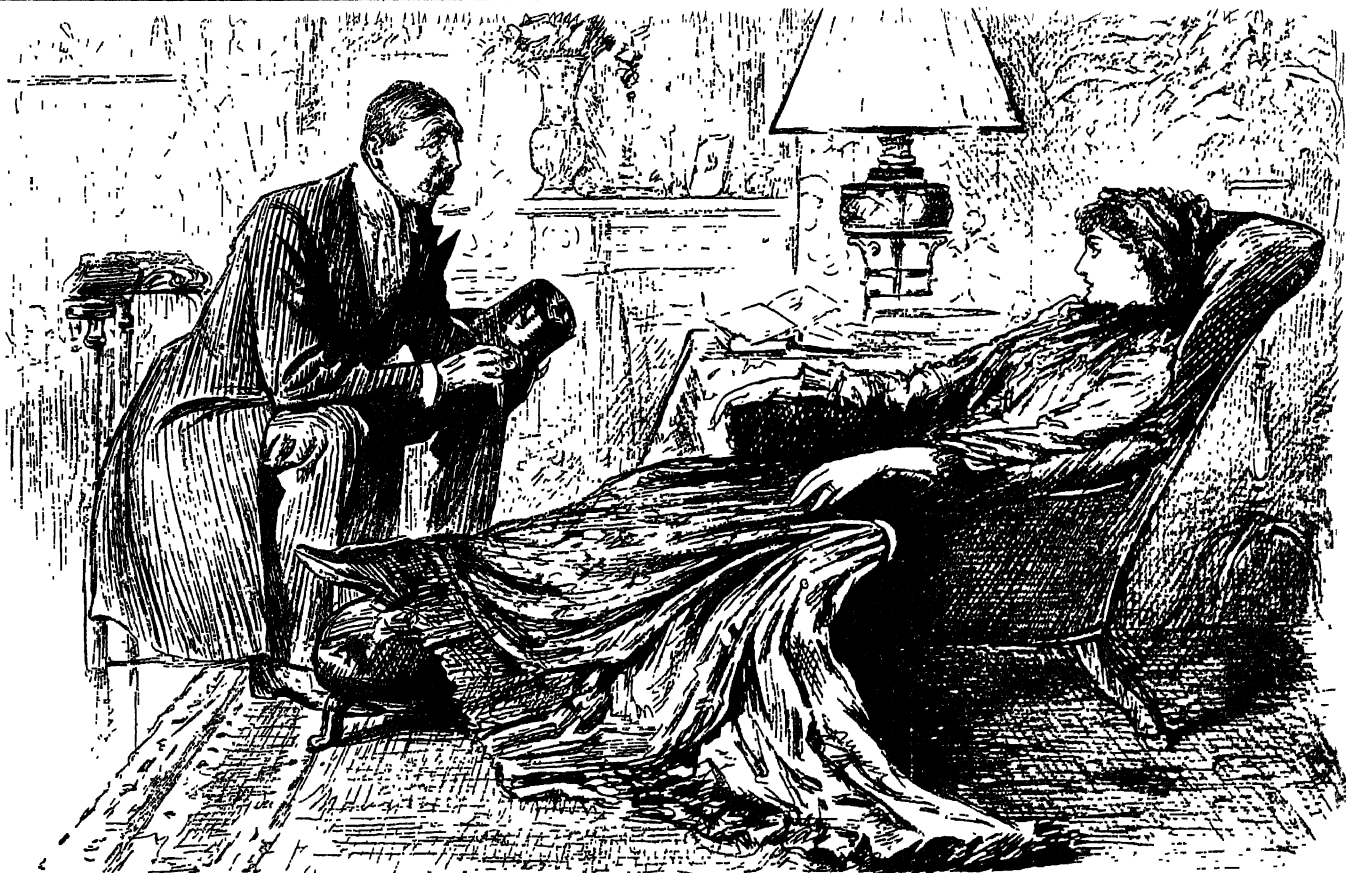
THE O'DUNAHOO.

With the accent on the "Owe" and the "Dun."

Leafy June 30.



about his distinguished patient. "Tell the B. P. that P. B. sleeps



"ACCORDING TO HIS FOLLY!"

Hostess. "I'VE GOT SUCH A COLD TO-DAY. I FEEL QUITE STUPID!"

Prize Idiot (calling). "I'VE GOT A BAD COLD TOO; BUT I DON'T FEEL PARTICULARLY STUPID!"

Hostess. "AH, I SEE YOU'RE NOT QUITE YOURSELF!"

THE POLITICAL JOHNNY GILPIN.

(Late discovered Fragments of a Grand Old Ballad, the Sequel to which may—or may not—turn up later on.)

JOHN GILPIN was a patriot
Of credit and renown;
A Grand Old Leader eke was he,
Of famous London town.

JOHN'S Liberal Lady said, "Oh, dear!
Out in the cold we've been
These seven tedious years, and have
No chance of Office seen.

"To-morrow is Election Day,
And we may then repair
Our Party-split a little bit,—
That is—if you take care!

"Our Sisters, and the Labour lot,
Need soothing, you'll agree;
If we can all together ride,
I think we'll have a spree."

He soon replied, "I do admire
Of Liberal Dames but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear;
Therefore it shall be done!

"I am a Programme-rider bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the Party 'Whip'
Will teach me how to go."

Quoth the good dame, "Liquor we'll want,
The 'Union Tap' is queer;
We'll furnished be with our own 'Blend,'
Scotch-Irish bright and clear."

JOHN GILPIN kissed his partner shrewd;
O'erjoyed was he to find
That, though on conquest she was bent,
She had a prudent mind.

JOHN GILPIN, at his horse's side,
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again.

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Queer customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of Votes, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long ere these queer customers
Were suited to their mind,
When SCHNADDY, shouting, came down
stairs,
"The tipples left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he, "yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty blade
When foes I 'pulverise.'"

His Liberal Lady (careful soul!)
Had two big bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle at each side,
To keep his balance true.

Then, over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long green cloak, well-brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

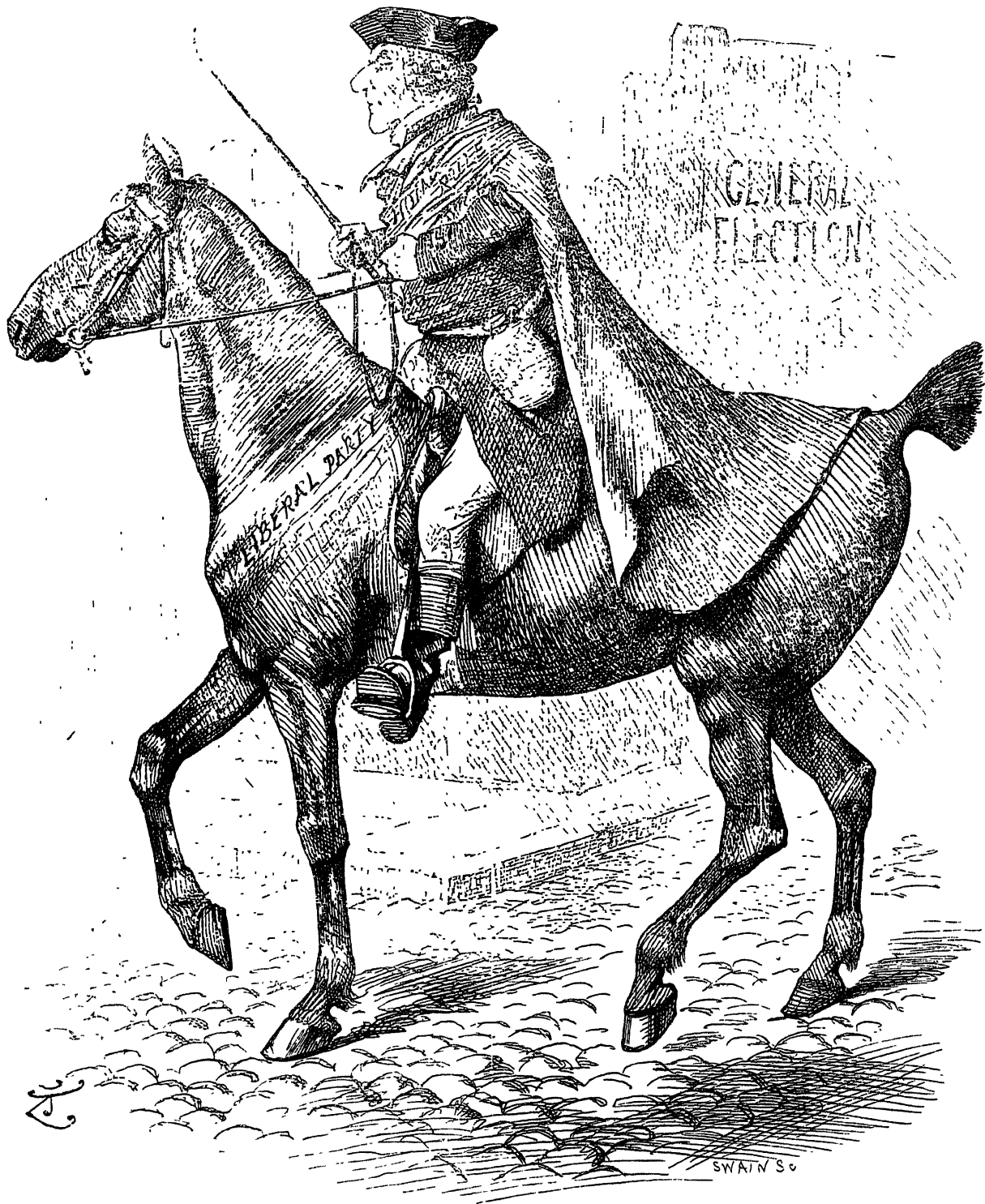
Now see him mounted once again
Upon his docile steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

It might have been a smoother road,
Nor was it nice to meet
First off, a Pig, who GILPIN bold
With stubborn grunt did greet.

So fair and softly! JOHNNY cried,
But—

[Here the fragment, so far as at present discovered, abruptly endeth.]

TIP FROM OUR OWN BOOKING-OFFICE.—Persons about to go to the Country, whether to defend their own seat or attack someone else's, can't do better, my Baronite says, than take with them P. W. CLAYDEN'S *England Under Coalition*, just published by FISHER UNWIN. It's not much to carry, but it's worth the trouble of packing up; also of unpacking, and reading. It tells the story of two Parliaments and three Governments. A pretty story it is, more interesting than most novels, and in one volume too. A marvel of condensation and lucid narrative. Only one thing lacking to a work likely to be constantly used for reference, and that is an index. "But you can't have everything," as Queen Eleanor said to *Fair Rosamond* when, having swallowed the contents of the poisoned chalice, she asked for a dagger.



THE POLITICAL JOHNNY GILPIN.

"NOW SEE HIM MOUNTED ONCE AGAIN
UPON HIS NIMBLE STEED,
FULL SLOWLY PACING O'ER THE STONES,
WITH CAUTION AND GOOD HEED."



Edward Stephens

OBVIOUS.

Buttons (fresh from the Country, evidently no French Scholar). "I SAY, MARY, THE GUV'NOR AND MISSUS ARE DINING OUT TO-NIGHT. BUT I CAN'T FOR THE LIFE OF ME MAKE OUT WHAT A R, A S, A V, AND A P MEAN ON THIS 'ERE CARD!"

Smart Housemaid. "WHY, OF COURSE IT MEANS THEY'RE GOING TO HAVE RUMP STEAK AND VEAL PIE!"

ELECTION NOTES.

(By Mr. Punch's Special Commissioner.)

DEAR SIR,—I am glad you consented eventually to the terms I proposed. After all, £100 a-week (*and expenses*) is a mere trifle for the arduous work I expect to do for you. According to your instructions, I arrived three nights ago in the ancient borough of Bunkham-on-the-Marsh, and at once took steps to pursue those inquiries which are necessary for a satisfactory estimate of the political situation. My experience as a lightning change *artiste* is quite invaluable. I visit the Liberal Committee-rooms, and attend Liberal meetings in a complete suit of corduroys and horny hands. Five minutes afterwards I find myself in a military moustache, a frock coat, and patent leather boots at the Conservative

head-quarters. In the former disguise I enthusiastically advocate the Newcastle Programme, and denounce the base minions of Coercion. In the latter I rouse Conservative partisans to frenzy by my impassioned appeals on behalf of one Queen, one Flag, one Empire, and a policy of enlightened Conservative progress. I can highly recommend my two perorations, in one of which I consign Mr. GLADSTONE to eternal infamy, while in the other I hold up Lord SALISBURY to the derision of mankind.

I send you herewith extracts from the two newspapers published in Bunkham. The *Bunkham News* is the organ of the Liberals; the *Bunkham Standard* (with which are incorporated the *Bunkham Messenger* and the *Bunkham Guardian and Mangelschire Express*) expresses the views of the Conservatives in this important district.

The Bunkham News.

At last! The period of subterfuges and evasions is past. Fraud and dishonesty have had their day. Coercion has done its worst, and the time has come when the most scandalous and disgraceful Government of which history bears record, will have to submit itself for judgment to the opinions of those who are dishonoured by being its fellow-countrymen. We can have no doubt whatever as to what the result of the contest will be in this enlightened constituency. The men of Bunkham have been at all times noted for their love of freedom and justice, and for their hatred of those who base themselves upon oppression and iniquity. The Liberal Candidate, Mr. HENRY PLEDGER, has now been before the Constituency for more than a year. Wherever he has gone he has been received with unparalleled demonstrations of enthusiasm by the immense majority of our fellow-townsmen. His eloquence, combined with his engaging manners, have won all hearts. The fight will be short, but severe. Men of Bunkham, will you lag in the rear? The issue is to those who work from now to the polling day. If you only make a united effort, triumph is assured.

The Bunkham Standard.

THE date of the Dis-solution has been fixed, and by making it impossible for the Elections to be held on a Saturday, the Government have given one more proof of their deep and sincere devotion to the highest interests of the working-classes. There never has been any Ministry, we make bold to say, whose record will better bear the fierce light of public investigation. Grievances have been redressed, moderate reforms, such as the country desired, have been passed into law, and turbulence and outrage have been repressed. No body of men ever deserved more fully what they now possess, and are sure to retain—the confidence and gratitude of their fellow-citizens. Our Member, Mr. TUFFAN, has borne a not unimportant part in assisting the Government by his presence in the House of Commons. His manly, straightforward integrity, and his universal generosity, have endeared him to all classes in Bunkham. We look forward with absolute confidence to his return by an immense majority. From the disorganised ranks of our adversaries there is little to fear. Let us stand shoulder to shoulder, and leave no stone unturned to win a victory which is even now within our grasp.

I have had interviews with prominent politicians on both sides, and have been assured on both sides, that victory is certain. Both Candidates are constantly occupied in driving all over the borough in pair-horse carriages, lavishly decorated with the party colours, orange for the Liberals, blue for the Conservatives. Mrs. PLEDGER is magnificent in an orange silk dress; Mrs. TUFFAN overwhelms me with blue ribbons. Master PLEDGER waves an orange banner in every street; Miss TUFFAN distributes blue cards in all the shops. The Liberal Committee-rooms are ablaze with pictures of Mr. GLADSTONE; the Conservative Office flames with Union Jacks, and other Imperial devices. Eight meetings are to be held in different parts of the Constituency to-night. Immense efforts are being made to capture the votes of the Association of Jam Dealers, which has its chief factory here. Master PLEDGER has just gone by in a Victoria, with a huge pot of "Bunkham Jam" on the seat in front of him. He had a spoon, and was apparently enjoying himself. This manoeuvre has much depressed the Conservatives, who consider it disgraceful. More next week.

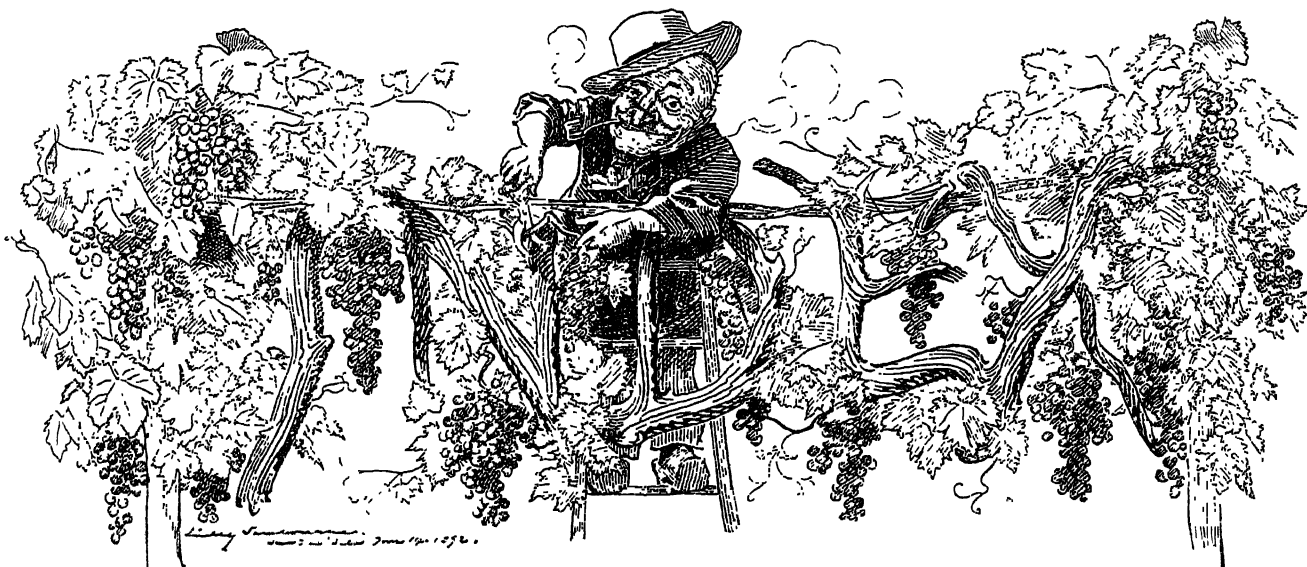
Yours always, THE MAN IN THE MOON.



A RACE FOR THE COUNTRY. CLAIMING THE LAND.

(By Our Americanised Artist.)

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.



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